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ISAAC F. MARCOSSON – IRVIN S. COBB – RICHARD CONNELL
GEORGE KIBBE TURNER – W. A. P. JOHN – BERTRAM ATKEY

"GIDDAP, UNCLE!"

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STINNES — By Isaac F. Marcosson

THERE is a wide impression that autocracy is dead in Germany. So far as it was personified in Kaiser Wilhelm II and expressed in a spectacular militarism it is ended. But another kind of imperialism has risen in its stead. One man is the head, brains and dynamo of this amazing peace-born authority. His name is Hugo Stinnes. Unlike his one-time royal master, he has reared an empire on sterner stuff than the divine right of kings. It is built on economic necessity and rooted in well-nigh impregnable wealth. "Business" is the one word emblazoned on its golden banner; world commercial prestige constitutes the goal of its far-flung desire.

During the past six months Stinnes has emerged as an international figure. The average American knows him as coal baron and master industrial organizer whose immense interests have made him dictator of the Teutonic fatherland. But he is much more. To appraise his stewardship you must go to Germany. Then, and only then, can you realize his ramified rulership. The trains and ships in which you travel, the hotels where you live, the newspapers you read, the shops that supply your needs, the banks where you cash your checks, the food you eat, and much more that I could enumerate, know the Stinnes ownership or influence in some way.

Stinnes realizes all that Morgan, Rockefeller, Harriman, Rogers and Ryan beheld in their rosiest visions of control. He eats, lives and dreams in terms of trust. He himself is a monster trust of trusts. The word "combine" is his middle name. When an industry is consolidated Germans say it is Stinnesized. He sits on fifty different boards of directors; he is financially involved in hundreds of concerns; seven hundred thousand workers are employed in his various factory groups; his fortune has long since passed the billion mark.

If a German or Austrian undertaking is sold the press flares out that "Stinnes is buying again." When a big deal is known to be in progress "Stinnes has new plans." In the event that a foreign company changes ownership, "The hand of Hugo," as it is called, "is reaching out again." His name has become synonymous with acquisition.

He is the bugaboo of German corporate existence. "Watch out or Stinnes will get you," is the admonition to infant enterprise. His is the vigilance that does not sleep.

Hugo Stinnes, Germany's Most Powerful Figure, is the Bearded Man at the Left

The Bismarck of German Business

NO SHERMAN LAW blocks the path of this money-armored Juggernaut; no legislative inquiry disturbs the tenor of its ruthless march. Pitiless publicity holds no terrors for its devious way. Stinnes is like a vast spider spinning eternally in a friendly sun. The bars are down and he has untrammeled scope for the play of a boundless ambition that has made him the most feared and dominant individual in Central Europe and that is fast projecting his schemes far beyond its confines.

Where American capitalists have trusted advisers Stinnes goes it alone. He once said: "I will not have partners. They need constant watching. I want business associates. That is another thing."

Most men of his stamp follow closely formulated plans that mature in orderly succession. Not so with Stinnes. He strikes here, there, everywhere—and people know only long after the matter is settled that he has acquired ore mines in Austria, consolidated a group of German establishments, annexed a steamship line at Hamburg or dug his hooks into Scandinavian commerce.

Our magnates have lawyers to advise them and they usually abide by their advice. Stinnes does the reverse, for he tells his attorneys what to do and bends their technical accomplishments to his will. In short, he is the incarnation of what might be called absolute capitalistic imperialism, and as such he stands alone among the commanding personages of these troubled times. Father of the idea to deport the Belgian workers; advocate of the relentless U-boat campaign; pleader for the annexation of the conquered provinces and mobilizer of the raw materials that were welded into the German fighting machine, he plays a part to-day in peace no less many-sided than the rôle he enacted in the war of wars. Nowhere does the panorama of business disclose a more complex or individualistic career than that of this silent, sinister German—a Bismarck of business—who at fifty-one has not only made all Europe marvel at his unparalleled achievement but wonder what he will do next.

What manner of person is he? What are his methods? How has he climbed to his menacing eminence? What has he to say for himself? You shall now see.

An Elusive Quarry

I WENT to Germany primarily to study the economic situation in the light of reparation and reconstruction, but behind this general purpose was the concrete determination to get a first-hand impression of Stinnes. Long before I met him I crossed his trail half a dozen times. At Salzburg, for example, where I entered Austria on the way to Vienna, I learned that he had just gone. In Munich he was expected at any time. He arrived in Hamburg the day after I left. I cite these facts to show the constant movement of the man.

I hoped to find him on one of his occasional visits to Berlin, and it was there that I succeeded, after a series of episodes that comprised a real adventure in interviewing. It stirred memories of other days, when Wall Street and the crowded stage of the Great War were my human hunting grounds and when part of my work was to induce the sphinxes to find their tongues. I intrude this not undiverting experience with Stinnes because it not only gives a close-up picture of the German Croesus but also reveals the barriers that hedge him in.

Although there were many other people to see, I launched the campaign to reach Stinnes directly I arrived in Berlin. It was necessary to frame a definite plan that would bring the strongest possible influence to bear upon him. In England, France or America such procedure is now unnecessary. But Stinnes is Stinnes—a born insurgent amid the established order, and with a conception of life and method feudal in character and operation. He persists in an aloofness, so far as utterance is concerned, that is alien in an age of easy approach and excessive speech.

I realized from the start that the task was difficult. To begin with, Stinnes is never long in one place. That was easy alongside the other obstacles. Save for driblets gathered by men who lay in wait in the lobby of the Hotel Adlon, in Berlin, or who rode in the elevators with him, he had not, so far as I was able to learn, ever been interviewed as we do the job. When he has anything to say he says it through the medium of the newspapers he owns. That is one reason why he acquired them. Another is to harass and to attack the people hostile to him; and they are numerous, you may be sure. He prides himself on the fact that he expresses himself almost solely through action. Mystery and uncertainty envelop him. The center of German public interest, he remains a detached and uncommunicative entity. It is one of many contrasts in a life of contrast. All this invested him with a peculiar lure for me. The fact that he was a German never entered

into the consideration. Stinnes has become a world power intimately related to the general productive scheme. Much of the hope of German revival centers about his activities; and German revival, I need scarcely add, vitally affects the universal economic rehabilitation. It is a bald, unsentimental business proposition in which every country has a stake and from which there is no escape.

In Germany the banks are all-powerful because, unlike American institutions, they have always had intimate political and industrial connections. The surest way to get at a German is through his banker, who is also his confessor. I therefore first enlisted Doctor Von Stauss, director of the great Deutsche Bank, box office of the German world commercial penetration that was, and which is coming to life again. He gave me a letter of introduction to Stinnes, but added that he did not think I could see him.

I next drafted an agency that is both ally and competitor of Stinnes. It is the famous Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft—the renowned A. E. G. that helped to make modern industrial Germany. Felix Deutsch, the chairman, wrote to Stinnes direct, asking him to make an appointment for me. Both Von Stauss and Deutsch said, however, that an interview was impossible—that "Stinnes never talks." I said that I would take a chance.

That was only a beginning. One essential step was to know when my gilded will-o'-the-wisp would be in Berlin. Like everything else connected with him it was not easy. His movements, like his coups, are closely shrouded and seldom heralded. Only his immediate aids know when he is to make one of those swift entrances into the Adlon. Once there, as elsewhere, he is immediately immersed in affairs.

In my work I have met many of the conspicuously busy men of the day, but I have yet to encounter a person so completely engrossed as Stinnes. Apparently he lives only for the consummation of his immense aspiration. Other men own yachts or horses, go to a play or read a book. Stinnes does none of these things. He is an animate cash register that works all the time. Not even Lloyd George in the early days of the war and when he was Britain's prop was quite so occupied as this overlord of German business.

Fortunately I met Stinnes' chief lieutenant, a major who had been on the General Staff during the war and one of a group of former Intelligence Officers that the capitalist has enlisted for his personnel. Typical of their service, past and present, they are silent, imperturbable, coldly efficient men—ideal cogs in the Stinnes machine. They invariably refer to their chief as *der Principal*. His actual name is never mentioned in speech or correspondence. It is part of the atmosphere of mystery that surrounds the organization.

An Eleventh-Hour Interview

MY PARTICULAR major makes the appointments for the great man. All the letters that various people had written about me passed through his hands and he was therefore acquainted with my ambition. He told me that Stinnes was expected in Berlin on a certain day, that he would be in town only twenty-four hours, and that every moment of his time was booked up. "I'll do my best for you," he said.

The day came. Stinnes arrived at six in the afternoon and started a series of conferences that lasted until four o'clock the next morning. At eight he was up and he kept at it until he left for Munich at seven, taking the last group of confreres with him in his car to the station. During the afternoon I received a note from one of his secretaries saying that an appointment was impossible, and conveying the usual regrets.

Stinnes came to Berlin only once again during the succeeding fortnight. Meanwhile I dug up a copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—its price in Berlin fluctuates like a stock-market quotation—and sent it to the major. I also asked him to lunch. He wanted to meet a certain high-placed American official then in the capital, and I was able to bring the meeting about on this occasion. At the same time I learned that *der Principal* would be in Berlin for two days during the following week. "He will be busier than usual," said friend major, "and I am afraid it will be impossible for you to see him." I replied that I could not leave Germany without at least five minutes with him. Then I went off to Hamburg, Bremen, Leipsic and Kiel, and returned the day before Stinnes was to arrive.

He showed up on a Thursday morning four hours late, and the usual series of conferences engulfed him all day and far into the night. His congested schedule was further complicated by a sensational break with the Hamburg-American Line, his retirement from the board, and his declaration of a rate war on it. Of course this lessened my chances of seeing him.

Friday came and I was booked to leave for Brussels at two o'clock. By eleven o'clock I had packed my luggage, and with it practically all hope of seeing Stinnes. At 11:20 I left the hotel to do a necessary errand in an adjoining building. I left specific word, however, where I was going and that I would be back in ten minutes.

When I returned the clerk at the desk seemed a trifle excited when he said, "Mr. Stinnes has been asking for you."

"Where is he?" I demanded.

"He has just left in his motor car," was the reply.

The great chance had come and I was not there! I tore up to the apartment on the third floor usually occupied by Stinnes. It was deserted save for a solitary woman typist who said, "*Der Principal* wanted you to ride with him to the Eden Hotel."

In a moment I was down in the lobby, headed for the Eden. Going out I encountered the major. For once his impassive face was relaxed and he was almost excited. He said, "We tried to find you everywhere. Here is a card from *der Principal*."

He handed me a visiting card on which Stinnes had written in lead pencil:

> Regret sincerely that I could not reach you at 11:30 o'clock.
> With heartiest greetings, HUGO STINNES.

It is typical of the thrift of the man that his card is printed and not engraved. It is the kind run off on a hand press in a shop window anywhere in America. On one side were the words Hugo Stinnes, Mülheim-Ruhr. On the other was the inscription reproduced in this article. Being a billionaire Stinnes could afford to use a card like this.

There was no comfort for me in that card. "I must see Stinnes before I go," I said to the major. He suggested that I telephone the Eden and find out if the conference was still on. While I was asking the operator to get the number I looked up—the telephone desk commands the hotel lobby—and to my delight and amazement I saw Stinnes walk in.

I recognized him from the many published snapshots I had seen—they are the only pictures of him available—and I moved out in his direction. The ubiquitous major was still in sight; he beckoned me to come over, and I was formally introduced. Thus it came about that in the eleventh hour, and in what sporting writers call an eyelash finish, I met the Colossus of present-day Germany.

This time I took no chances. I led the way to a quiet corner, where we sat down. For nearly half an hour, and while the surging life of one of the world's most crowded hotels beat about us, I listened to this remarkable individual talk about many things.

In Stinnes I expected to find a cross between a Medici and a Machiavelli. In externals he realized this preconceived portrait, for he is almost forbidding in aspect. It is as distinct as his extraordinary performance.

Coal is the mineral on which the first Stinnes fortune was reared—there was a coal mine in the ancestral back yard—and a seam of it runs through the family face. He has been called a lump of coal personified. A symbolist would see in him the center of an allegory that unfolded its moral in a nether world of dark intrigue.

His face is broad, pale and heavy; his eyes tired almost to sadness. The black beard and mustache, closely cropped black hair, shaggy brows and hooked nose give him a Semitic look, which accounts for the belief in many quarters that Stinnes is a Jew. As a matter of fact, he is a member of the Evangelical Church. His whole physical appearance is essentially Oriental. That is why he is often called the Assyrian. Put him in the garb of the desert and he might pass for a Bedouin.

This brings me to Stinnes' supreme contempt for clothes. Year in and year out he wears the same kind of loose, ill-fitting, black sack suit which looks as if it had been slept in. The trousers are baggy at the knees and the sleeves are wrinkled. But these clothes are merely one detail of his unconventional make-up. Like Clemenceau he is addicted to a low standing collar, from which a small ready-made black bow tie makes constant effort to escape in front and back. It seems to be just on the verge of slipping from its moorings.

Surmounting the large square head in winter and summer is a fearsome black derby, huge of crown and tiny of brim. The general effect of this costume, from which he never departs, is to give Stinnes a slovenly look. At first glance you might even take him for a magnified replica of David Warfield in his famous rôle of the Auctioneer.

Yet the moment you come into his presence you feel the inherent power and dogged purpose that have carried him so far. What seems to be indifference or preoccupation falls away instantly he speaks, and the real personality is unveiled. Those tired eyes gleam with alertness or glitter with resentment. The old-clo' man is suddenly transformed into a pillar of strength.

As he discourses in his swift and direct fashion you can see him in your mind's eye laying down the law at a critical board meeting or leading a forlorn industrial hope to reorganization and profit. He is the champion life-saver of decrepit enterprise, the prize consolidator of related activities. Once he gets down to analysis of a situation he is most un-German, for he is keen, terse and epigrammatic.

As I listened to his diagnosis of the world economic crisis there was about him a reminder of the late E. H. Harriman in the speed and vividness of the summary. When he bared his view of the future it had the flash and comprehending vision of a forecast by Thomas F. Ryan. His rare moments of repose and reflection recalled the brooding silences of the late J. P. Morgan.

The Question That Made Stinnes Talk

OBVIOUSLY here is a person equipped to do battle with the giants and to hold his own. Robust tenacity, vigor, iron will and an inflexible determination to see things through and not to be trifled with—these are the traits, backed up with a solid practicality, that stand out in Stinnes when you meet him face to face.

The interview with Stinnes was replete with surprise. In the first place, his manner was something of a revelation. His preliminary utterance was an expression of regret that I had been obliged to wait so long for an opportunity to see him; the second, that he was sorry we had missed each other earlier in the day.

Knowing his reputation for taciturnity I felt all along that I would be obliged to blast speech out of him. Instead, he spoke with an astonishing fluency. Once he got under way I merely injected an occasional question and he did the rest.

From long experience in interviewing sensitive, suspicious or susceptible foreigners, I have made it a rule to address them and carry on if possible the conversation in their own language. It is a good selling point, as it were, and makes for immediate confidence. Moreover, a man, being at home with his own tongue, is apt to plunge straight into the business at hand without any side-stepping.

So I let loose at Stinnes in German, and with the question, "Can Germany pay the reparation fixed by the ultimatum?"

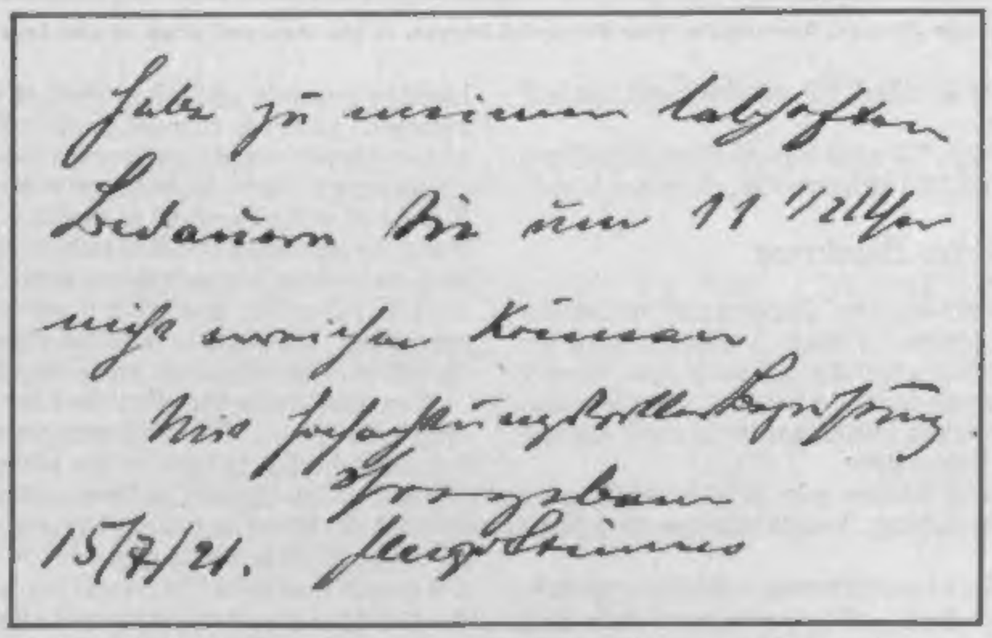
There was a definite and psychological reason why I put this question at the start. Every German of large affairs with whom I had previously discussed the indemnity invariably broke into excited protest. It was the red flag that inflamed conversation. I felt that the important task was to get Stinnes started. Speech begets speech. Once he was launched I had little fear of the future. It worked out precisely as I anticipated.

Hardly had I framed the interrogation when he replied: "It is impossible for Germany to pay the reparation demanded. The whole system is false. First of all, it is too much—a sum absolutely unheard of. In the second place, and in order to obtain the first installments, we are compelled to buy foreign exchange. The result is that it creates a tremendous demand for dollars and at the same time the mark is depressed. The printing presses must go on printing and our credit becomes more impaired.

"Wherever you turn in a consideration of the indemnity you find impossible circumstances. If Germany, for example, is to pay out of a surplus of exports she will need at least five million more industrial workers. Where are they to come from? We have no more colonies and our manhood was sadly depleted during the war."

I had heard it often proclaimed that Stinnes refused to admit defeat. His next remark disproved it, for he said: "Never was a defeated nation so humbled as Germany. After other wars the conquered have had an opportunity to draw their breath, but to-day Germany feels only the hand of the oppressor."

(Continued on Page 82)



Stinnes' Handwriting, With a Message on the Reverse of a Visiting Card to His Interviewer. Translation: "Regret Sincerely That I Could Not Reach You at 11:30 o'Clock. With Heartiest Greetings, Hugo Stinnes"

OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

"What's All That Get-Up For?" He Asked, Eying Her Still More Suspiciously

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"YOU should come out from Roossia also?" suggested the short round girl with the polished hair, leaning out vigorously from her steamer chair. The occupant of the next one neither denied nor confirmed this statement. "What makes you think so?" she returned—not repellent, as the others had been, but seemingly borne down by a great weariness, a vast indifference to all human affairs.

"Because I seen you on the boat from Riga," the other stated quite positively. "Didn't I?" she inquired after a wide pause, with the insistence of one driven by the earnest and hopeful purpose of engaging in conversation at all costs.

"Maybe you did," acknowledged the other, now lifting momentarily her dark, morose, impassive eyes in a calm and measured scrutiny.

The two young women presented a marked contrast. Both indeed were dark; both were apparently dressed in Russian peasant costume. But upon the face of one—the shorter, younger one with the polished hair—enthusiasm shone like a varnish; while upon the dark face and darker eyes of the other lay a singular and really arresting weariness, the look of a face that had schooled itself to dreadful sights, of eyes that had grown stony and unafraid from scrutinizing all the sins and passions and duplicities of men.

The first speaker, balked temporarily, but still driven by the unbridled social desire to speak and mingle with her kind, rolled restlessly in her chair, with the design apparently of now accosting the more elaborately dressed woman stretched out on the other side of her. But finding her already engaged in a conversation aimed almost ostentatiously in an opposite direction, she rolled back again with a vigor that threatened to project her from her steamer rug upon the deck, and returned with the happy persistence of one with whom all is personally satisfactory to engage again the darker, slightly older young woman with the inscrutable eyes and the world-weary face.

"You know vy I should be here?" she demanded, fixing again her ardent gaze upon her enforced companion.

"Why are you?" There was no apparent zest to know, and yet ample for the continuance of the conversation.

"I am second cabin—me!" proclaimed the younger woman, oblivious of the fact that the other had promptly reclosed her eyes. "I am come up to be one at the great American patriotism concert to be here soon now."

Gazing over for approval and surprise she now perceived with keen regret that her companion's eyes were closed. Yet nevertheless she went on.

"You know vy I should be sittin' here now—in this chair?" she inquired in the louder voice with which one naturally addresses the drowsy whose attention one wishes to secure.

The world-weary face beside her revolved in a silent negation against the back of the steamer chair, without opening its eyes.

"Because the big American vomens is my friendt," she said, and paused for effect. "Mees Vera McBride!"

She paused while one eye, the upper eye of the face before her, opened and then closed.

"So I haf her chair until the American patriotism concert vill start."

The face before her once more lay absolutely still and expressionless. For the time the speaker desisted, gazing steadily in conjecture and surprise upon those strangely unresponsive features.

There was something baffling and mysterious about that face and its negation of all human interest and desire. One would have said perhaps, seeing its owner's Russian garb, recalling as the other had its Russian origin, that here was some pure native Russian stock, of the darker, more Eastern type perhaps, with all the fatalism, the resignation to life's inevitability which makes the Oriental and the Russian. And yet in addition to the English speech of its possessor there was something subtly different, more Occidental, harder in that face! Its scrutinizer, tantalized but defeated finally, turned her earnest gaze away, and giving vent to a large sigh stared unwillingly out ahead upon the vast and uneventful saucer of the sea.

It was soon too much for her. Before she was well settled she turned violently under the stimulus of a new purpose. "You spik the English fine," she stated with loud approval. "Fine, for a Roossian. I notice it ven I heardt you spikkin' to the others. You spik fine—joost like a natif."

At these words the one addressed opened her dark, heavily fringed eyelids again very slightly, with a spark of interest, or something closely akin, which shone for a moment and then died, quickly extinguished in the still depths of those lackluster eyes.

"Me also, I spik also English fine. I also learn in Roossia—like all the others now."

The other nodded and closed her eyes again.

"My sister, from New York, she come home and tich me the English—after the March revolution."

A faint light of interest touched the other's face; her eyes reopened.

"Are you Bolshevik?" she inquired, watching her.

"My sister, yes. Me, no! Me socialist," she answered, with the accent always on the "me." "But me—I learn the English from her. For two years in the home ve spik nothink else—me and the others vith my sister from America. So then I spik it so goot like I do. No more I spik the Roossian. I go to America—to New York. I am American. Mees Vera McBride, she is my friendt. She vill help me."

The tired, heavy eyes of the dark woman by her side contracted for an instant at the second mention of that name, as if in an attempt at memory, but then relaxed and closed again, as if concentration of any kind were at this time most distasteful.

The other one was going on with her conversation.

"Haf you also friendts there?" she next inquired.

"Not a one!" said the other rather bitterly.

"Vait. I vill get you von. I vill show you—later."

"That's good," said the strange woman with the closed eyes, not even reopening them in acknowledgment of this generous purpose.

The eager conversationalist, nonplused by such scarcely human conduct, sighed and gazed off once more at the

empty, sad-colored sea. But now other possibilities of social intercourse arose. She arranged herself in her steamer rug with the somewhat extreme luxuriousness of manner of those who have not often occupied steamer chairs before, and smiled generally and invitingly. Others were approaching. Midafternoon had passed. It was growing time for another meal or semimeal on shipboard, and the passengers, gravely anxious about their ability to encounter it, were now beginning rapidly to tramp the deck in the dual formation which has been prescribed by Nature and the custom of the sea ever since the first establishment of social navigation by Noah.

The eyes of the seeker for human intercourse gleamed brilliantly again, following them. Stricken by another gust of unuttered speech she aroused again her apparently sleeping companion.

"Vy should you go from Roossia now to New York—America? To vork?"

The answer of her companion was a sound, unintelligible, uncourteous, unfeminine—very much like a grunt.

"Me! Would you vish to know vy I should go?" her companion asked, with an agreeable return to her own personality.

"Yes," said the other, now straightening up somewhat, abandoning further her previous intention of sleep. "Yes, indeed!"

The short young Russian with the shining hair first gazed with the air of one about to reveal really intimate information.

"I go get me a husband, a man!" she stated then in a fierce whisper, drawing back to observe the effect of her revelation.

It did in fact awake a look of interest or some kindred emotion in her hearer's face that had previously been absent. "Where is he?" she inquired. "Where is he waiting for you?"

"Him! He is not vaiting. I go get him."

"Oh!"

"Yess. I haf not got him yet. I go get him. Soon—ven I rich New York." Much encouraged at breaking down the stony indifference on the other's part at last, she went continuously on:

"Roossia—Europe—here all is terrible. The men is all gone. Kilt. Or taken other vomens maybe—and gone also. Ain't it? Yess?"

Her companion's eyes, she did not fail to see, were now fixed steadily on hers with growing interest.

"The var, it is awful. For mens, yess—for vomens also. For young vomen who should be without no husbandt, vorst, vorst of all," she said, warming continually to her theme. "In Roossia—in Europe—there is so many vomen; so little men. The men, they come, they go. They take who they please. Then maybe they leaf—go avay and get another. Here," she said, pointing westward, "all is deefferent. In America is husbandts for all—and then some more!"

"And you're after yours?" stated her unidentified companion in the terse way she adopted when she did speak.

"Yess," sighed the prospective bride, with a shy anticipation on her face. "I vill not fail—you understandt me!" she said, returning again to her more habitual eagerness of expression. "I haf Mees Vera McBride for my friendt. She vill get me marriet—sure. But that ain't all, neither!" she stated.

"No?" inquired her now attentive companion.

"No. I haf other vays—also."

"What?"

"I am socialist—radical, like her also."

The other had fixed her dark and gloomy eyes upon her—filled now with a hard, keen, singularly concentrated attention.

"Have you husbandt—you?" inquired the seeker of one. "Haf you got yet a man?"

"No," said the one with the strange, hard eyes.

"Vould you vish one—also?" her new-found friend inquired with an unusual courtesy.

The other nodded.

"A fine reech one too?"

"I sure would," the other answered, a deep note of sincerity rising now into her cheerless, weary and monotonous voice.

The other leaned out still farther from her steamer chair.

"I vill help you. I vill show you how!"

The woman with the mysterious face did not refuse her generous offer, although remaining silent.

"You know how?" the speaker asked again, holding off, intensifying her effect.

"How?"

"Be socialist! Be radical!" replied the speaker, leaning farther forward, whispering, and drawing back.

"Socialist? Radical?"

"Yes. Socialist. Radical. All do so now in America."

After a sufficient pause she leaned forward again, talking in deeper and deeper confidence. "It is true, vat I vill now tell you. I hear it all ofer—from the comrades, from my seester ven she comes home. So I vill know. In America the reech men—the millionaires, the young vuns—they now all become radicals, comrades. It is sign of the times. And they marry the socialist girls—the Roossian girls also—and make them husbandts.

"So Now I Reach Vith You My Personal Problem, My Quan-dary, In Which I Must Trust You"

"You vill hear also, maybe," she went on, "or read in our Roossian papers of all vat do this. It is the endt—the breakdown of the great bourgeois. Their sons all marry now poor Roossian girls who come from Roossia—the young reech American men—in the intelligentzia."

The other contented herself with merely listening.

"In the endt they give it up—all the money—to the pipple. Now you hear also, maybe, how all the poor Roossian girls, whose folks they have come in America with nothink from Roossia, they joost marry these big young American meellionaires.

"Sadie Pokak, you haf heard of her maybe? How she haf reech husband—the reech young meellionaire? How she talk, talk, talk, and get in all the papers and go to jail and help the pipple? And all the time she haf thees reech husband, thees fine American mans, who vill pay her bills, hire her lawyers, kip her out of jail, while she talk, still talk, till the time comes to gif it—all the money back to the pipple. Yess! And Josie Sniftsky and Reba Kowlitsch also. You hear also of them—always, too, in the newspapers in America, with their new American mens?"

She stopped a moment.

"My seester say so?" she asked, looking up as if for confirmation, forgetting for the moment that her companion was from Russia also.

The other seemed to nod.

"It is so all ofer—yess," continued the speaker. "In America. They marry 'em. Me, I do the same. You also!"

"Lead me to it!" replied the other, apparently now using an idiom that the smaller Russian was at a loss to understand. But before the latter could inquire concerning it her face lighted up with a sharper emotion than mere curiosity.

"She is here now! She comes! Mees McBride!" the younger girl exclaimed, and half falling, half rolling from her rug, she finally precipitated herself, as she had so frequently threatened to do before, on all fours upon the deck—extricating herself vigorously, to the obvious disapproval of other passengers, especially the elaborately dressed one with the long-handled eyeglasses just beyond her.

The attention this invited did not apparently detract at all from the pleasure or the poise of the extremely handsome and well-formed young woman with bobbed hair and semimilitary garb who now stood, erect, military and unconcerned, a head and shoulders over her.

"Well, well," she said, her fine white even teeth showing to advantage in an indulgent smile. "What a fall was there, my countryman!"

"Yess!" said the little Russian with the polished hair, drawing very close to her indeed. "Yess!"

"And how is my eager little protégée now?" inquired the big, fine military girl, indulgently leaning down and kissing her—very much as a strong man leans over his little woman.

"Fine! Fine! I luf you so!" cried the latter, squeezing her protectress' strong waist with grateful vigor.

"It is better than the second cabin, isn't it?" asked the tall young woman, showing her fine teeth again in a full, healthy appreciation of her own act of kindness.

"Yess, ma'am," said her grateful charge again. "Yess!"

From the cover of her guardian's arm she looked out at the woman with the mysterious world-weary eyes stretched in her Russian garb languidly still upon her steamer chair.

"Thees is my Mees McBride," she announced to her. "My great American friendt."

The young woman in the chair gazed up with a quick and singularly searching glance—a look, one might say, of recognition; but if so, she concealed it as quickly as it came.

"And thees," said the protégée to her lovely and statuesque protectress, "is my friendt. Also like me, from Roossia."

The woman in the chair looked upward without moving. Her weariness evidently had come back again over her. A new and even more inscrutable expression had come into her inscrutable eyes. She bowed slightly without speaking, yet without embarrassment.

Miss McBride, the protector of the weak and unguarded, bowed a gracious but semimilitary bow. If there was recognition between these women it was certainly not mutual.

"I go now," shouted the hunter of husbands buoyantly, "to the great American patriotism concert, vith my Mees Vera McBride. Good-by! Good-by!"

"A little lower! A little lower! Just a little less loud, my dear," said her protectress. "People do not speak so loudly as that in my country."

They went away, an attractive picture—the protector and the protected.

"Good-by. Good-by," called the young seeker of husbands with loud gladness. "Remember vat I tell to you you should do—in America."

She disappeared with her friend through a white door in the direction of the great American patriotic concert; the happy ship leaped always westward with her over the prenuptial waves to the continent of marriageable millionaires.

On the other hand, the unknown woman, left behind her, gazed out from her morose and lackluster eyes upon a vacant, sad-colored, cheerless sea, thinking, remembering.

At last, with a slow and deliberate conviction her lips formed these words: "That's the one—Vera McBride! She wouldn't know me," she added, glancing down at her dress; "not in this!"

She drew back again into the depths of her staring reverie.

"Fairweather!" she said finally, half aloud. "That was it!" And now her lips formed themselves into a smile of intense and mocking bitterness. "Husbands for them, huh?" she said. "But back, back to the sobs for me!"

With these unusual words, after a slight further silence, she herself arose and proceeded down the now almost deserted deck in the direction of the grand American patriotic concert and tea.

II

WHEN she arrived on the outskirts of the crowded salon the exercises were well under way. A fat man, much flushed, was evidently reaching the peak of an oration.

"Friends," he was asking in a high and somewhat squeaky voice, "what is our immediate danger?"

The newcomer, after observing him with the critical and impassive glance of one long unaffected by the most savage and impassioned bursts of oratory, let her hard and singularly unresponsive glance range over the large and fashionably garbed assembly that closely filled the great room around the small group of performers. But the next words brought back and fastened her eyes, with all the rest, upon the face of the speaker.

"Gold. Russian gold!" he cried in answer to himself.

The eyes of the unknown woman scrutinized his face for a moment. She listened for his next words with an intensity of attention that seemed highly trained, if not indeed professional.

"Not content with breaking every human law," he was saying, "not content with desecrating every human relation, not content with violating every principle of honor and good faith, their filthy, impious hands now seek to extinguish the very central lamp within the shrine, the very keystone and palladium of our liberty."

His new hearer, as the other traveler from Russia had observed, evidently followed and understood the English tongue with all the facility of a native. A faint, understanding smile touched her face as she listened. Yet the intensity of her attention did not once relax; she was evidently deeply interested to know the exact significance of his figures of speech—to learn to just which palladium he was alluding.

For the moment the speaker did not satisfy her—held her in suspense.

"Do you doubt what I say? Does it seem incredible to you?" he asked. "The power, the growing power, the ever-present power of Russian gold? Let me point out to you then the experience of England—the recent revelations there."

The stony eyes of his new listener, like one accustomed and long hardened to the meandering emotions of public speech, now leaving for the moment the face of the speaker, swept over and appraised the group of other performers. From them it fell on two now familiar figures—the forms of her little fellow traveler from Russia and of her statuesque protector, seated together in the extreme front row, on the farther side of the semicircle of the audience.

"Millions, it is now known beyond question—yes, tens of millions of pounds sterling," the speaker was continuing, "of gold, of Russian gold, of stolen gold, wrenched from its rightful owners, is now being poured by subterranean channels into England to debauch, to betray a civilization. Not thirty pieces of silver, my friends; thirty million pieces of gold! It is too much. Human nature cannot stand against it. Especially now, in a population in the straits of England's; somewhere, sometime, poor, frail human nature breaks down."

He paused for breath and a sip of water. The eyes of the solitary young woman from Russia, with their singularly stony and bitter cynicism, had come back to him, and now did not leave his features for a moment as she stood waiting for his next word.

"And where?" he resumed. "Oh, see the cunning of this, my friends; the truly diabolical cunning! Where is this attack made? The break secured? In the center—the very palladium of Western liberty—the free and uncorrupted press!"

At these words a new look came into the hard eyes and the almost morbidly cynical face of his unknown listener. It was not defiance, not anger, but a deep and scornful understanding—an understanding such as is secured by very few.

"Some palladium!" she exclaimed to herself under her breath.

"In my country," the speaker was going on—"and in yours," he added as a rhetorical afterthought—"we are far too prone to carelessness—to rest content in the record of our deeds, the proud knowledge of what we are. My country and yours for a century has been the home, the harbor, the ægis of the oppressed of all lands, of all climes; the foe alike of tyranny and anarchy; the land where the weakest as well as the strongest, the humblest as well as the most exalted, the lowest-paid workman in our great industrial machine, my friends, commands the full protection of this ægis of our country, of our law, as truly," he said, now gazing at his audience and pausing for a last and unusually lofty simile, "as ourselves!"

At this statement by the speaker, the stranger could see from where she stood, the face of the small round Russian exile in the front row beyond him looked up into the face of her beautiful protectress with a bright smile. But finding that face hard set, regarding the speaker with a heavy, unsympathetic frown, it placed a similar frown upon itself with mirrorlike fidelity and gazed back now at the oblivious and perspiring speaker with intense hostility.

"Ourselves!" reiterated the fat speaker, catching his breath and going on. "And yet," he asked, with a severe and added strength from his new charge of oxygen, "can we, friends and fellow citizens of my country, can we flatter ourselves that we alone of all the peoples of the earth are immune from this power, this diabolical power now working at the foundations of the world as we now know it? Far from it!"

The bitter, almost morbidly scornful look now grew upon his unknown listener's face.

"Far from it!" repeated the speaker with intense distinctness. "At this moment, as I myself happen to know, this power is at work in America. It honeycombs our industrial, our political structure. It strives to excite our worst natures, our covetousness for profitable trade; it tears meanwhile at the sanctity of our churches and our schools. And here, no less than in England, it aims first of all, you may be sure, at the instruments of public opinion; at that first and dearest of our liberties—which defends for us the rest—the palladium of the press."

As he approached his climax he seemed to his listener more and more like one of those round-bellied little soda-water bottles which are so proverbially full of fizz and fury. His very words popped out of him. The face of his young observer from Russia, on the other hand, as she studied him, held more and more that hard, repellent, almost abnormal expression of bitterness and scorn which seemed so much a part of it. One might have thought, watching her, that all her life she must have been listening to fat men—thousands, perhaps, of fat, pink men like this, defending the press against the power of Russian gold, of radicalism—and despised them with a special bitterness of contempt.

"This is no conjecture, friends. I am giving you no mere alarmist talk," this particular fat man was going on, with all the authority of his full weight. "You yourselves have seen the constant mention of Russian gold in all the public press—the efforts to send it here, ostensibly in trade. But that is not all. Far from it!

"I am not at liberty to tell you all I know," he went on after an expressive pause, "but I will say this to you: Our Department of Justice at Washington knows well, knows accurately, my friends, that to-day, this very moment, there are millions, millions in Russian gold, inside our gates, pouring in, a secret golden stream on every incoming steamer. It may be here, upon this very ship!" he exclaimed with a sudden unexpected thought. "Its agents may be among us now!"

He gazed in challenge across the upturned faces of his hearers, and as he did so, by a chance which comes sometimes in public speaking, his glance seemed to fall and fix itself upon one face, arrested, half unconsciously perhaps, upon the mocking smile, the hard, strange, morbidly critical eyes, and the clearly Russian garb of the unknown woman traveler from Russia, standing studying him on the outskirts of his audience. He seemed to her at least to do this. Yet she did not turn her eyes away; she returned the semiconscious gaze of the speaker with her same unmoved and mocking smile.

"If such there be in my audience, if here we have among us any messenger of anarchy, any bearer of this Russian gold," the speaker cried, his eyes fixed, his breath laboring upgrade to his climax and defiance, "I will say to him, or her—for women, my friends, as well as men are in this thing—I will say to him, or her: Hands off. Hands off my country! My America. My country is free! My country is moral! My country is safe! My country is uncontaminated by the filthy doctrines spawned in the black slums of Europe. My country is one hundred per cent American. Hands off!

"Hands off!" he still called directly to the strange young woman with the mocking smile and Russian garb—or so it seemed to her. "Hands off the schools, the factories, the churches, the ballot box of my country! And more than all, all else, hands off the center arch, the keystone of our structure, the very center of our liberty—the palladium of our free, untouched and uncorrupted press!"

Saying this he wrenched his eyes from the eyes of the young woman in the Russian garb, wiped his streaming face and, gazing for an instant in the direction of the table reserved at one side for one or two members of the press, sat down at last with that personal dignity in sitting which is never attained by those weighing under two hundred pounds.

As his eyes left hers and he sat, the lips of the woman with the scornful smile now framed themselves into a mocking denial.

"Don't look at me," she muttered with a callous humor. "That won't do you any good!" And yet his words seemed to have had an influence, to have set going a train of thought in her.

"But if I did have it ——" she said to herself, and lost the ending of her sentence in another mocking smile.

Her face, now suddenly still again, did not lose its hard, set smile or the fixed and mocking hostility with which, as it looked about the applauding audience, it seemed habitually to regard mankind. Its expression, however, did change then, a moment afterward, stricken with a sudden touch of interest and surprise. The face of the chairman of

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A New and Even More Inscrutable Expression Had Come Into Her Inscrutable Eyes. If There Was Recognition Between These Women It Was Certainly Not Mutual

THE CATER-CORNERED SEX

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"I See Where the Honorable Court of Appeals Has Disagreed With Me Agin"

THEY had a saying down our way in the old days that Judge Priest administered law inside his courthouse and justice outside of it. Perhaps they were right. Certainly he had a way of seeking short cuts through thickets of legal verbiage to the rights of things, the which often gave acute sorrow to the souls of those members of the bar who venerated the very ink in which the statutory act had been printed and worshiped mainfully before the graven images of precedent. But elsewise, generally speaking, it appeared to give satisfaction. Nobody ever beat the judge in any of his races for reëlection, and after a while they just naturally quit trying.

Nor did it seem to distress him deeply when the grave and learned lords of the highest tribunal of the commonwealth saw fit, as they sometimes did, to quarrel with a decision of his which, according to their lights, ran counter to the authorities and the traditions revered by these august gentlemen.

"Ah-hah!" he would say in his high penny-flute voice when such a thing happened. "I see where the honorable court of appeals has disagreed with me agin. Well, they've still got quite a piece to go yit before they ketch up with the number of times I've disagreed with them."

But he never said such a thing in open court. Such utterances he reserved for his cronies and confidants. Once he was under the dented tin dome where he sat for so many years he became so firm a stickler for the forms and the dignities that practically a sacerdotal air was imparted to the proceedings. As you might say, he was almost high church in his adherence to the ritualisms. Lawyers coming before him did not practice the law in their shirt sleeves. They might do this when appearing on certain neighbor circuits, but not here. They did not smoke while court was in session, or sit reared back in their chairs with their feet up on the counsel tables and on the bar railings. Of course when not actually engaged in addressing the court one might chew tobacco in moderation, it being an indisputable fact that such was conducive to lubrication of the mental processes and a sedative for the nerves besides; but the act of chewing must be discreetly and inaudibly carried on, and he who in the heat of argument or under the stress of cross-questioning a perverse witness failed to patronize the cuspidors which dotted the floor at suitable intervals stood in peril of a stern admonishment for the first offense and a fine for the second.

Off the bench our judge was the homeliest and simplest of men. On the bench he wore his baggy old alpaca coat as though it were a silken robe. And, as has been heretofore remarked, he had for his official and his private lives two different modes of speech. As His Honor, presiding, his language was invariably grammatical and precise and as carefully accented as might be expected of a man whose people never had very much use anyway for the consonant "r." As William Pitman Priest, Esq., citizen, taxpayer, and Confederate veteran he mishandled the king's English as though he had but small personal regard for the king or his English either.

Similarly he always showed respect, outwardly at least, for the written letter of the statute as written and cited. But when it seemed to him that justice tempered with mercy stood in danger of being choked in a lawyer's loop of red tape he sheared through the entanglements with a promptitude which appealed more strongly, perhaps, to the lay mind than to the professional. And if, from the bench, he might not succor the deserving litigant or the penitent offender without violation to the given principles of the law, which, aiming ever for the greater good to the greater number, threatened present disaster for one deserving, he very often privily would busy himself in the matter. This, then, was why they had that saying about him.

It largely was in a private capacity that Judge Priest figured in the various phases relating to the Millsap case, with which now we are about to deal. The beginning of this was the ending of Felix Millsap, but from its start to its finish he alone held the secrets of all its aspects. The best people in town, those who made up the old families, knew the daughter of this Felix Millsap; the people whose families were not so old perhaps, but by way of compensation more likely to be large ones, the common people, as the word goes, knew the father. The best people commiserated decorously with the daughter when her father was abruptly taken from this life; the others wondered what was going to become of his widow. For, you see, the daughter moved in very different circles from the one in which her parents moved. Their lines did not touch. But Judge Priest had the advantage on his side of moving at will in both circles. Indeed he moved in all circles without serious impairment to his social position in the community at large.

Briefly, the case of she who had been Eleanor Millsap was the case of a child who, diligently climbing out of the environment of her childhood, has attained to heights where her parents may never hope to come, a common enough case here in flux and fluid America, and one which some will applaud and some will deplore, depending on how they view such matters. A daughter proclaiming by her attitude that she is ashamed of the sources of her origin; a father and a mother visibly proud of their offspring's successful rise, yet uncomplainingly accepting the rôles to which she has assigned them—there you have this small family tragedy in forty words or less.

When the Millsaps moved to our town their baby was in her second summer. With the passage of years the father and the mother came, as suitably mated couples often do, to look rather like each other. But then, probably there never had been a time when they, either in temperament or port, had appeared greatly unlike, seeing that both the pair were colorless, prosaic folk. So for Nature to mold them into a common pattern was merely a detail of time and patience. But their little Eleanor betrayed no resemblance to either in figure or face or personality. It was in this instance as though hereditary traits had been thwarted; as though two sober barnyard fowl had mated to bear a golden pheasant. They were secluded, shy, unimaginative; she was vivid and sprightly, with dash to her, and audacity.

They lived in one of those small gloomy houses whose shutters always are closed and whose fronts always are blank; a house where the business of living seems to be carried on surreptitiously, almost by stealth. She, from the time she could walk alone, was actively abroad, a bright splash of color in the small oblong of shabby front yard. The father, Felix Millsap, was an odd-jobs woodworker. He made his living by undertakings too trivial for a contracting carpenter and joiner to bid on and too complicated for an amateur to attempt. The mother, Martha by name, took in plain sewing to help out. She had about her the air of the needle drudge, with shoulders bowed in and the pricked, scored fingers of a seamstress, and a permanent pucker at one corner of her mouth from holding pins there. The daughter showed trim, slender limbs and a bodily grace and a piquant face which generations of breeding and wealth so very often fail to fashion.

When she graduated as the valedictorian of her class in the high school she cut a far better figure in the frock her mother had made for her than did any there on the stage at St. Clair Hall; she had a trick of wearing simple garments which gave them distinction. Already she had half a dozen sweethearts. Boys were drawn to her; girls she repelled rather. Girls found her too self-centered, too intent on attaining her own aims to give much heed to companionships. They called her selfish. Well, if selfishness is another name for a constant, bounding ambition to get on and up in the world Eleanor Millsap was selfish. But for the boys she had a tremendous attraction. They admired her quick, cruel wit, her energy, her good looks. She met her sweethearts on the street, at the soda fountain, in that trysting place for juvenile sweethearting, the far corner of the post-office corridor.

She never invited any of these youthful squires of hers to her house; they kept rendezvous with her at the corner below and they parted from her at the gate. They somehow gathered, without being told it in so many words, that she was ashamed of the poverty of her home, and, boylike, they felt a dumb sympathy for her that she should be denied what so many girls had. But for all her sidewalk flirtations, she kept herself aloof from any touch of scandal; the very openness of her gaddings protected her from that. Besides, she seemed instinctively to know that if she meant to make the best possible bargain for herself in life she must keep herself unblemished—must give of her charms but not give too freely. Town gossips might call her a forward piece, as they did; jealousy among girls of her own age might have it that she was flip and fresh; but no one, with truth, might brand her as fast.

Having graduated with honors, she learned stenography—learned it thoroughly and well, as was her way with whatever she undertook—and presently found a place as secretary to Dallam Wybrant, the leading merchandise broker of the three in town. Now Dallam Wybrant was youngish and newly widowed—bereft but rallying fast from the grief of losing a wife who had been his senior by several years. Knowing people—persons who could look through a grindstone as far as the next one, and maybe farther—smiled with meaning when they considered the prospect. A good-looking, shrewd girl, always smart and trig and crisp, always with an eye open for the main chance, sitting hour by hour and day by day in the same office with a lonely, impressionable, conceited man—well, there was but one answer to it. But one answer to it there was. Nobody was very much surprised, although probably some mothers with marriageable daughters on their hands were wrung by pangs of envy, when Dallam Wybrant and Eleanor Millsap slipped away one day to Memphis and there were married.

As Eleanor Millsap, self-reliant, self-sufficient and latterly self-supporting, the girl through the years had steadily been growing out of the domestic orbit which bounded the lives of her parents. As Mrs. Dallam Wybrant, bride of an up-and-coming business man, with an assured social position and wealth—as our town measured wealth—in his own name she was now to pass entirely beyond their humble horizon and vanish out of their narrowed social ken. True enough, they kept right on living, all three of them, in the same town and indeed upon paralleling and adjacent streets; only the parents lived in their shabby little sealed-up coffin box of a house down at the poorer end of Yazoo Street; the daughter, in her handsome new stucco house, as formal and slick as a wedding cake, up at the aristocratic head of Chickasaw Drive. And yet to all intents and purposes they were as far apart, these two Millsaps and their only child, as though they abode in different countries. For she, mind you, had been taken up by the best people. But none of the best people had the least intention of taking up her father and mother as well. She probably was as far from expecting it or desiring it as any other could be. In fact a tale ran about that she served notice upon her parents that thereafter their lives were to run in different grooves. They were not to seek to see her without her permission; she did not mean to see them except when and where she chose, or if she chose—and she did not choose.

One evening—it might have been about a year and a half after the marriage of his daughter—Felix Millsap was on his way home from work, a middle-aged figure, moving with the clunking gait of a tired laborer who wears cheap, heavy shoes, his broad splayed hands dangling at the ends of his arms as though in either of them he carried an invisible weight. It had been a hot day, and where he had been toiling on a roof shed which required reshingling the sun had blazed down upon him until it sucked his strength

out of him, leaving him limp and draggy. He walked with his head down, indifferent in his sweated weariness to things about him. All the same, the motorman on the Belt Line car swinging out of Yazoo Street into Commercial should have sounded his gong for the turning. Therein lay his contributory negligence. Also, disinterested witnesses subsequently agreed that he took the curve at high speed. It was one of these witnesses who saw what was about to happen and cried out a vain warning even as the motorman ground on his brakes in a belated effort to avoid the inevitable. Felix Millsap was dead when they got him out from under the forward trucks. The doctors said he must have died instantly; probably he never knew what hit him.

In all the short and simple annals of the poor nothing, usually, is shorter and simpler than the funeral of one of them. For the putting away underground of the odd-jobs man perhaps thirty persons of his own walk in life assembled, attesting their sympathies by their presence. But the daughter of the deceased neither attended the brief services at the place of his late residence nor rode to the cemetery to witness the burial. It was explained by the minister and by the undertaker to those who made inquiry that for good and sufficient reasons Mrs. Wybrant was not going anywhere at present. But she sent a great stiff set piece of flowers, an elaborate, inadequate thing with a wire back to it and a tin-foil footing, which sat alongside the black box during the service and afterwards was propped upright in the rank grass at the head of the grave. It was doubly conspicuous by reason of being the only example of what greenhouse men call floral offerings that graced the occasion. And she had written her mother a nice letter; the clergyman made this point plain to such as spoke to him regarding the absence of Mrs. Wybrant. He had seen the letter; that is to say, he had seen the envelope containing it. What the clergyman did not know was that to the letter the daughter had added a paragraph, underscored, suggesting the name of a leading firm of lawyers as suitable and competent to defend their interests—her mother's and her own—in an action for damages against the street-car company.

However, as it developed, there was no need for the filing of a suit. The street-railway company, tacitly confessing fault on the part of one of its employes, preferred to compromise out of hand and out of court and so avoid the costs of litigation and the vexations of a trial. The sum paid in settlement was by order of the circuit court lodged in the hands of a special administrator, as temporary custodian of the estate of the late Felix Millsap, by him to be handed over to the heirs at law. So far as the special administrator was concerned, this would end his duties in the premises, seeing that other than this sum there was no property to be divided.

The little house at the foot of Yazoo Street belonged to the widow. It had been deeded to her at the time of its purchase years and years before, and she had been a copartner in the undertaking of paying off the mortgage upon it by dribs and bitlets which represented hard work and the strictest economy. Naturally her husband had made no will. Probably it had never occurred to him that he would have any property to bequeath to anyone. But by virtue of his having died under a street car rather than in his bed he was worth more dead than ever, living, he had dreamed of being worth. He was worth eight thousand dollars in cash. So, as it turned out, he had left something other than a name for sober reliability and a reputation for paying his debts. And no doubt, in that bourn to which his spirit had been translated out of a battered body, his spirit rejoiced that the manner of his taking off had been as it was.

But if the special administrator rested content in the thought that his share in the transaction practically would end with but few added details, his superior, the chief judicial officer of the district, felt called upon to take certain steps on his own initiative solely, and without consulting any person regarding the advisability of his action. It was characteristic of Judge Priest that he should move promptly in the matter. To a greater degree it also was characteristic of him that, setting out for a visit to one of no social account whatsoever, he should garb himself with more care than he might have shown had he been going to see one of those mighty ones who sit in the high places. In a suit of rumply but spotless white linen, and carrying in one hand his best tape-edged palm-leaf fan, he rather suggested a plump old mandarin as, on that same evening of the day when the street-railway company effected settlement, he knocked at the front door of the cottage of the Widow Millsap.

She was in and she was alone. She was one of those women who always are in and nearly always are alone. Immediately, then, they sat in her front room, which was her best room. Her sewing machine was there, and her biggest oil lamp and her few small sticks of company furniture, her few scraps of parlor ornamentation; a bad picture or two, gaudily framed; china vases on a mantelshelf; two golden-oak rockers, wearing on their slick and shiny frontlets the brand of an installment-house Cain who murdered beauty and yet failed in his designings to achieve comfort. It was as hot as a Dutch oven, that little box of a room inclosed within its thin-planked walls. It was not a place where one would care to linger longer than one had to. Judge Priest came swiftly to the heart of the business which had sent him thither.

"Ma'am," he was saying, "this is a kind of a pussonal matter that's brought me down here this hot night, and with your consent I'll git right to the point of it. Ordinarily I'm a poor hand at diggin' into the business of other people. But seein' that I knowed your late lamented husband both ez a worthy citizen and ez an honest, hard-workin' man, and seein' that in my official capacity it has been incumbent upon me to issue certain orders in connection with your rights and claims arisin' out of his ontimely death, I have felt emboldened to interest myself, privately, in your case—and that's why I'm here now.

"To-day at the cotehouse, when the compromise wuz formally agreed to by the legal representatives of both sides, an idea come to me. And that idea is this: Now there's eight thousand dollars due the heirs, you bein' one and your daughter, Mrs. Dallam Wybrant, bein' the other. Half of eight thousand dollars wouldn't be so very much to help take keer of a person, no matter how keerful they wuz; but eight thousand dollars, put out at interest, would provide a livin' in a way fur one who lived simply, and more especially in the case of one who owned their own home and had it free from debt, ez I understand is the situation with reguards to you.

"On the other hand, your daughter is well fixed. Her husband is a rich man, ez measured by the standards of our people. It's probable that she'll always be well and amply provided fur. Moreover, she's young, and you, ma'am, will some day come to the time when you won't be able to go on workin' with your hands ez you now do.

"So things bein' thus and so, it seems to me that ef the suggestion was made to your daughter, Mrs. Dallam Wybrant, that she should waive her claim to her share of them eight thousand dollars and sign over her rights to you, thereby inshorin' you frum the fear of actual want in your declinin' years; and her, ez I have just been statin,' not needin' the money—well, it seems to me that she would

"I Was Stunned at First. But I Couldn't Deceive Myself. Something Inside of Me Told Me That It Was True—Every Word of It"

jest naturally jump at the notion. So if you would go to her yourself with the suggestion, or git somebody in whose good sense and judgment you've got due confidence to go to her and her husband and lay the facts before them, I, fur one, knowin' a little somethin' of human nature, feel morally sure of the outcome. Why, I expect she'd welcome the idea; maybe she's already thinkin' of the same thing and wonderin' how, legally, it kin be done. And that, ma'am, is what brings me here to your residence to-night. And I trust you will appreciate the motive which has prompted me and furgive me if I, who's almost a stranger to you, seem to have meddled in your affairs without warrant or justification."

He reared back in his chair, a plump hand upon either knee.

Through this the widow had not spoken, or offered to speak. Now that he had finished, she answered him from the half shadow in which she sat on the farther side of the sewing machine upon which the lamp burned. There was no bitterness, he thought, in her words; merely a sense of resignation to and acceptance of a state of things not of her own contriving, and not, conceivably, to be of her own undoing.

"Judge," she said, "perhaps you know by hearsay at least that since my daughter's marriage she has lived apart from us. Neither my husband nor I ever set foot in the house where she lives. It was her wish"—she caught herself here, and he, sensing that she was equivocating, nevertheless inwardly approved of the deceit—"I mean to say that it was not my wish to go among her friends, who are not my friends, or to embarrass her in any way. I am proud that in marrying she has done so well for herself. In thinking of her happiness I shall always try to find happiness for myself.

"But, judge, you must know this too: She did not come to the—the funeral. Well, there was a cause for that; she had a reason. But—but she had not been here for months before that. She—oh, you might as well hear it if you are to understand—she has never once been here since she married!

"And so, Judge Priest, I cannot go to her until I am sent for—not under any circumstances nor for any purpose. If she has her pride, I in my poor small way have my pride, too, my self-respect. When she needs me—if ever she does—I'll go to her wherever she may be if I have to crawl there on my hands and knees. What has gone before will all be forgotten. But don't you see, sir?—I can't go until she sends for me. And so, Judge Priest, while I thank you with all my heart for your thoughtfulness and your kindness, and while I'd be glad, too, if Ellie saw fit or could be made to see that it would be a fine thing to give me this money in the way you have suggested, I say to you again that I cannot be the one to go to her. I will not even write to her on the subject. That, with me, is final."

"But, ma'am," he said, "if somebody else went—some friend of yours and of hers—how about it then?"

She shook her head.

"Her friends—now—are not my friends. My friends are not hers any more; most of them never were her friends. Besides, the idea did not originate with me. Either the proposition must come from her direct or it must be presented to her by some third party. And I can think of no third party of my choosing that she would care to hear. No, Judge Priest, I have nobody to send."

"All right then," he stated, "since I set this here ball in motion I'll keep it rollin'. Ma'am, I'll take it on myself to speak to Mrs. Dallam Wybrant in your behalf."

"But, Judge Priest," she protested, "I couldn't ask you to do that for me—I couldn't!"

"Ma'am, you ain't asked me and you don't need to ask me. I'm askin' myself—I'm doin' this on my own hook, and ef you'll excuse me I'll start at it right away. When there's a thing which needs to be done ez bad ez this thing needs to be done, there oughtn't to be no time lost." He stood up and looked about him for his hat. "Ma'am, I confidently expect to be back here inside of half an hour, or an hour at most, with some good news fur you."

To one who had traveled about more and seen the homes of wealthy folk—to a professional decorator, say, or an expert in furnishing values—the drawing-room into which Judge Priest presently was being ushered might have seemed overdone, overly cluttered up with drapery and adornment. But to Judge Priest's eye the room was all that a rich man's best room should be. The thick stucco walls cut out the heat of the night; an electric fan whirred upon him as he sat in a deep chair of puffed red damask. A mulatto girl in neat uniform—this uniform itself an astonishing innovation—had answered his ring at the door and had ushered him into this wonderful parlor and had taken his name and had gone up the broad stairs with the word that he desired to see the lady of the house for a few minutes upon important business. He had asked first for Mr. and Mrs. Dallam Wybrant; but Mr. Wybrant, it seemed, was out of town; Mrs. Wybrant, then, would do. The maid, having delivered the message, had returned to say her mistress would be down presently and the caller was to wait, please. Waiting, he had had opportunity to contrast the present settings with those he had just quitted Perhaps the contrast between them appeared all the greater by reason of the freshness of his recollection of the physical surroundings at the scene of his first visit of that evening.

She came down soon, wearing a loose, frilly, wrapperlike garment which hid her figure. Approaching maternity had not softened her face, had not given to it the glorified Madonna look. Rather it had drawn her features to haggardness and put in her eyes a look of sharpened apprehension as though dread of the nearing ordeal of suffering and danger overrode the hope which, along with the new life, was quick within her. She greeted Judge Priest with a matter-of-fact directness. Her expression plainly enough told him she was at a loss to account for his coming.

"I'm sorry, sir," she said in her rather metallic fashion of speaking, "that Dallam isn't here. But he was called to St. Louis this morning on business. I hope you will pardon my receiving you in negligee. I'm not seeing much company at present. The maid, though, said the business was imperative."

"Yes, ma'am, it is," answered Judge Priest, rather ceremoniously for him, "and I am grateful to you fur lettin' me see you and I don't aim to detain you very long. I kin tell you in a few words whut it is that has brought me."

He was as good as his promise—he did tell her in a few words. Outlining his suggestion, he used much the same language which he had used once already that night. He did not tell her, though, he had come to her direct from her mother. He did not tell her he had been to her mother at all. It might have been inferred that his present hearer was the first to hear that which now he set forth.

"Well, ma'am," he concluded, "that's the condition ez I view it. And if you likewise see your way clear to view it ez I do the whole thing kin be accomplished with the scratch of a pen. And you'll have the satisfaction of knowin' that through your act your mother will be well provided fur fur the rest of her life." He added a final argument, being moved thereto perhaps by the fact that she had heard him without change of expression and with no glance which might be interpreted as approval for his plan. "I take it, ma'am, that you do not need the money involved. You never will need it, the chances are. You are rich fur this town—your husband is, anyway."

She replied then, and to the old man, harkening, it seemed that her words fell sharp and brittle like breaking icicles. One thing, though, might be said for her—she sought no roundabout course. She did not quibble or seek to inwrap the main issue in specious excuses or apologies for her position.

"I decline to do it," she said. "I do not feel that I have the right to do it. I understand the motives which may have actuated you to interest yourself in this affair, but I tell you very frankly that I have no intention of surrendering my legal rights in the slightest degree. You say I do not need the money, but in the very same breath you go on to say the chances are that I shall never need it. So there you yourself practically admit there is a chance that some day I might need it. Besides, I do not rate my husband a rich man, though you may do so. He is well-to-do, nothing more. And his business is uncertain—all business is. He might lose every cent he has to-morrow in some bad investment or some poor speculation.

"There is still another reason I think of: I have nothing—absolutely nothing—in my own name. It irks me to ask my husband, generous though he is, for every cent I use, to have to account to him for my personal expenditures. Before I married him I earned my own living and I paid my own way and learned to love the feeling of independence, the feeling of having a little money that was all my own. My share of this inheritance will provide me with a private fund, a fund upon which I may draw at will, or which I may put away for a possible rainy day, just as I choose."

"But ma'am," he blurted, knowing full well he was beaten, but inspired by a desperate, forlorn hope that some added plea from him might break through the shell of this steel-surfaced selfishness—"but, ma'am, do you stop to realize that it's your own mother who'd benefit by this sacrifice on your part? Do you stop to consider that if there's one person in all this world who's entitled ——"

"Pardon me, sir, for interrupting you," she said crisply, her tone icy and sharp, "but the one person who is entitled to most consideration at my hands has not actually come into the world yet. It is of that person that I must think. I had not meant to speak of this, but your insistence forces me to it. As you may guess, Judge Priest, I am about to become a mother myself. If my baby lives—and my baby is going

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"Judge Priest," She Said, "What Have You Written Down Here? And What Do You Mean to Do With What You Have Written?"

About Acting

By David Belasco

Viola Allen

He who in earnest studies o'er his part
Will find true nature cling about his art.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl.
A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd "Oh!"
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passion, all the soul, is there.

—*Old Poem.*

IT IS maintained often and with vigor that the school of acting is not of benefit in preparing for a career upon the stage—that acting cannot be taught. I have always wondered why a doctrine so subversive of reason should be—as it is—of such wide diffusion and enduring vitality; and likewise why discussions of it should be—as usually they are—restricted to proponents of the negative belief. I suppose the explanation is to be found in a general prevalence of what Mephistopheles designates "the spirit that denies." For my part, I believe that in most things the spirit that affirms is of far more service to the world. My views about learning to act are entirely affirmative, and accordingly they may perhaps be found of use by students for the stage.

Both a Science and an Art

WHEN our teeth ache we visit a dentist; when the plumbing breaks we call a plumber. When acting and the teaching and learning of it are to be considered, the views of a veteran teacher of acting—who, as it happens, also is an old actor and an active producing theatrical manager—certainly are pertinent and admissible, and should be of interest and value. The notion that instruction in acting cannot be given, or rather that it cannot be received, is a mistaken one. I remember with much pride that in the early days of my connection with the Lyceum Theater, New York, when I was associated with Mr. Franklin Sargent in the Academy of Dramatic Arts, I had as pupils, among others, Maud Banks, Charles Bellows, Wilfred Buckland, Edith Chapman, George Fawcett, Alice Fischer (Harcourt), Harriet Ford, Dorothy Dorr, Jennie Eustace, Grace Kimball, Cora Maynard, George Foster Platt, William Ordway Partridge, Emma Sheridan, Robert Taber, Lincoln Wagnalls, Blanche Walsh, Wales Winter and White Whittlesey. And also I recall that precisely the same methods of instruction which served to develop those excellent players and others like to them served to instruct and, indeed, make one of the most remarkable actresses seen in America in our time—Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Of course I do not mean to say that a novice can be made a master of stage technic by a few

Signor Tommaso Salvini

lessons—much less by reading anybody's essay on the subject. But acting is, like music, at once a science and an art—a science in its theory, an art in its practice. Being so, it is regulated upon definite, ascertained, enduring principles, and it is to be practiced according to "those rules of old discovered, not devised." Its grammar or mechanism can accordingly be taught, and must be learned by all histrionic aspirants if ever they are to become true and worthy artists of the stage.

And even within the limits of such an article as this, valuable suggestion can be offered and even practical instruction be imparted.

Jennie Eustace in "Abraham Lincoln"

Ellen Terry

That which cannot be imparted is, of course, ability to act—which is innate or is not at all. But neither, for example, can ability be imparted to paint, to compose music, to sing, to create literature. Yet the arts of painting, of musical and literary composition, of singing, are all taught to those who possess native aptitude for them; and so should acting be taught.

By "the ability to act" I mean that strange natural faculty or gift, possessed by the born actor, whereby he is enabled to enter into, comprehend and interpret to others the experiences of, successively, many persons, often most unlike himself; of seeming to be them, to know all their joys and sorrows, think their thoughts, and veritably to live their lives. The requirement which underlies and conditions the doing of this is possession of extreme sensibility combined with quick and powerful intelligence.

The Actor's Fundamental Attributes

A MAN may possess these attributes in combination and not be an actor; but he cannot truly be an actor if he does not possess them both; and, lacking them, some profession other than the stage should be selected, because if an actor does not possess sensibility far in excess of his audience he need not expect ever greatly to move it, while if he does not possess quick and powerful intelligence to perceive, control and direct the operations of his sensibility, he cannot become truly an artist, because he cannot ever be sure of his command of the expedients of expression and thus of his effects.

In my long and varied experience as a director I have, in performance or at rehearsal, observed such deplorable and destructive inability or incertitude scores of times. An actor possessed of the highest intellectual capacities but deficient in sensibility will be always cold, barren and ineffective; his performances will impress as, so to speak, lectures upon the characters he attempts—never as impersonations of them.

On the other hand, an actor possessing sensibility but lacking in power of mind and self-control will perhaps be capital in rendition of some scene of special emotional stress; called upon to go back and repeat the same scene his rendition will be puerile. Why? Because at best he possesses but half of the essential requisites for an actor; he cannot, at will, operate the expedients and devices of histrionic art. In a word, he does not know, can never master his business. The method must be mastered just as much in acting as in singing. A complaint which I make against players of the present is that as a class—and not forgetting honorable exceptions—they are uneducated, or at best are very imperfectly educated, in the technic of their calling, and are indifferent to or unaware of their shortcomings.

Moreover, there are a great number of persons on the stage

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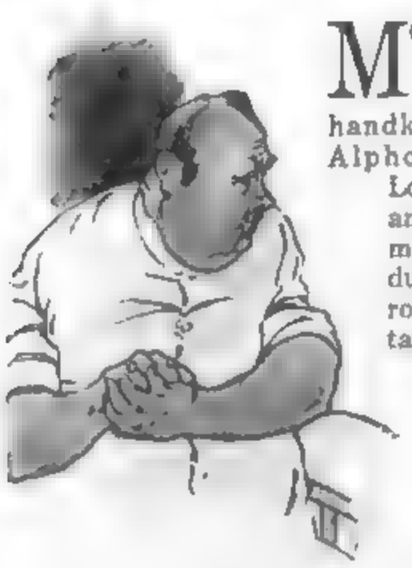
The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



He Looked Down at the Great, Green, Hungry Waves With a Calculating Eye; He Wondered If They Would Be Cold

MOISTENING the tip of his immaculate handkerchief, M. Alphonse Marie Louis Camille Pettipon deftly and daintily rubbed an almost imperceptible speck of dust from the mirror in Stateroom C 341 of the liner Voltaire of the Paris-New York Steamship Company, and a little sigh of happiness fluttered his double chins.

He set about his task of making up the berths in the stateroom with the air of a high priest performing a sacerdotal ritual.

His big pink hands gently smoothed the crinkles from the linen pillow cases; the woolen blankets he arranged in neat, folded triangles at the foot of each berth and stood off to survey the effect as an artist might.

And, indeed, Monsieur Pettipon considered himself an artist.

To him the art of being a steward was just as estimable as the art of being a poet; he was a Shelley of the dustpan; a Keats of the sheets. To him the making up of a berth in one of the cabins he tended was a sonnet; an orange pip or burnt match on the floor was as intolerable as a false quantity.

Few poets took as much pains with their pens as he did with his whisk.

He loved his work with a zeal and with an ardor almost fanatical.

Lowering himself to his plump knees, Monsieur Pettipon swept the floor with a busy brush, humming the while a little Provence song:

My mama's at Paris,
My papa's at Versailles,
But me, I am here,
Sleeping in the straw.

CHORUS:

Oo la la,
Oo la la,
Oo la, oo la,
Oo la la.

As he sang the series of "Oo la las" he kept time with strokes of his brush, one stroke to each "la," until a microscope could not have detected the smallest crumb of foreign matter on the red carpet.

Then he hoisted himself wheezily to his feet and with critical eye examined the cabin. It was perfection.

Once more he sighed the happy little sigh of work well done; then he gathered up his brush, his dustpan and his collection of little cleaning rags and entered the stateroom next door, where he expertly set about making things tidy to an accompaniment of "Oo la las."

Suddenly in the midst of a "la la" he broke off, and his wide brow puckered as an outward sign that some disquieting thought was stirring beneath it. He was not going to be able to buy his little son Napoleon a violin this trip either.

The look of contentment he usually wore while doing the work he loved gave way to small furrows of worry. He was saying silently to himself: "Ah, Alphonse, old boy, this violin situation is getting serious. Your little Napoleon is thirteen, and it is at that tender age that virtuosos begin to find themselves. And what is a virtuoso without a violin? You should be a steward of the first class, old turnip, where each trip you would be tipped the price of a violin; on second-class tips one cannot buy even mouth organs. Alas!"

Each trip now, for months, Monsieur Pettipon had said to his wife as he left his tiny flat in the Rue Dauphine, "This time, Thérèse, I will have a millionaire. He will see with what care I smooth his sheets and pick the banana skins from the floor, and he will say, 'This Pettipon is not such a bad lot. I will give him twenty dollars.' Or he will write to M. Victor Ronssoy about me, and Monsieur Ronssoy will order the captain to order the chief steward to make me a steward of the first class, and then, my dear, I will buy a violin the most wonderful for our little cabbage."

To which the practical Thérèse would reply, "Millionaires do not travel second class."

And Monsieur Pettipon would smile hopefully and say "Who can tell?" although he knew perfectly well that she was right.

And Thérèse would pick a nonexistent hair from the worn collar of his coat and remark, "Oh, if you were only a steward of the first class, my Alphonse!"

"Patience, my dear Thérèse, patience," he would say, secretly glowing as men do when their life ambition is touched on.

"Patience? Patience, indeed!" she would exclaim. "Have you not crossed on the Voltaire a hundred and twenty-seven times? Has a speck of dust ever been found in one of your cabins? You should have been promoted long ago. You are being done a dirtiness, Monsieur Pettipon."

And he would march off to his ship, wagging his big head.

This trip, clearly, there was no millionaire. In C 341 were a young painter and his bride; his tip would be two dollars, and that would be enough, for was he not a fellow artist? In C 342 were two lingerie buyers from New York; they would exact much service, give hints of much reward and, unless Monsieur Pettipon looked sharp, would slip away without tipping him at all. In C 343 were school-teachers, two to a berth; Monsieur Pettipon appraised them at five dollars for the party. C 344 contained two fat ladies—very sick; and C 345 contained two thin ladies—both sick. Say a dollar each. In C 346 was a shaggy-bearded individual—male—of unknown derivation, who spoke an explosive brand of English that burst out in a series of grunts, and who had economical habits in the use of soap. It was doubtful, reasoned Monsieur Pettipon, if the principle of tipping had ever penetrated the wild regions from which this being unquestionably hailed. Years of experience had taught Monsieur Pettipon to appraise with a quite uncanny accuracy the amount of tips he would get from his clients, as he called them.

Still troubled in his mind over his inability to provide a new violin for the promising Napoleon, Monsieur Pettipon went about his work, and in the course of time reached Stateroom C 346 and tapped with soft knuckles.

"Come," grunted the shaggy occupant.

Monsieur Pettipon, with an apologetic flood of "pardons," entered. He stopped in some alarm. The shaggy one, in violently striped pajamas, was standing in the center of the cabin, plainly very indignant about something. He fixed upon Monsieur Pettipon a pair of accusing eyes. With the air of a conjurer doing a trick he thrust his hand, palm upward, beneath the surprised nose of Monsieur Pettipon.

"Behold!" cried the shaggy one in a voice of thunder.

Monsieur Pettipon peered into the outstretched hand. In the cupped palm was a small dark object. It was alive.

Monsieur Pettipon, speechless with horror, regarded the thing with round unbelieving eyes. He felt as if he had been struck a heavy, stunning blow.

At last with a great effort he asked weakly, "You found him here, monsieur?"

"I found him here," declared the shaggy one, nodding his bushy head toward his berth.

The world of Monsieur Pettipon seemed to come crashing down around his ears.

"Impossible!" panted Monsieur Pettipon. "It could not be."

"It could be," said the shaggy one sternly, "because it was."

He continued to hold the damnatory evidence within a foot of Monsieur Pettipon's staring incredulous eyes.

"But, monsieur," protested the steward, "I tell you the thing could not be. One hundred and twenty-seven times have I crossed on this Voltaire, and such a thing has not been. Never, never, never!"

"I did not make him," put in the passenger, with irony.

"I Will Buy a Violin the Most Wonderful for Our Little Cabbage"

"No, no! Of course monsieur did not make him. That is true. But perhaps monsieur ——"

The gesture of the overwhelmed Pettipon was delicate but pregnant.

The shaggy passenger glared ferociously at the steward.

"Do you mean I brought him with me?" he demanded in a terrible voice.

Monsieur Pettipon shrugged his shoulders. "Such things happen," he said soothingly. "When one travels ——"

The shaggy one interrupted him.

"He is not mine!" he exploded bellicosely. "He never was mine. I found him here, I tell you. Here! Something shall be done about this."

Monsieur Pettipon had begun to tremble; tiny moist drops bedewed his expanse of brow; to lose his job would be tragedy enough; but this—this would be worse than tragedy; it would be disgrace. His artistic reputation was at stake. His career was tottering on a hideous brink. All Paris, all France would know, and would laugh at him.

"Give me the little devil," he said humbly. "I myself, personally, will see to it that he troubles you no more. He shall perish at once, monsieur; he shall die the death. You shall have fresh bedding, fresh carpet, fresh everything. There shall be fumigations. I beg that monsieur will think no more of it."

Savagely he took the thing between plump thumb and forefinger and bore it from the stateroom, holding it at arm's length. In the corridor, with the door shut on the shaggy one, Monsieur Pettipon, feverishly agitated, muttered again and again, "He did bring it with him. He did bring it with him."

He Thrust His Hand Beneath the Surprised Nose of Monsieur Pettipon. "Behold!" Cried the Shaggy One

All that night Monsieur Pettipon lay in his berth, stark awake, and brooded. The material side of the affair was bad enough. The shaggy one would report the matter to the head steward of the second class; Monsieur Pettipon would be ignominiously discharged; the sin, he had to admit, merited the extremest penalty. Jobs are hard to get, particularly when one is fat and past forty. He saw the Pettipons ejected from their flat; he saw his little Napoleon a café waiter instead of a virtuoso. All this was misery enough. But it was the spiritual side that tortured him most poignantly, that made him toss and moan as the waves swished against the liner's sides and an ocean dawn stole foggily through the porthole. He was a failure at the work he loved.

Consider the emotions of an artist who suddenly realizes that his masterpiece is a tawdry smear; consider the shock to a gentleman, proud of his name, who finds a blot black as midnight on the escutcheon he had for many prideful years thought stainless. To the mind of the crushed Pettipon came the thought that even though his job was irretrievably lost he still might be able to save his honor.

As early as it was possible he went to the head steward of the second class, his immediate superior.

There were tears in Monsieur Pettipon's eyes and voice as he said, "Monsieur Deveau, a great misfortune, as you have doubtless been informed, has overtaken me."

"Must You Trouble Me With Your Pets When I am Busy?"

The head steward of the second class looked up sharply. He was in a bearish mood, for he had lost eleven francs at cards the night before.

"Well, Monsieur Pettipon?" he asked brusquely.

"Oh, he has heard about it, he has heard about it," thought Monsieur Pettipon; and his voice trembled as he said aloud, "I have done faithful work on the Voltaire for twenty-two years, Monsieur Deveau, and such a thing has never before happened."

"What thing? Of what do you speak? Out with it, man."

"This!" cried Monsieur Pettipon tragically.

He thrust out his great paw of a hand; in it nestled a small dark object, now lifeless.

The head steward gave it a swift examination.

"Ah!" he exclaimed petulantly. "Must you trouble me with your pets at this time when I am busy?"

"Pets, monsieur?" The aghast Pettipon raised protesting hands toward heaven. "Oh, never in this life, monsieur the head steward."

"Then why do you bring him to me with such great care?" demanded the head steward. "Do you think perhaps, Monsieur Pettipon, that I wish to discuss entomology at six in the morning? I assure you that such a thing is not a curiosity to me. I have lived, Monsieur Pettipon."

"But—but he was in one of my cabins," groaned Monsieur Pettipon.

"Indeed?" The head steward was growing impatient. "I did not suppose you had caught him with a hook and line. Take him away. Drown him. Bury him. Burn him. Do I care?"

"He is furious," thought Monsieur Pettipon, "at my sin. He will save up his wrath until the Voltaire returns to France, and then he will denounce me before the whole ship's company. I know these long-nosed Normans. Even so, I must save my honor if I can."

He leaned toward the head steward and said with great earnestness of tone: "I assure you, monsieur the head steward, that I took every precaution. The passenger who occupies the cabin is, between ourselves, a fellow of great dirtiness. I am convinced he brought this aboard with him. I have my reasons, monsieur. Did I not say to Georges Prunier—he is steward in the corridor next to mine—'Georges, old oyster, that hairy fellow in C 346 has a look of itchiness which I do not fancy. I must be on my guard.' You can ask Georges Prunier—an honest fellow, monsieur the head steward—if I did not say this. And Georges said, 'Alphonse, my friend, I incline to agree with you.' And I said to Georges, 'Georges, my brave, it would not surprise me if ——'"

The head steward of the second class broke in tartly: "You should write a book of memoirs, Monsieur Pettipon. When I have nothing to do I will read it. But now have I not a thousand and two things to do? Take away your pet. Have him stuffed. Present him to a museum. Do I care?" He started to turn from Monsieur Pettipon, whose cheeks were quivering like spilled jelly.

"I entreat you, Monsieur Deveau," begged Pettipon, "to consider how for twenty-two years, three months and a day such a thing had not happened in my cabins. This little rascal—and you can see how tiny he is—is the only one that has ever been found, and I give you my word, the word of a Pettipon, that he was not there when we sailed. The passenger brought him with him. I have my reasons ——"

"Enough!" broke in the head steward of the second class with mounting irritation. "I can stand no more. Go back to your work, Monsieur Pettipon."

He presented his back to Monsieur Pettipon. Sick at heart the adipose steward went back to his domain. As he made the cabins neat he did not sing the little song with the chorus of "Oo la las."

"There was deep displeasure in that Norman's eye," said Monsieur Pettipon to himself. "He does not believe that the passenger is to blame. Your goose is cooked, my poor Alphonse. You must appeal to the chief steward."

To the chief steward, in his elaborate office in the first class, went Monsieur Pettipon, nervously opening and shutting his fat fists. The chief steward, a tun of a man, bigger even than Monsieur Pettipon, peeped at his visitor from beneath waggish, furry eyebrows.

"I am Monsieur Pettipon," said the visitor timidly. "For twenty-two years, three months and a day I have been second-class steward on the Voltaire, and never, monsieur the chief steward, has there been a complaint, one little complaint against me. One hundred and twenty-seven trips have I made, and never has a single passenger said ——"

"I'm sorry," interrupted the chief steward, "but I can't make you a first-class steward. No vacancies. Next year, perhaps; or the year after ——"

"Oh, it isn't that," said Monsieur Pettipon miserably. "It is this."

He held out his hand so that the chief steward could see its contents.

"Ah!" exclaimed the chief steward, arching his furry brows. "Is this perhaps a bribe, monsieur?"

"Monsieur the chief steward is good enough to jest," said Pettipon, standing first on one foot and then on the other in his embarrassment, "but I assure you that it has been a most serious blow to me."

"Blow?" repeated the chief steward. "Blow? Is it that in the second class one comes to blows with them?"

"He knows about it all," thought Monsieur Pettipon. "He is making game of me." His moon face stricken and appealing, Monsieur Pettipon addressed the chief steward. "He brought it with him, monsieur the chief steward. I have my reasons ——"

"Who brought what with whom?" queried the chief steward with a trace of asperity.

"The passenger brought this aboard with him," explained Monsieur Pettipon. "I have good reasons, monsieur, for making so grave a charge. Did I not say to Georges Prunier—he is in charge of the corridor next to mine—'Georges, old oyster, that hairy fellow in C 346 has a look of itchiness which I do not fancy. I must be on my guard.' You can ask Georges Prunier—a thoroughly reliable fellow, monsieur, a wearer of the military medal, and the son of a leading veterinarian in Amiens—if I did not say this. And Georges said ——"

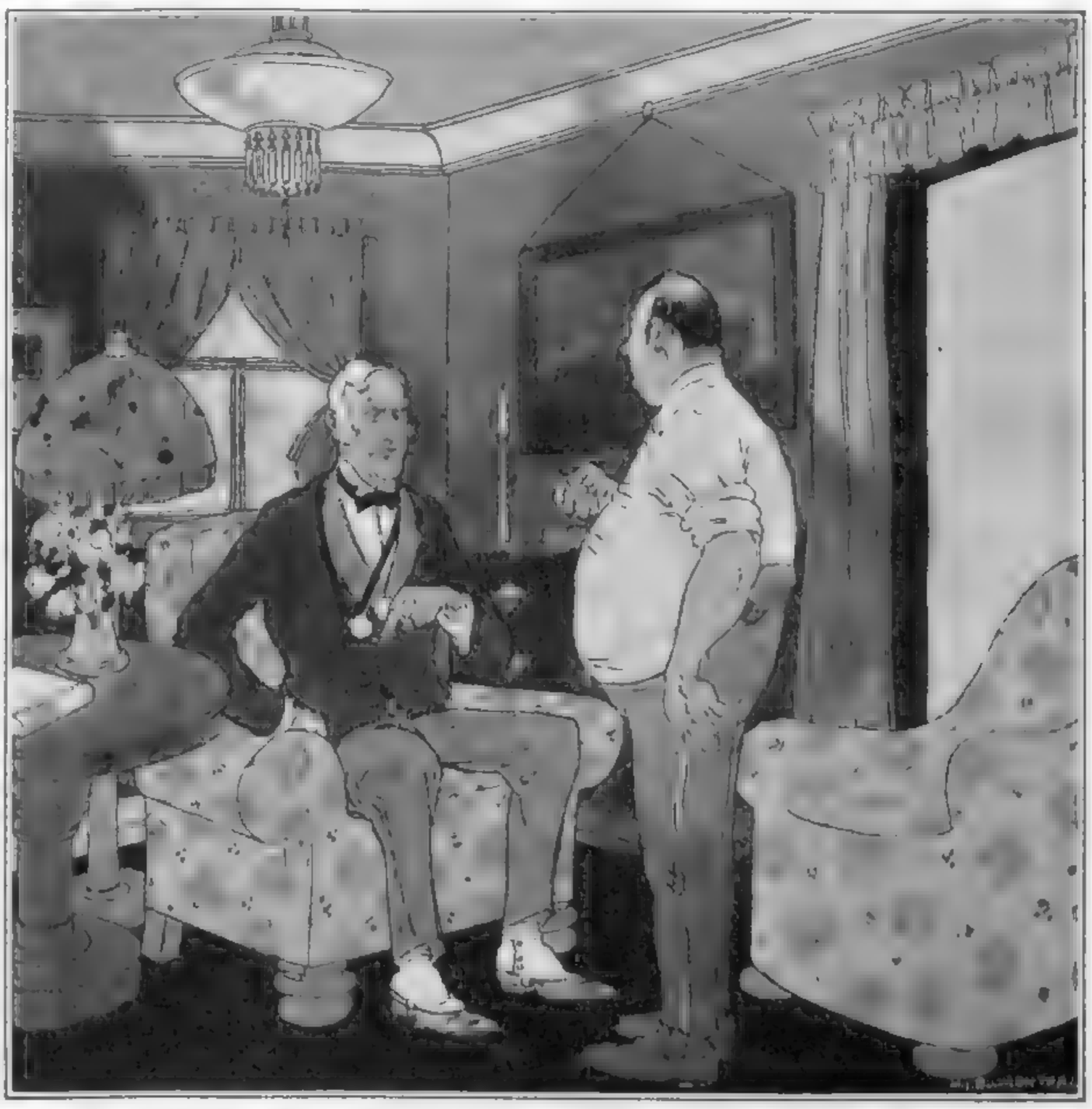
The chief steward held up a silencing hand.

"Stop, I pray you, before my head bursts," he commanded. "Your repartee with Georges is most affecting, but I do not see how it concerns a busy man like me."

"But the passenger said he found this in his berth!" wailed Monsieur Pettipon, wringing his great hands.

"My compliments to monsieur the passenger," said the chief steward, "and tell him that there is no reward."

(Continued on Page 105)

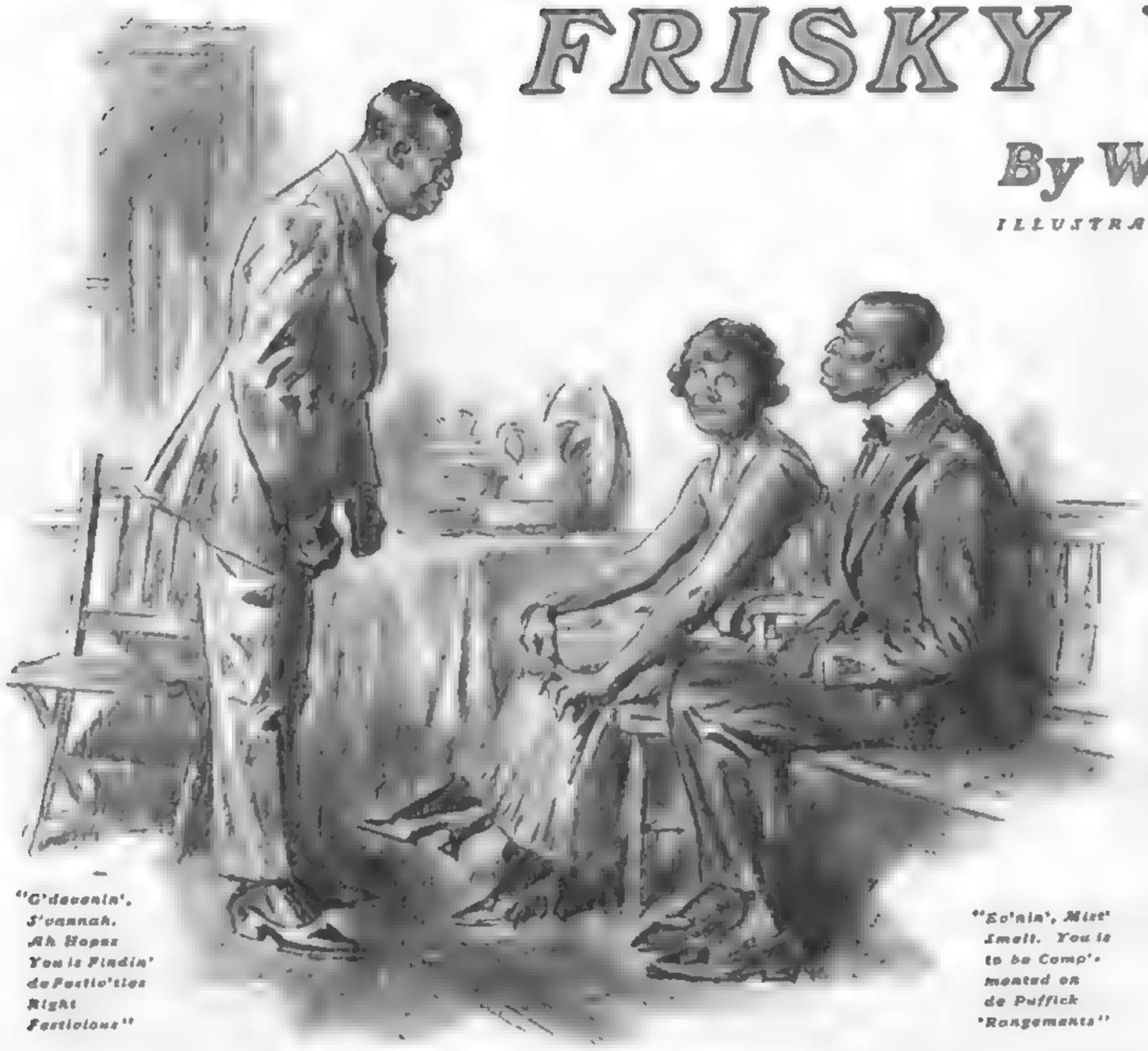


"He is a Mere Infant. But a Few Days Old, I am Sure. He Could Not Have Been Aboard Long"

FRISKY WHISKY

By W. A. P. John

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"G'daeenin', S'vannah. Ah Hopes You is Findin' de Festiv'ties Right Festivious"

"Co'nin', Mist' Smelt. You is to be Comp'mented on de Puffick 'Rangements"

MISTUH LLOYD SMELT, proprietor, president and general manager of North African Lloyds, Ltd., leaned impressively across his battle-scarred desk. "Elam," he said, hooking a cold eye on the spellbound gentleman opposite him, "Ah info'ms de popeye' worl' dat no cullud man kin cross mah trail 'thout gittin' hisse'f all mess up!"

Elam Cheesley nodded.

"Ah sez, Elam, 'at w'en a cuckoo tangles wid Mist' Lloyd Smelt he's aimin' to git six feet fum some lilies he can't smell!"

"Yassuh," agreed Elam with alacrity; "you's a tough buzzud. You is, Ah knows."

"Tough buzzud," amplified Mistuh Smelt, "an' 'en some. Ah's de 'riginal jungle buzzud fum down whuh they is eagles in de cuckoo clocks an' de c'nary birds sings bass."

He snorted derisively.

"'Magine a shine whut doan' shoot no dice!"

Elam blinked his unbelief.

"Sez how? Ga'nett Hoot doan' shoot no dice?"

"'Pears like not. He done tell S'vannah he nev' 'dulge in de game, seein's how 'tain't no gen'mun's pastime."

"How come?"

"Reckon 'cause he's one o' these heah sup'cilious shines fum de No'th, whuh he waste his time goin' to school wid white folks an' whuh they ain't no brethren to keep the gallopers tumblin' roun'."

"P'culyuh cullud man, that."

"P'culyuh? W'en you calls Ga'nett Hoot p'culyuh you makes p'culyarity a crime. Humph! Jes 'magine a black man whut doan' gamble, whut doan' smoke nuthin' but th'oat-healin' cig'rettes, doan' drink no gin an' doan' 'dulge in no p'fanity! Dress 'im up in high-kaflutin' clo'es, goose-grease de kink outen his haiuh, set 'im totin' roun' some books 'nundah his ahm, stuff his mouf wid white folks' talk an' po'try, shet yo' eyes, cross yo' finguhs, spit—an' you has Ga'nett Hoot!"

Mistuh Smelt mopped his brow with a lavender kerchief and rushed on.

"Sen' dis heah Ga'nett Hoot roun' to de side do' o' de E-light Bak'ry, set 'im 'longside o' S'vannah Swan, staht 'im spoutin' dis heah rimin' mush, wall his goo-goo eyes roun' an' roun', an' you has de crow whut Mistuh Lloyd Smelt's gwine cloud up an' rain all ovah!"

Elam nodded feelingly. He commiserated with the virtuous Garnett Hoot. The good die young. Garnett was good. Elam deduced a decrease in Barbours' colored population.

"Dis heah Hoot man," he queried, "am he trompin' roun' yo' patch?"

"Trompin'? Huh!" snorted Mistuh Smelt indignantly. "Sense he blowed in town he jes clumb de fence an' plugged de sweetes' melon on mah fav'rit' vine! Whenev' Ah busts down fo' to take S'vannah out drivin' Ah trips ovah 'im grinnin' like a jackylantern an' oozin' off de pomes!"

"Thass recentlike?"

"Recentlike? Thass ev' night!"

"She finds him 'musin'?"

"'Peahs like she do. Ah steps roun' las' evenin' an' fin' 'em settin'. 'Hod do, Mist' Smelt?' sez she. 'We wuzn't 'spectin' you dis evenin', but set down an' pass de time.' Git dat, Elam, We wuzn't 'spectin' you dis evenin'—an' me a steady settuh on 'at po'ch sense two months by!"

"Does you set?"

"Ah sets. Ah high-tones dis—dis heah goose-egg man an' 'lows to tell S'vannah 'bout de progress on de club, an' she pipes up as how 'er frien' Mist' Hoot'd 'cumelated one share o' stock in de club an' wuz plannin' on loanin' his 'sistance. Right off Ah tries to change de subjeck, but she sighs deeplike an' sez, 'Mah frien' Mist' Hoot's done been sayin' me off some pomes, an' Ah ast him to write one fo' you, bein's as it's a fav'rit' o' mine.' 'N' 'en she han' me dis scribble, sayin', 'You-all kin read it when you gits home.'"

Mistuh Smelt extracted a bit of paper from his pocket and flattened its creases on the desk. "Lis'n!

"We are very slightly changed
Fum de semiapes who ranged
India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew de longes' bow
Ran his bruthuh down, you know,
As we run men down to-day."

"'At soun' better'n a yaller seedan an' ice cream an' movin' pitchers an' jew'lry?" demanded Mistuh Smelt.

Elam hesitated.

"Ah—Ah doan' know ——"

"Co'se not! Didn' 'low you would. Dis heah pome am a challenge, Elam. An' it sez let de bes' man win, an' nothin' but shin kickin' barred."

"Um! Who writ dat pome? Dis Hoot man?"

Lugubriously Mistuh Smelt studied the lyrical gantlet.

"P'sume not," he replied slowly. "They's a name writ 'nunduh it heah. Mus' be a frien' o' his'n name' Kiplin'."

"'At means they's two of 'em we's got to tangle wid."

"Ef dis Mist' Kiplin's in town, it do. But 'at doan' make no nev' mind. Ah handles 'em in twos jes as airy as in ones. An' Ah tells de worl', de moon an' de blinkin' stahs 'at w'en Ah's polished 'em up Ah's gwine show dis S'vannah Swan who de straw boss am. You knows me, Elam. Ah gits 'em young, Ah treats 'em rough an Ah tells 'em nuthin'!"

"You does, Ah knows."

"Ah does, an' 'en some. Ah gets 'em young ——"

"But dis heah S'vannah Swan ain' no fryin' hen no moh."

"Thass jes a sayin', Elam," explained Mistuh Smelt patiently. "Ah knows S'vannah ain' so young no moh. But she's sho pritty as a roasted shote, an' she sho shakes a mean skillet an' rollin' pin!"

Romance twined like the faithful ivy round Savannah Swan. Of all the cooks in Barbours, a town where cooking had attained undreamed-of finesse, she was by far and wide the most gifted. Less than thirty years old, Savannah had literally cooked her way to fame and fortune. Her prosperous little bakeshop on the fringe of Barbours' colored district was the halting point of many a home-bound motor car, and between the hours of three and six the till jingled merrily.

This gift of gustatorial witchery alone made her the grand prize of the Afro-American marriage lottery. The fact that she was the only negress, and one of the five of her color, in Nelson County groaning under the burden of an income tax merely added a monetary premium to the holder of the winning ticket. The gods were generous to Savannah Swan, for she was chic, delicately snuff-colored and partial to attractive clothes. It was never a casual eye that reveled in Savannah's charms.

After several months of humility, perseverance, extravagance and skillful salesmanship, Mistuh Smelt had succeeded in demolishing her defense of chilled indifference. The affair had reached the stage where, in his idle moments, he would spread a scented handkerchief over his face and construct air castles over which Savannah presided as mistress and on whose front porch he dozed luxuriously.

While the air castles were still a source of unplumbed fascination, Garnett Hoot dismounted from Number 26 carrying a distinctly perceptible air of learning and a violently yellow suitcase. On the case in two-inch letters was stenciled:

GARNETT HOOT
REPRESENTATIVE

Garnett's first act in Barbours was to ensconce himself in a suitable lodging house; his second to catch a glimpse of Savannah Swan en route to Wednesday prayer meeting; his third to inquire as to her identity; his fourth to join the Guild of the Busy M. E. Bees; and his fifth to engineer an introduction through the Rev. Theodore Peebles, D. D. And almost before Mistuh Smelt was aware of his presence in town he was demonstrating to the interested residents of Darktown that the old saw, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," still retained its auriferous truth.

In his courtship Garnett utilized every weapon in the lover's category of offense—a smoothly wagging tongue, a well-polished veneer of smug culture, an ostentatious disdain for the accepted idiosyncrasies and dialect of his race, to say nothing of an out-of-the-ordinary acquaintance with certain poets.

Mistuh Smelt's chagrin was convincing evidence that the newcomer flung a wicked harpoon. And Savannah, mind you, occupied a position where she could marry for romance rather than money, if her heart so dictated.

"Write dis on a postage stamp an' paste it on yo' haid, Elam—Ah's gwine to have de Busy Bees marchin' slow 'hind dis heah Hoot man! Ah'll set de unde'takuh frowin' sand in 'is face befo' me an' him is even Stephen!"

While Elam was digesting his employer's last thinly veiled threat a shadow fell through the open door. Mistuh Smelt cocked a speculative eye over Elam's shoulder and whispered:

"P'spective client, Elam! Step out an' give him de raza."

Elam rose, brushed his trousers nonchalantly and walked round the railing toward a pugnacious-looking son of Ham who was deciphering the sign above the door. Elam he regarded with open suspicion.

"Hod do?" was his tentative greeting.

"G'daftuhnoon, suh," responded Elam punctiliously. "You is lookin' fo' which?"

"Ef you-all'll leave me read dis sign," was the curt reply, "Ah'll info'm you-all ef Ah has foun' whut Ah's seekin'."

In complaisant silence Elam permitted the caller to read the sign:

NORTH AFRICAN LLOYDS, LTD.

LLOYD SMELT, SOLE OWNER & GENERAL MANAGER AND PROPRIETOR

LIFE, FIRE, TORNADO, ACT-OF-GOD INSURANCE

WE INSURE ANYTHING ONCE. NO RISK TOO LARGE
NO RISK TOO SMALL

LET US PROTECT YOUR FUTURE. CHEAP. SAFE. TRY ME OUT

LLOYD SMELT, General Manager

The prospect shoved his straw hat away from his forehead.

"What that hookum mean?" he demanded, indicating the sign with a scornfully twitched shoulder.

"Jes this," said Elam easily—"it means 'at dis comp'ny stan's ready to p'teck you 'ginst all eventualahties. Ef youse well we p'tecks you 'ginst gittin' sick. Ef youse ill an' c'lectin' sick benefit we p'tecks you 'ginst gittin' well. Ef you owns livestock we p'teks you 'ginst they sudden an' onexpected deemise. We has p'tected folks 'ginst rain an' 'ginst twins an' triblets. We—well, suh, in fac', as de sign sez, we insuahs anything once."

The response to Elam's suave explanation was disconcertingly belligerent.

"Humph! Ah ain't sick. Ah ain't well. Ah ain't got no livestock, an' doan' want no twins an' triblets. But Ah has got some jack, an' Ah does want some 'surance. None o' dis heah razzem-jazzem, git-sick-git-well, daid-cow stuff, but some o' dat good ol'-fasmon' p'teckshun ag'inst de grim reapuh in a reg'ler comp'ny. Ef you is dis Mist' Smelt Ah's been told so much 'bout ——"

"G'daftuhnoon, suh," interrupted Mistuh Smelt, appearing at the door behind an expansive smile—"g'daftuhnoon, suh." He extended his hand with irresistible cordiality. "Pa'don me fo' injectin' mahself in dis discussion, but Ah is Mistuh Lloyd Smelt puhs'nally, an' Ah's right glad to see you. An' you is ——" he hinted delicately.

"Mist' Rudolfo Morgan," announced the visitor, accepting the proffered palm gratefully.

"Ah!" returned Mistuh Smelt gravely. "Ah's proud to meet yo' acquaintance, Mist' Morgan. Roll right inside, suh. Step 'hind de railin', suh. Thass right, suh. Pick de easy seat. Mist' Morgan," he continued, indicating Elam, "you has been conversin' wid mah business, social, privit an' puhs'nal 'sistant, Mist' Elam Cheesley. Elam, Mist' Morgan."

Elam and Rudolfo shook hands, while Mistuh Smelt seated himself and waved the caller to a chair.

"Flop yo'se'f, Mist' Morgan," he urged genially. "An' youse came to see me fo' which?"

"Fo' some 'surance. As Ah wuz tryin' to tell ——"

"'Surance? 'Zackly! An' whut kinduh 'surance would you be preferrin'?"

"Ah hearn tell c'nsidable 'bout dis pol'cy o' yo'n whuh you pays one cent de fust week, two de seckin', foh de third an' doublin' up like 'at fo' one yeah."

"Regrets e'ceedin'ly, suh," broke in Mistuh Smelt, recalling a painful session with the county prosecutor, "but mah cum'lative, ge'metrical p'gressive pol'cy's done been discontinued on account o' legal aspecks. But Ah kin write you up fo' some nice accident 'surance whut'll appeal to you right off."

"Thankee, suh, but Ah doan' want me no accident 'surance. Ah wants me some dyin' 'surance whut gits me toted off in a swell velvit box, wid hacks an' ——"

"You fo'gits, suh," interrupted Mistuh Smelt with injured dignity, "dat de accidents Ah has in store fo' you is fatal accidents."

A look of indecision crept into Rudolfo Morgan's face, and Mistuh Smelt seized upon it with avidity.

"How much jack you got to invest in 'surance?" he shot out.

"Twen'y bucks."

"How long you speeks to live?"

"Prit' long."

"Co'se you does! Youse plump like a punkin an' tough like a razuhback hawg. They ain't no use you 'surin' yo'se'f 'ginst dyin' for yeahs to come. Co'se," he admitted virtuously, "Ah could write you up fo' a coupla hunnerd bucks life insurance, but dat wouldn't buy you no swell fun'rel wid de high cost o' dyin' up wid de high cost o' livin'."

"P'raps," hazarded Rudolfo, "you-all might 'splain me dat acciden' pol'cy."

"Suttinly! As Ah sez, fo' twen'y bucks Ah kin write you up fo' a coupla hunnerd dolluhs dyin' 'surance, an' 'at pays you fo' one yeah on'y. But wid mah speshul comprehensive, none'ntestable acciden' pol'cy Ah covers you 'ginst suttin acks o' God an' de natch'rel elements fo' five yeahs. An' ef you deemises in 'at time as per contrac', No'th Af'can Lloyds, Ltd., pays yo' relicks fifteen hunnerd bucks"

"Thass right gen'rous soundin', suh. 'Splain me de accidents you p'vides ag'inst."

"Fo' one," began Mistuh Smelt, tapping the forefinger of his left hand with the same digit of his right, "they is drowndin' in a flood o' de Ohio Rivuh."

Rudolfo blinked.

"Thass—thass," he objected—"but us is sixty mile fum de Ohio."

Mistuh Smelt leaned forward belligerently.

"Us is, Ah knows; but ain't you hearn o' de Ohio flood in the spring o'—o' ninety-foh?"

"Y-yas, suh," hesitated Rudolfo.

"You has sholy. An' you has hearn o' de Johnstown, Pee ay, flood w'en de rivuh riz an' drownded ten thousan' folks, ain't you?"

Rudolfo certainly had.

"Nen whut's to p'vent de ol' Ohio rampagin' loose," demanded Mistuh Smelt ominously, "an' washin' fru de streets o' Bahbuhs?"

Slowly Rudolfo admitted: "Thass right—puffickly right."

"An' seckin'"—Mistuh Smelt indicated the middle finger impressively—"an' seckin', it 'sures you 'ginst havin' a buildin' higher'n ten stories floppin' down on you-all."

"But thass—Ah means, they ain't no sech buildin's in town!"

Mistuh Smelt snorted.

"Co'se! But they's libel to be, ain't they?"

"Yas—yas, suh, they is."

"An' you 'speeks to ooze down to Looeyville fo' de state faiuh, doan' you?"

"P'raps"

"Co'se you does! Nen s'posin' you was blowin' up Fohth Street peaceful-like an' at ease wid de worl', wid a coupla shots o' hooch 'nunduh yo' ves', an' de Seelbach Hotel cracks open an' falls on you. Whuh's you at but fo' dis pol'cy?"

"Daid, Ah reckin."

"Daid as a lynched smoke, you is! An' 'ese heah skyscrapuhs am showerin' down right an' lef' 'ese days. Thass a val'able clause, Mist' Morgan, right val'able."

"Thass right, suh. Thass a nexcellent p'vision. Nev' thought o' dat befo'."

"Nen third comes de famous disease clause, o' which you musta hearn."

Rudolfo hadn't heard, but he nodded knowingly.

"Thass ——"

"Thass de clause whut says 'at ef you dies o' any o' de well-known mysterious diseases de death-by-illness clause am nullified an' de pol'cy am paid to yo' relicks."

"You means ——"

"Croquet? You Can't Mean Indoor Croquet?" Asked Garnett. "Ah Means Af'ican Crowkay," Retorted Mistuh Smelt Grimly, Flinging Open the Door

"Jes dis: If you dies by virtue o' one o' de recknized diseases like hookin' cough, or smallpox, or consunction, or de misery, you gits nuthin'. But if, on de othuh han', you passes out by a disease unknown to de duly 'pointed 'sician o' No'th Af'ican Lloyds, Ltd., de pol'cy am *modus operandi*, an' you c'lecks ——"

Rudolfo nodded vigorously.

"Oh, yas—oh, yaa! Mysterious disease's libel to ketch anybody. Ah likes dat p'vision, Mist' Smelt - likes it fine."

"An' fohth it p'tecks you' ginst bein' killed in a subway accident."

"In a which accident?"

"Subway accident."

"Whut's—whut's a subway?"

"Street cyahs 'nundah de groun'."

"Is they one heah in Bahbuhs?"

"Not yet, but they's libel to dig one most any day now. They has 'em in most big towns, an' Bahbuhs is nex' on de list."

"Is they dang'rous?"

"You 'membahs Auntie Maybell Po'tuh whut wuz rammed by de Pensacola Flyuh?"

"Yas, suh."

"Man, subways grinds you up finer'n 'at," Mistuh Smelt hurried on. "An' they is lots mo' val'able specifications"—here he spread one of the policies under discussion on the desk—"bein' lynched by accident—'at is, bein' mistook for some othuh gen'mun; bein' kidnaped by de Klu Kluxers an' did to death; gittin' blowed up by de Black Han'; an' so on, an' so on, et cetyra—all 'splained *in toto* in dis heah ahtistic pol'cy."

Without further ado Rudolfo slapped twenty dollars on the desk. Five minutes later he strode blithely forth with a pancaked pocketbook, a paper which rated his accidentally snuffed-out life at fifteen hundred dollars and a feeling that he was in such excellent health that, barring the enumerated accidents, he would attain to the centenarian class. Hadn't Mistuh Lloyd Smelt said so? He had! And wasn't that enough for Rudolfo Morgan? It was!

When the door closed behind Rudolfo, Mistuh Smelt flicked open his case, selected a cigarette and lighted it carefully.

"Salemanship, Elam," he said, after planting himself before the humming electric fan, "c'nsists in sellin' yo' prospeck not whut he aims to buy but whut you aims to sell."

"Yassuh."

"Also, Elam, you wants to 'membah dat cullud folks wants pol'cies whut frames up nice on de mandelpiece moh'n 'ey wants p'teckshun. An' fo' clashin' culluhs 'at accident pol'cy we writes up stan's out like a red, white an' green 'Merican flag! Nevah let de prospeck git de rulin' han'. Always have a answer fo' any q'estion. Look wise even if you is dumb, Elam, an' you gits de jack, mah boy. You sees mah school o' salemanship, doan' you?"

Elam's head bobbed humbly.

"You's s'blime, Mistuh Smelt."

"Now heah," continued his employer, placing two dollars on the corner of the desk, "is yo' ten p'cent." Then he drew a pair of dice from his waistcoat pocket. "An' if you wishes, us'll shoot one pass, high dice win, fo' to see if you gits foh bucks or nuthin'."

"Shoot!" commanded Elam.

Mistuh Smelt shot—casually, almost indifferently.

"Midnight!" he exclaimed. "Onless you shoots thutteen, Elam, you gits nuthin'."

Elam got nuthin'.

II

ONLY a bespectacled psychoanalyst could bare the reasoning behind some of the items of young Major Fitz-Lee's will. Colonel Prentis Morgan summarized public opinion when he slapped his knee and growled: "Well, suh, when he wrote that clause, he was eithuh drunk or tryin' to prove that a Fitz-Lee had got so he didn't know negroes—and you can't convince me that a Fitz-Lee eveh got that way.

"Can you imagine, suh, a born an' raised Kintuckian givin' ten fine acres o' land and ten thousand dollahs fo' negro uplift—and then lettin' a negro-elected committee of negroes pick the way to spend it? Those fools are li'ble to spend it fo' anything from a community shootin' gallery to cabinet photos of every Negro brood in town. Ah hope, fo' my mem'ry of Shelby Fitz-Lee, that the young scamp was drunk enough to vote Republican!"

But the last will and testament of Fitzhugh Fitz-Lee staunchly withstood several thousand dollars' worth of legal artillery, and Mistuh Smelt, as chairman, called the first meeting of the negro-elected committee of negroes. And as chairman he made the only speech, pointing out that inasmuch as the land lay in the country its donor could have entertained but one idea for its use—a country club for Afro-Americans exclusively. Whereupon the remainder of the session was devoted to drafting a constitution and to unstinted admiration of the chairman's fertile imagination.

Five months later the Afro-American Exclusively Country Club was ready to be dedicated to racial uplift; and Mistuh Smelt, to whose efficient hands all arrangements had been delegated, sat in his office listening to Garnett Hoot.

As was his wont, Garnett was speaking with slow and meticulous care and without the musical vowels or the furry endings of the dialect of his race.

"I'm certain," he said, waving his hand with practiced ease, "that the members would appreciate something upliftinglike, since the endowment contains that provision."

"Upliftin' like whut?"

"Perhaps," suggested Garnett suavely, "a lecture on the Renaissance cathedrals of France."

"Th' whut?"

"The cathedrals of France which are renowned for their ——"

"Who—who's gwine unwind dis—dis lectuh?"

"I'll be pleased to donate my services for the occasion."

"How kind o' you, suh!" Mistuh Smelt did not conceal his sarcasm. "How 'stremely kind o' you! But these folks doan' want no upliftin'. Whut they pines aftuh am a festive 'casion. An' as chairman o' de entertainin' committee, Ah's gwine give 'em whut they pines aftuh."

Garnett was persistent.

"But the endowment specifies the uplift of the race!"

"Mist' Hoot," retorted Mistuh Smelt with chilling finality, "they is uplift—an' uplift. An' de kind de membahs wants is mah kind o' uplift, which same c'nsists o' plenty jazzy music and et cetyra—specially de las'."

"As a member of the club in good standing, I insist that the uplift clause be carried out."

Mistuh Smelt thrust forward a provocative jaw.

"You insists!" he echoed ominously. "Mistuh man, how come you-all does all dis heah insistin'?"

"As a member ——"

"Lis'n, cullud man," exclaimed Mistuh Smelt roughly, "how come a plain membah debatin' wid de movin' speerit 'hind de club? Ah ——"

Garnett reached for his hat.

"Very well," he replied shortly, "I won't be there next Wednesday night."

Mistuh Smelt reached over and reinserted him in his chair.

"Stay settin', Mist' Hoot! As you wuz! At dat op'nin' night you is as indispensable as two million bucks to de Demmycrats. If you can't come widout upliftin', den unhitch de uplift. Come to think about it, de major sez uplift, an' whut de major sez goes. S'posin' you does peel off a good jazzy upliftin' speech on 'em Ren—'em Ren—'em c'thed'als of yoh'n."

"Excellent! Miss Swan will appreciate being told of your generous attitude."

"Mis' Swan?"

Garnett had jabbed his finger into a burning sore.

"Yes, Savannah'll be right proud to have her escort address an audience of her friends."

"You means," returned Mistuh Smelt, clouds gathering in his eyes—"you means 'at you had cemented yo'se'f to S'vannah Swan for de op'nin' night?"

"Why—yes."

"Ain't you been ballin' de jack right smart wid mah gal?"—pointedly.

Garnett shrugged.

"Shruggin', eh? Nen Ah p'sumes you an' me is—is gwine tangle as rivals."

Garnett cleared his throat and delivered a jolt: "Let me quote Kipling:

"Though tangled and twisted the course of true love,
This ditty explains
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the lover has brains."

The owner of North African Lloyds, Ltd., gulped hot rage back into his throat.

"Doan' go diddyin' me, mist' man," he warned darkly, "before Ah knocks you fo' a row of cheese fact'ries ten miles long. 'Ef de luvuh has brains.' So you calls yo'se'f Mis' S'vannah Swan's luvuh?"

Garnett permitted Kipling to answer:

"They are fools who kiss and tell,
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue."

Mistuh Smelt was persistent.

"Lay off de rimin'!" he commanded. "Whut Ah wants to know am has you been a-twinin' roun' mah gal?"

Evidently Garnett had entered his rival's domain well heeled with metric argument, for his prompt retort to this direct question was: "In Kipling there is a little rime:

"That is to say in a casual way,
I slipped my arm around her;
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you)
And ready to kiss I found her."

Mistuh Smelt wilted in his chair and, not without a trace of envy, said, "You th'ows a wicked line, Mist' Hoot. Ah'd be pleased to meet up wid yo' frien' Mist' Kiplin'." Minus his usual expansive confidence, he permitted Garnett to depart, and lugubriously ogled him as he strode pertly down Clay Street.

"Humph!" he grunted glumly. "Jes wait, mah white-folks-talkin' frien'; jes wait —— Hod do, Elam, how's they hittin'?"

Elam sidled into the doorway, removed his white felt hat and carefully sopped the perspiration from his dripping skull.

"Mos' nigh squnched fum de heat, Mist' Smelt," he announced after an expectant glance at his employer.

"Been sellin'?"

"Sellin'? Is hawgs got hams? Sol' Mis' Prissy an' Mis' Dolin life an' acciden' pol'cies fo' two thousan' bucks apiece."

Mistuh Smelt led the way to his desk.

"Two thousan' bucks? You's on de rise, Elam," was his patronizing comment. "Is you got de 'nitial paymen's?"

"Natchelly," Elam retorted, taking out his wallet. When, however, he noticed his employer's right hand traveling ominously in the direction of his vest pocket he held up his left. "Nev' min' uncagin' de roll reducers, Mist' Smelt. Mah jack Ah needs socially dis evenin'."

Mistuh Smelt smiled.

"Ah thought p'r'aps you might be cravin' some 'citement."

"Some kinds Ah does. But they ain't nuthin' 'citin' 'bout de way me an' you shoots dice. You shoots an' Ah c'ntributes."

"Ain't 'at 'citement 'nough fo' you?"

"Jes 'bout 'citin' as a lynchin' bee wid me stretchin' de rope."

Without verifying the roll, Mistuh Smelt peeled off several bills and tossed them to his assistant.

"Yo' p'centage, Elam, plus twen'y bucks. Meat fo' de social lion."

"Thass gen'rous, Mistuh Smelt," was Elam's comment. "Ah wondahs if ——"

"Not 'tall, Elam, not 'tall! An' by de way, doan' write no pol'cies 'ginst dis heah Mist' Ga'nett Hoot."

A look of horror swept over Elam's face. He gurgled thickly and his glassy eyes bulged from a rapidly graying face. Finally he managed to blurt: "Ain'—ain' you

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"Doan' Pop Yo' Eyes an' Wag Yo' Jaw to Me, Elam—'splain, Me Right Off! What Pol'cy?"

Winnie O'Wynn and the Dark Horses

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

"YOU have at least a thousand pounds more in the bank than you will need for a long time," said little Miss Winnie O'Wynn, nodding wisely to Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror, "so I think it would be a good plan for you to invest it as quickly as you possibly can."

Absently, but with unerring skill, she adjusted a wayward curl and continued the slightly one-sided conversation.

"I don't think it would be very wise of you to buy any shares in anything now, though. It seems as if everybody is just going to strike or has already done so. But a nice mortgage would fit in with your extra thousand pounds very well indeed. I wonder who wants to make a little mortgage with me." She smiled almost involuntarily, for put in that way it sounded such a very jolly little operation.

"I haven't invested in a mortgage yet," she told herself. "But I can see that one ought to be very careful. It would be dreadful to lose money one has invested in a sound and serious way. It would make me feel so ashamed. That's what dear daddy used to say too."

She half closed her eyes, mentally recalling past philosophies of her worldly-wise parent:

"To lose in a speculative transaction such as the backing of favorites is a misfortune which might happen to any lady or gentleman, and no well-bred person will allow such a loss to distress him—or her. But a loss incurred in a steady-going, straightforward, solid, legitimate investment is a very solemn matter," she murmured. "Yes, that is what daddy used to say, and it is true."

She frowned a little, renewing her recapitulation of the dead plunger's wisdom:

"To wring large, well-won sums from the reluctant hands of the bookmakers and to invest the same successfully in armor-plated, steel-bound investments—that is the glorious result at which I have always aimed. Yet it calls for much wisdom, and—not to put too fine a point on it—good luck. Remember that, Blue-Eyes, when I am gone."

Well, he was gone, poor chap, and Blue-Eyes was remembering it. She had snared the will-o'-the-wisp which he had ever pursued in vain. Her cool, clever little head had put her in the peculiarly happy position of possessing quite a big block of surplus winnings ready for the armor-plated, steel-bound investments of which her papa had spoken with such respect. Bit by beautiful bit she had quietly and carefully salted down the bulk of the money which her first year of warfare with the wolves had won for her, and she knew now that she no longer needed to take quite such heavy personal risks and chances as she had been compelled to take during the process of accumulating her modest fortune.

Her little race horse, Lullaby, had already shown her quality by scientifically snaking the Fitzwilliam Stakes in the early spring at Newmarket from a dozen hopeful but extremely moderate two-year-old beginners, winning in a fashion which the seers of the sporting press described as "hard-held, by ten lengths," thus enabling Winnie—who had by no means permitted her darling to run unsupported—subsequently to help herself with quite delightful liberality to gilt-edged securities. Trainer Dan Harmon, moreover, had picturesquely assured her that the Ascot New Stakes—£1851 10—to be run in about ten days' time might without much hesitation be regarded as dearest Lullaby's property—possibly also hard-held, though she would be meeting much more formidable competition. So that, taking one thing with another, and in addition, taking any odd little profit which came straying in her direction, Winnie was concerning herself with pleasant frequency in the matter of investments.

There was this odd thousand, for instance. It was a nice, plump, natty figure for a cozy little mortgage. It sounded as though it wanted to be advanced on mortgage—just quietly laid, as it were, to rest for a time, silently producing a gentle 7 per cent.

Winnie decided, and proceeded to telephone to a gentleman who, she fancied, might be able to advise her of someone with good and sufficient security waiting for a thousand-pound loan—an old friend, Mr. George H. Jay, sole proprietor of a somewhat nebulous agency in Finch Court, Southampton Row, who quite eagerly placed himself at her disposal.

Early Dawn Next Morning Found Winnie on Newmarket Heath, Pink From Her Canter

An hour later she arrived at his office, to be received like a little princess, for he had done business with and for her before, and oddly innocent, fresh and unspoiled though she seemed to remain, nevertheless the results of all their previous transactions had been of a nature which had filled Mr. Jay's whole being with a profound respect for her luck—or was it her ability?

He had never yet decided.

The agent was not normally of a flowery or gushing disposition, and a pretty girl was no novelty to him. But as usual he speeded the rhetoric up a few notches on receiving Winnie.

"Ha, Miss Winnie, if you would give me your recipe for perpetual charm and grace I'd form it into a limited company—ha-ha!—and retire on my profits in a month."

He laughed that hearty, resounding, all-embracing laugh of his, and placed a chair.

"You want an investment—mortgage—for a thousand pounds, Miss Winnie?"

She caused her blue eyes to shine upon him.

"Oh, yes, please, dear Mr. Jay. If you will tell me of one. I know I am a great bother to you—so good-natured—but you know of so many things that I thought you would not mind helping me."

She gazed with pretty anxiety at him. Mr. Jay nodded.

"If you knew how I enjoy putting my friends onto good investments, dear Miss Winnie, you would feel that I should be the one to—er—give thanks," demurred George H. airily. "As a matter of fact, good investments are scarce just now." Winnie's sweet face shadowed. "But fortunately an opportunity came before me only this morning," he hastened to add.

The shadow gave place to sunshine, the irradiation accompanied by a little cooing sound of admiration and gratitude.

Mr. Jay opened a mighty account book on his desk and studied it seriously, whistling very softly between his teeth.

"Yes," he said presently, closing the book with a wonderful air of decision, "it's good. It's very good. I recommend it. A second charge on March Lodge and a hundred acres. It should be good—yes, good for a thousand, a comfortable thousand. But no more. No, not more." He leaned to the girl.

"I can arrange for you a second charge—second mortgage—on a very charming little place in Wiltshire on Salisbury Plain, dear Miss Winnie. Just the very thing for you. It is a beautiful little house—old-fashioned, with every modern convenience—has a hundred acres of land with it, and very fine outbuildings and stabling. It belongs to a Capt. Cecil Fairbairn, who lives there and trains one or two of his own horses there. There is already a first mortgage of four thousand on it, but it will stand a little more. Decidedly. Captain Fairbairn is a gentleman—unusually well connected, I believe—but he has been unlucky. He wants a thousand—temporarily—and will give 8 per cent for it. You might do worse than see the place—March Lodge."

Winnie pondered.

"A second charge!"

She was not quite sure that it sounded very inviting. But she did not deceive herself that she was an expert in mortgages, and Mr. Jay seemed satisfied. Still it did not sound utterly impossible, and 8 per cent was very good interest. The name Cecil Fairbairn was vaguely familiar. Why, of course! Fairbairn was the name of the owner of one of the two-year-olds from which Dan Harmon expected some opposition in the Ascot New Stakes. She remembered that now. She nodded.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Jay. Of course I shall take your advice and—go and see March Lodge. It sounds just exactly the sort of place that I would like to invest in. Is Mr. Fairbairn nice? He wouldn't mind my having just a little peep at his home, would he, please? I think he is the owner of a horse called Nanette that is going to race with Lullaby in the New Stakes at Ascot. Isn't that odd?"

Mr. Jay agreed.

"I've no doubt it is the same man, and a very charming fellow you will find him. Although, personally, my money will be on Lullaby—if you advise it, Miss Winnie."

"I will tell you soon about that—in two days. I am going to Newmarket to-night to see Lullaby at work to-morrow, Mr. Jay. It will not matter if I don't go to March Lodge until I come back from Newmarket, please, will it?"

"Oh, no, certainly not! But if you do not mind old George Jay offering a word of advice, I would recommend your seeing the place as soon as possible." He laughed robustly. "Not a bad investment—might easily be snapped up."

Winnie rose.

"Yes, I understand, and I will be very quick and try to be very businesslike. I—I am afraid I am not very businesslike, dear Mr. Jay. But then, after all, I am only a girl."

She smiled a bewitching, modest little smile. A watchful look flickered into Mr. Jay's eyes.

"Oh, no, no, you are a wonderful little business woman!" he assured her anxiously. "Wonderful! Don't try to change, dear Miss Winnie. Keep just as you are, so sweet, so natural, so—er—ingenuous. It's—er—very effective. I mean to say, it makes a business transaction so pleasant."

Winnie shook her head.

"Ah, you only say that because it is your nature to be generous and reassuring, and because your heart is kind," she said, smiling, and so left him to carry on his agency while she went on to the New Turf Club, there to join forces with her old ally, the Hon. Gerald Peel, lover of horses, expert on steeplechasing and four-square friend of Winnie. They were due to lunch together, a little ceremony which was held on an average about once a week—and which both enjoyed. They chimed together like a pair of specially tuned bells, and they should have been brother and sister.

Gerald was waiting on the steps of the club, looking thoughtful, as Winnie drove up. He joined her in the taxi.

"Good morning, dear Gerry. What are you thinking of?" said Winnie. "You were looking as though you were doing decimals in your head."

"Decimals?" said Gerald vaguely. "Oh, those things the opticians use to test your eyes with, you mean?"

"Dear Gerry!" Winnie cried. "He hasn't an idea of what decimals are! Still, shouldn't you have said you were thinking of me?—oh, only just out of politeness, of course!"

"But I wasn't, Winnie. I was thinking about the price of oats."

"I forgive you, all the same," said Winnie, "because I'm always happy when I come to lunch with you and needn't bother what I say. How do I look, please? Do you like me today? It's a new spring frock."

"Looks all right. Expensive-lookin' get-up. How's Lullaby?"

"Oh, she is wonderful, Gerry! Mr. Harmon says that she improves more and more every day, and with any luck she has the New Stakes at her mercy."

The Honorable Gerald took out his case and, Winnie declining, thoughtfully selected a cigarette.

"Well, Harmon ought to know. But I happen to know that she will have to meet a heavily backed filly from Salisbury Plain at Ascot—a good one."

"Yes, I know, Gerry. You mean Nanette."

Gerald nodded.

"Belongs to a friend of mine," he observed. "She's very good."

Winnie smiled.

"Then it will be a good race, won't it, Gerry?"

He stared into the dancing blue eyes opposite him.

"I shouldn't be surprised if Lullaby is the better horse of the two, only if I were you I shouldn't let her carry too much of your money in the race. Nanette is a good 'un, I know, and it's bad racin' to take unnecessary risks."

"No, Gerry, I won't," promised Winnie submissively.

It was not till after lunch that Winnie spoke of Nanette's owner.

"Gerry, do you know if Captain Fairbairn who owns Nanette is the Captain Fairbairn of March Lodge, near Druidswell?" she asked.

The Honorable Gerald nodded.

"Yes, same man. Why?"

"After I get back from Newmarket to-morrow I am going down to visit him."

Gerald raised an eyebrow.

"Visit him?"

"To be shown over his house, Gerry."

Gerald raised his other eyebrow.

"Why?"

Winnie laughed and told him, and he nodded.

"I see. I wondered what you were drivin' at. Well, you'll like March Lodge. It's a beautiful little place. One of those striped Elizabethan houses. But small, perhaps. So poor Fairbairn is in such low water as that? I'm sorry to hear that, for he's a goodish sort of chap. Been very unlucky. I heard at the club that he was rather hangin' on until he saw what Nanette could do for him. But you're always hearin' things at clubs."

Winnie was watching him closely and she saw that he looked unhappy.

"A good chap, Cecil Fairbairn," he said again. "Good sportin' chap. March Lodge was his mother's favorite place. She was a sweet, kind soul. They were always a bit unlucky, the Fairbairns, financially speakin'."

He spoke absently, and Winnie saw that his mind was somewhere in the past—with the Fairbairns.

"Well, I am going to lend him the money on mortgage," she said. "And I hope his Nanette will prove as good a friend to him as my Lullaby to me. Mr. Jay told me very much the same as you, about Captain Fairbairn having struggled on through rather hard times, banking on Nanette winning a good race this year."

She glanced at her watch.

"I really must be quick. I have to go to the flat and pack up a suitcase before catching my train. Do please come and see me off, Gerry."

"All right," said Gerald placidly. He would not have let her go alone, but between friends there was no necessity for fuss.

"Well, I for One Don't Believe You are So Black as You are Painted. Here is Your Tea"

II

EARLY dawn next morning found Winnie on Newmarket Heath, pink from her canter out with Mr. Dan Harmon and the subsequent excitement of a little trial which that strategic gentleman had arranged for Lullaby.

"And I think that proves that dearest Lullaby is bound to win the New Stakes at Ascot, don't you, Mr. Harmon?" she was saying, leaning forward on her horse to rest a gloved hand caressingly upon the strong right arm of the trainer.

There was a steely gleam of satisfaction in the worthy Daniel's eyes, for he had asked the beautiful two-year-old a straightforward question that morning and the filly had answered it straightforwardly—in the spirit in which it had been asked. Dan had required her to give fourteen pounds weight and a beating to the game, honest and speedy old sprinter Harvester, one of Mr. Harmon's favorite trial horses. It was by no means a meager request to make. But Lullaby, duly conceding the aforesaid weight, as well as considerable Anno Domini, had cantered away from the honest one like an athlete cantering away from one who would fain borrow his money.

For Winnie and the trainer this little exposition of the art of making a hack of a perfectly good-class veteran race horse had beautified Newmarket Heath with a singular radiance in spite of the lingering wisps of dawn mist, and —— Dan did not roughly remove his arm from under the butterfly touch of the girl as she smiled into his eyes. He was very pleased, indeed, and when he was very pleased indeed pretty girls could pat him as much as they liked

"Oh, how clever you are to have made my baby horse so wonderful!" cooed Winnie. "She will certainly have a chance in the New Stakes, won't she?"

Dan nodded thoughtfully, scanning the dim future with a remote eagle-keen stare.

"You'll lead her in from bigger wins than the Ascot New Stakes some day, Miss Winnie," he told her.

He surveyed the filly with the quiet pride of one who gazes upon a good child, and Winnie's blue eyes darkened with affection for the graceful thoroughbred who was going to work such wonders for them all. Their lads were putting on the clothes of the two horses.

"Mr. Peel says that I am quite right when I tell people that you are the best trainer in the country," began Winnie, giving him what she regarded as no more than his due. "And you really don't think that other little horse—the one from Salisbury Plain—Nanette—will beat Lullaby, please?"

The trainer smiled.

"If she had two other Nanettes hauling her she'd still finish six lengths behind Lullaby—if old Father Time is still reliable. I clocked this trial to decimals of seconds, Miss Winnie. I know a little about Nanette, and she's good—very good—of her class. But it's not the same class as Lulla——"

He never finished, for the sentence was prematurely punctuated by a ringing report from a clump of bushes to the right. Something whined oddly through the thin mist for an instant, there was a sharp, violent smack—and old Harvester, giving a curious choked grunt, dropped to the turf like a leaden thing. Lullaby lunged clear, snorting wildly, dragging her lad with her.

Then, from behind the clump of bushes, a motorcycle roared suddenly as a powerful twin-cylinder machine roars when started with a wide-open throttle, and Winnie, glancing across, caught the flash of a ray of the rising sun on a swiftly disappearing motorcycle—a big red-painted, powerful machine literally leaping away across the heath. Once the rider, a hunched, hooded figure in a leather helmet, turned to stare behind, but his face was no more than a pale blur, with great goggles like twin black rings upon the white face.

Winnie slipped her race glasses into their pouch and pulled her horse round to the little group by Harvester. Dan Harmon was already on his knees by the old horse, but he could do nothing at all, for Harvester was dead. He had been shot through the neck. The big soft-nosed bullet had smashed through the vertebræ and spinal cord, making an ugly wound at the side of its egress.

Dan was swearing softly, and the white-faced stable lad, Harvester's valet, a good-looking boy little more than a child, was joining him with surprising fluency. For Dan owed much to the old race horse, and the boy had worshiped him, his first responsible charge. Then the trainer gave a last pat to Harvester's neck and rose, controlling himself.

"And that's the end of one of the very best-hearted horses I've ever handled in my life, my dear," he said slowly. "And I've handled thousands."

He stared across the wide heath, his face troubled.

"Old Harvester," he said. "I wonder what Katie will say. More than once he's pulled me out of a bad hole—Harvester. There's something rotten growing in this country, Miss Winnie. A few years ago it would have been a hard job to find a man who would have hidden behind a bush to kill a perfectly inoffensive horse. A man's got to be a mean, cowardly hound to do a thing like that."

His eyes were very blue and bright, and the corners of his thin, close lips drooped oddly.

"There was no reason for it—no real reason. Some hound that I've had to deal straight with thinks he has got square with me, I expect. I hope I find him one of these days—one of these fine days," he concluded softly.

He looked rather wistfully at Winnie.

"This will hurt Kathleen," he said. "He wasn't a classic horse, but he was old Harvester—a good friend to Katie and me."

Winnie knew what he wanted her to do.

"Suppose I ride on and tell her," she said. "Would you prefer it that way, Mr. Harmon?"

The trainer's eyes brightened as he thanked her.

"I'm a bit heavy handed at bad news, Miss Winnie," he said. "But you—if you would. It's a funny thing. I like all my horses, but if it had been any of the others I could have taken it in a way as part of the day's work. But old Harvester never told me a lie."

He meant only that Harvester had always run true to form, and Winnie understood.

"I'll go back and tell Mrs. Harmon for you. I am so sorry. You know that, don't you, please?" she said.

During the short ride back to the stables the girl thought keenly. Dan Harmon's explanation that a secret enemy had shot Harvester failed quite to satisfy her reason.

"Of course a successful trainer who maintains proper discipline in his establishment is bound to make enemies," she mused. "Daddy used to say that every successful man is bound to make enemies, and I think it is true; but it was a bitter, bitter enemy who did that infamous thing. Suppose it had been my Lullaby! And she was standing quite close to Harvester!"

She reined in suddenly, her eyes widening at a new thought that sprang upon her wits.

"But suppose it was Lullaby the murderer—the killer—aimed at!"

She paled a little.

"One could understand it better. I, too, have enemies."

She thought of that hard-eyed gambler, Major Mountarden; of that sleek money lender, Ripon; of one Archer, late of the Ultra-Superba Film Company; even of Alexander Boyde and his friend, Mrs. Eustace Tolbar, the Tiger Cat—all old enemies of hers—and of those whom Lullaby's forthcoming conquests would cost dearly, such as Capt. Cecil Fairbairn, the almost bankrupt owner of the heavily backed Nanette, from whom Lullaby was certain to win the Ascot New Stakes. But he was a good sportin' chap—the Honorable Gerald had said so.

The girl recalled how close to each other the horses were standing and the peculiar position of Harvester's wound.

"I don't think a man would deliberately aim at a place so easily missed. But if he had aimed at Lullaby's head and just missed it—if she happened to lower her head at the critical moment—then the bullet might easily have hit Harvester. Or the killer might have mistaken the horses. Harvester is black like Lullaby, though he doesn't look very much like a two-year-old. I wonder. It would be dreadful if anything happened to Lullaby."

She turned anxiously; but she knew that there was no need for anxiety, for the killer was gone. Only—her experience of life had taught her that it was not profitable to take any but unavoidable risks.

Lullaby was not far behind, pacing decorously homeward in care of her lad, one Peter, a wiry, middle-aged person who would cheerfully have wildcatted anyone attempting to interfere with a charge which he confidently believed was fated to become the winner of next year's Oaks for her owner and, quietly, a nice little paying hostelry for himself in his old age, provided the odds were right.

Winnie smiled as the filly, pretending to discern some deadly peril lurking in a tuft of grass, danced past it.

"She is just like a child. She can only walk steadily for a few yards." Then she turned again to her mission and her problem. By the time she rode in through the gates leading to the trainer's home she had made her decision.

"I will find out who shot Harvester—in mistake for Lullaby," she declared softly to herself, "even if I have to sacrifice all my winnings." And so dismounted and went indoors to find Kathleen Harmon.

III

IT WAS nearing three o'clock on the following day when Winnie's coupé, white with the dust of the dazzling chalk roads of the Salisbury Plain district, came gliding up to the entrance of the short drive leading to the little Elizabethan house of Captain Fairbairn. Beside the girl sat a large gentleman in tweeds, with quick, rather hard eyes—gentle Mr. Jay, accompanying her in his capacity of mortgage expert.

"Nothing like an unprejudiced opinion, Miss Winnie," he said, and opened the door. "So with your permission I'll just hop out here and take a look round the farm and buildings while you have a chat with Captain Fairbairn. I may be a quick man, but I like to look before my clients leap—ha-ha! Yes, indeed!"

Winnie raised no objection to this bit of modest strategy by Mr. Jay.

"I am sure that whatever you say is right, dear Mr. Jay," she said, her mind on other things. "You are so quick and keen that I don't think it would be very sensible of me to try to alter your plan. But it is very, very kind of you not to mind making your boots all dusty walking over the farm for my sake."

She spared him one of her loveliest smiles and went on into the drive. Her lingering smile vanished abruptly halfway up to the house. From the angle at which she was approaching she was able for a little distance to see one end of a big yard at the back of the house. Here by a water tap a stable boy was industriously at work washing and cleaning a big red motorcycle. The expressive blue eyes darkened, and Winnie looked grave.

"Of course there are hundreds of those big red machines running everywhere. One is always meeting them," she whispered to herself, "and one oughtn't to jump to conclusions too soon."

She ran to a standstill outside the door.

Her knock was answered by a trim, quiet maidservant who admitted her into a comfortable hall furnished with extremely good old oak. A woman can glean more of the domestic circumstances of a household in a ten-second glance round the hall than a man will discover in a tour of the whole house; and Winnie, noting the big blue bowl of freshly cut early roses on the hall table, the well-polished oak, the dustless picture frames, the clean if faded rugs, the shallow carved oak box containing gloves, hunting crops and other odds and ends of a riding man's hall by one of the windows near the door, all tidily arranged, the well-laid fire awaiting only a match to blaze up, realized at once that Captain Fairbairn was well served, and by an attentive, clever woman or women.

The maid returned, inviting Winnie to follow her.

"Captain Fairbairn has had an accident. His horse fell," she volunteered, "and the doctor has ordered him to rest on his couch for a few days."

Winnie went in. It was a long, low, shadowy room, oak-paneled, as perfectly kept as the hall. The odor of a good cigarette blended with the perfume of roses and the delicate wild spring scent of the downland outside. There was no order in that delicious room—nor any disorder. Here and there an oil painting glowed softly on the wall, or a vase stood out like a bright flower against the paneling. Books were there—old books that had been read many times. There was a gun rack in a corner, fishing rods, a writing table—all such things. It was a home room. A curious little pang of wistfulness softened the spirit of the girl as she caught the atmosphere of that room. She moved forward to greet the man who had risen from a low broad settee under the window and was standing one hand bearing heavily on a small table by the couch. He was much younger than she had expected him to be—and much better looking.

"Oh, but please don't stand, Mr. Fairbairn! I know that you are ill," she said impulsively.

He smiled gravely and sat down.

"You are Miss O'Wynn," he said slowly, in a rather deep, pleasant voice, very steady, "who is going to be my mortgagee, Mr. Jay tells me."

"Oh, please, if you don't mind," agreed Winnie rather apologetically, almost a little confused. As indeed she was—quite unaccountably.

She had come to March Lodge as a secret enemy of this man, for she had half decided that he was behind the attempt on Lullaby which had killed Harvester. And the glimpse of the red motorcycle in the yard, of a leather motorcyclist's cap in a corner of this room, had done nothing to modify that half-formed decision.

And now, in an instant, all that suspicion had left her, had been driven from her mind like wind-driven mist. From what deep, wonderful reserve of feminine instinct, intuition, clairvoyance the conviction sprang she did not know, but before she had been five seconds in that tranquil room with him she was serenely sure that he was white, and the best-looking man she had ever known; a thoroughbred—as obviously thoroughbred as Lullaby herself.

Yes, Winnie was a little confused.

"No, I do not mind," he was saying slowly, half regretfully, half jestingly.

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There Was a Sharp, Violent Smack—and Old Harvester, Giving a Curious Choked Grunt, Dropped to the Turf Like a Leaden Thing. Lullaby Lunged Clear, Snorting Wildly, Dragging Her Lad With Her

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1921

The Privileged Few

A WELL-TO-DO business man who was spending the summer at a resort frequented by people of ample means offered to take his small son for a Sunday afternoon walk. The boy said he would prefer to play ball with the other boys and young men, sons of the cottagers, who were already gathering for a game. The father explained that though his scruples against Sunday baseball did not necessarily apply to the masses, he saw no reason why young men with ample leisure on week days, and whose parents could give them every pleasure, should engage in such a noisy sport on Sundays. The boy grudgingly went walking, but on their return they were obliged to pass the baseball diamond, and approached it just as the players suddenly decided to end the game and go swimming in the surf. With a yell the young men threw down their bats and balls, gloves and pads, and rushed off for the shore.

"Now you see what I mean," said the father as he leaned over and began to pick up the articles which were strewn far and wide. "Not only have they left these bats, balls, gloves, pad and mask out here, but clothing as well, and sofa pillows which they have taken from various houses to use as bases. They will never give these articles another thought, not even if it rains. They will spend the rest of the afternoon in some sport or other, and it is left for some person like myself to pick up these articles and carry them to the nearest house.

"But let me make a prediction: Four out of five of these young men who are so careless not only of other people's feelings but of other people's property as well will be hunting jobs long before they are my age. Sons of rich men as they are to-day, they will be glad to get any kind of work by the time they are thirty-five or forty. For by that time four out of five of them will have gone through or lost such money as they may have inherited."

Another person who overheard the speaker's remarks objected to his severity, but was soon silenced by the business man, who drew attention to many mutual acquaintances of middle age who had belonged in their youth to gay and fashionable sets, most of whose members had long since drifted into obscurity and poverty.

There is much that is manifestly fanciful and unreal in the talk about swollen fortunes and the privileged few. For nothing is so precarious as wealth; nothing suffers, dwindles and diminishes so rapidly. While we gaze in never-ending wonder at the relatively few fortunes which persist, the greater number that are dissipated and lost are but little noticed and soon forgotten. Men who run through inheritances, who make unfortunate investments, who back unprofitable inventions, who open low-grade mines, who drill dry oil wells and who fail in business, either quietly or even with a crash—these are far too numerous, their losses too common everyday occurrences to excite the least interest or amazement.

There are never lacking self-appointed tribunes of the people to rail at the iniquities of concentrated wealth. But the brief adage of three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves is often a sufficient answer. New York's Fifth Avenue is thought of as the major abode of plutocracy, but by far the greater number of those who have homes there to-day bear names that would have carried no meaning to the residents of a generation ago. Where there are one or two fortunes like those of the Astors or Vanderbilts, which have been passed on for several generations, there are literally hundreds which were unheard of but fifteen or twenty years ago.

A gentleman who because of the existence of millionaires and rich corporations fears for the safety of the republic was recently giving the benefit of his views to the Committee on Finance of the United States Senate. The chairman, who is a man of few but pointed words, interrupted to say: "I suppose you know that nine-tenths of the corporations have passed dividends, and that three-quarters of the so-called plutocrats can hardly pay their household bills to-day."

Within the last year it has been a commonplace remark among business men that the old virtues of conservatism, thrift, caution and carefulness have again come into their own. In other words, the wiping out of billions of dollars of inflated values, the colossal shrinkage of inventories and the personal losses sustained by uncounted thousands of supposedly wealthy men have once more demonstrated the old truth that as long as such personal qualities as recklessness and carefulness, extravagance and thrift, improvidence and providence, are unevenly distributed among the population there need be no fear that wealth will remain permanently concentrated or its ownership fixed. Those who talk only of swollen fortunes and the privileged few invariably blind themselves to the opportunities which growing industry, new inventions and processes, increased demand and increased population, are ever presenting to the ambitious, thrifty and able.

Knowing the Business

DURING the latter part of the war, when our merchant tonnage was increasing by leaps and bounds, the press was full of rosy estimates of the great share of the world's ocean carrying trade that circumstance would deliver into our hands. From the ends of the earth gold flowed into American coffers. We became the great creditor nation, and it was therefore argued that thenceforth New York and not London would be the great money capital and take over the banking of the world. Belligerent Europe, bending every energy to the production of war material, perforce neglected her old customers abroad, and it was jauntily assumed that the United States would not only grab the eager world trade that was going begging but would be able to retain and further develop it in times of peace.

None of these hopes has been realized. We went down to the sea in ships and almost foundered in deficits. The sun had scarcely set on Armistice Day when England and Germany began the rapid reëstablishment of their world-wide banking and trade connections; and the former still finances the blue-water cargoes of the seven seas as of old. Very few of our own ventures in the field of foreign banking have met real success. American banks have set up oversea branches, but we have accomplished little in the way of establishing foreign banks for the sole purpose of financing foreign business.

The descending curve that graphically represents our dwindling exports resembles nothing more closely than a side view of an oversteep toboggan slide. If we pretend to account for it by the poverty of European customers we must simply ignore the existence of the nonbelligerent nations that are buying and selling very much as usual. The American exporter who jumped into the business during the war is apt to be disliked and made the object of unfair discrimination. His goods, valued at hundreds of millions of dollars, still rust or rot in foreign ports, unclaimed because of declining replacement values, the high price of dollar exchange or the whim of the consignee. Old accounts remain unpaid and costly litigation is the sole means of obtaining settlement.

Loss, vexation and humiliation are the lot of the average exporter; and he finds cold consolation in the news that European competitors are rapidly resuming trade relations with his new customers in Latin America, in South Africa and in the East Indies. Manufacturers who have come to depend upon exporters to find an outlet for their wares overseas do not as a rule realize that the present stoppage of new trade channels is more than a temporary condition. They are slow to see that their new markets are lost to them forever unless they can be regained as the result of a new campaign waged along entirely new lines.

Discouraging as it is to see how our hopes have gone glimmering, there should be no haste to assume that we may not in time achieve, under unfavorable circumstances, by dogged effort and different methods, results that we did not compass when the fortunes of war played into our hands. As it fell out, our greatest but most unfruitful opportunities came to us too soon. They presented themselves at a time when we had not had the schooling and practical experience that would have enabled us to make the most of them. We mistook goods-hungry nations, buying what they could, where they must, for delighted and permanent customers. We confused ownership of tonnage with knowledge of and aptitude for the highly complicated and slowly developed business called the ocean carrying trade. We fell into the error of assuming that the custody of the hugest single pile of gold in the world automatically qualified us to be the world's leader in international banking. We perceived clearly the material aspects of the strength of our position, but we left the human side quite out of our reckoning. We forgot, in the midst of war's alarms, that the man is always more important than the machine; that the worker is often a more vital factor than the material upon which he works. We saw new fields of activity beckoning to us, and we did not stop to ask ourselves whether or not we had sufficient training and specialized experience to insure our success in those fields. The event indicates that we did not, and yet we tried and learned something in the trying. Another factor we overlooked was the element of good will, which is universally conceded to be an essential element in the prosperity of every firmly established business. What was worse, we managed to create a vast deal of ill will, which will have to be erased and wiped out before we can make a fresh start on the scratch line.

Over against this recital of failure and disappointment must be set some conspicuous exceptions. Some of our new shipping lines have made money. Some of our ventures in foreign banking have proved profitable and are continually broadening their scope of operations. Best of all, some of our exporters are enjoying uninterrupted prosperity in the very countries in which other Americans have taken the heaviest losses. There is no more mystery about the methods of the men and corporations which have succeeded than there is about those of the concerns that failed. Success was almost as inevitable in one set of cases as failure was in the other. The men who made good knew the business in which they embarked. They saw a great opportunity and they attacked it systematically, with all the accumulated knowledge and experience applicable to their special problem. They won by skill, not by luck or guesswork. Others can win by the same methods adapted to individual cases. If we are ever to realize our greatest attainable prosperity we must build up a great export trade in our own manufactured goods, carried in American bottoms, financed by American banks and sold by American salesmen. Our ability to do all this depends largely upon the intensity of our national desire to do it.

In Europe they have a maxim that no great undertaking for which the American people whole-heartedly work ever fails. Broad-gauge success in the export trade will some day give new proof of the truth of this saying.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE majority of people in the United States, as well as in other nations, are suffering hardships because of the world-wide industrial depression. The common questions are, When will it end? and What will be the outcome?

Though human nature is very much as it was before the war and physically the earth is the same old planet, we may say in truth that we are living in a new world commercially, socially and politically; in fact, one of our chief difficulties just now is our inability to comprehend the real meaning and wide effect of the changes that have come into the world since 1914.

Seven years ago the sun of Europe was high in the heavens; to-day that continent is in the twilight and the sun has moved west, where its rays are shedding light on the marvelous advances of a younger people who are fast attaining world supremacy. On to the west is still another nation, whose ambitious citizens are hoping that the sun which glorified Europe will cross yet another ocean and reveal them playing a dominant rôle in the world's affairs.

Although the star of Europe is paling because of the waste of war, there are still vast reserves which may be drawn upon by the countries that for four years turned their productive toil to destruction. Whether or not we shall ever again see European world domination depends upon the wisdom exercised by the people of America in managing their affairs and in accepting the opportunities thrust upon them to make the United States paramount as a world power.

Before the war, English credit throughout the world was supreme; now American credit is strongest. Prior to 1914 London was the financial center of the world; now the financial center of gravity has crossed the Atlantic to New York. A few years ago the shipping from the Far East passed through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean; but now more and more of this freight is going through the Panama Canal to the markets of Western Europe. The lanes of ocean traffic are rapidly changing, and the Pacific Ocean promises to rival the Atlantic as a carrier of commerce. Europe is densely populated, but Asia is more thickly inhabited in the areas that border the sea. The excess of exports from the United States during the four years and more of war reached a total of more than $10,000,000,000, which total is six times greater than the excess of American exports during the hundred years previous to 1914. In one recent year this country shipped goods to Europe having a value greater than the entire foreign commerce of Great Britain and France combined in any year of their history. Whereas in the past Europe was the world's broker and middleman, at present the United States has assumed the rôle of storekeeper and distributor. Vast quantities of many products that formerly passed through European markets are now sent to the United States, where they are refined and resold to Europe. This is true of sugar, rubber, coffee, cocoa, copper and wheat. American dyes are satisfactorily competing with the German products, and Yankee silk is threatening the markets once controlled by the French.

America as a Marine Power

THOUGH such facts are significant, forecasting as they do the future trend of world commerce, they are not fully understood or appreciated by the average American, who just now is looking out over the business world through blue glasses. Less than four years ago practically every man, woman and child in America was displaying a degree of courage, coöperation and sacrifice seldom rivaled in the history of any people. To-day millions of our citizens are exuding pessimism and shaking with fright over problems which are temporary, and which in one form or another have confronted all nations many times in their history. Here in the United States we are passing through the fourteenth industrial depression we have suffered since the Civil War.

The business situation to-day can be better understood and the future forecast with greater accuracy if we first examine our national assets and then investigate our deficiencies. America's resources are the envy of the world. We have more than an abundance of the chief necessities of life and industry. More than one-third of all the coal in the world lies within our borders, and our production of this basic commodity totals about one-half of the output of all the other nations of the earth combined. We are producing more than 60 per cent of the world's petroleum; normally we produce 45 per cent of the world's output of iron ore; 60 per cent of the world's production of copper; about two-thirds of the world's crop of cotton, and more wheat than any two other countries on earth.

To this list might be added corn, potatoes and other staples, in the production of which America is supreme. The question arises, How can anyone be a bear on the future of the United States in the face of such facts?

The right hand of industry is transportation. Eliminate our national system of railroads and we should have another China right here in North America. In this country we have 270,000 miles of main-line tracks, and if we include branches, spurs, sidings, yard tracks, and so on, our railroad mileage totals nearly 400,000. Europe has 218,628 miles of main-line tracks, and that includes the railroads in twenty-three countries. Asia, with five times our area and eight times our population, has only 71,000 miles of railroad. Africa has 30,000 miles, and Australia only 23,000 miles. These figures, more than anything else, show why America is the leading industrial nation of the world.

But transportation on land is not all-sufficient, as America is commencing to realize. Any country wishing to lead as a world

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THE NEW GUARDIAN

The Hermit of Turkey Hollow

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

SOMEWHERE there is a story of terror done after the manner of Edgar Allan Poe—in which the hero, during a deadly plague from which none who are stricken ever survive, discovers to his horror that in the night the fatal mark has appeared under his arm, and that he is among the doomed. His terror and despair are shared by the reader, as well as his ecstatic relief and joy when he awakes to find that he has been dreaming. Then for the mere idle satisfaction of disabusing himself of what are no longer his fears he looks beneath his arm, only to find that the deadly mark is in fact there! The agony of this discovery is doubly intensified by reason of its following immediately upon a state of rapturous exaltation.

Highly similar to the feelings of the Spanish victim in the tale in question were those of Mr. Tutt in discovering that just as, by violating the canons of experience, he had asked a question by virtue of which he had created an unforeseen but conclusive alibi for his client, he had now, by asking another, rendered that alibi of no avail. Never in his experience had he suffered so staggering a blow. Why had he asked that fatal question? What imp of Hades had whispered to him that there was something in those photographs which Mason desired to conceal? It had been all a trick—a clever springe to catch a woodcock—a nicely baited trap into which he had innocently hopped like an unsuspecting rabbit. In setting it Mason had not taken a single chance, for if Mr. Tutt had not seen fit to offer the photographs in evidence when he did, the prosecutor, having waited until the conclusion of the defendant's case and until Mr. Tutt had attempted to establish his alibi by proving that Skinny was in Pottsville at four o'clock, would have then handed them to the jury and shown that in effect the clock by which Emerson had fixed the hour of the shooting likewise as four, was in effect not a clock at all—and knocked that alibi higher than the Baptist weathercock. What a fool! What a confounded, inexcusable ass, idiot and nincompoop he had been!

Poor old Mr. Tutt's theories were all annihilated at once. This wretched murder case was putting every principle of tactics upon the everlasting blink. You ought to cross-examine; you ought not to cross-examine; you ought not to leave well enough alone; you ought to leave well enough alone. The only guide left in the legal firmament was that fixed but not particularly useful polestar of "You never can tell!"

Judge Tompkins rose, bowed and left the bench. Sheriff Higgins let down the bar of the jury box, and the twelve good men and true gathered up their newspapers and hats and filed after him like a straggling flock of sheep, down the steps and across Main Street to the Phœnix House, their temporary place of sojourn while the guests of the People of the State of New York. Many were the envious glances cast upon their disappearing backs as the less fortunate agriculturists prepared to return to their distant farmhouses. Gol ding it! Those cusses not only had reserved seats for the whole blame show but were gettin' paid three dollars a day into the bargain! Gosh darn it all! Some fellers did hev the luck! Hist back thar, Dobbin, and get yer tail off'n that shaft!

Then Sam Bellows, the stout undersheriff, returned for Skinny and led him away to the calaboose. The crowd which had lingered to observe and comment upon the defendant's appearance and demeanor slowly dispersed, leaving Mr. Tutt alone in the otherwise empty court room. Old enough before, he had aged considerably during the last three minutes of the trial; for he was suffering from fear—abject fear—of what now seemed the inevitable fate of his client. In the face of the evidence against the tramp his mere denial that he had killed the hermit would go for nothing. His salvation seemed impossible save through the rehabilitation of his alibi, and as only one person had heard the shot it was only through that person that the time of the homicide could be established. It now appeared that that same witness who had testified, to Mr. Tutt's indescribable joy, that the hour was four o'clock, had been looking at the motionless face of a piece of dead mechanism that might not have been moving for months! Bitterly he reproached himself that he had not combed Emerson's recollection until no item remained undisclosed, for it was possible—just conceivable—that the witness might have had some other data upon which to predicate the hour of the crime. If so, it must of necessity be corroborative of the clock, since Emerson had expressed himself positively as to the hour. Thus, as Mr. Tutt now perceived—a fact that had escaped him at the moment in his excitement over establishing his alibi—he would have had nothing to lose by pursuing his interrogation of the witness indefinitely, since he was safe as to the element of time, and there was nothing else in his testimony which under cross-examination could be made any more damaging to the defendant than it already was. Was it too late to recall Emerson to the stand in the desperate hope that in some other way he might still substantiate the hour as four o'clock? Perhaps he had looked at his watch. Perhaps there had been another clock in the shanty. You never could tell! At any rate he must be found and the court's permission obtained to recall him to the stand and reexamine him. But it was at best a long, long chance.

"Don't You Dare to Stir Until I Get the Sheriff and Clap a Subpoena on You!"

It was now a quarter after five and already the Honorable Mose Higgins was jingling his keys in the hallway as a polite intimation to the solitary occupant of the court room that it was past the time to lock up. Mr. Tutt pushed his books and papers into a muddled heap and starting toward the door put on his stovepipe hat.

He did not need to study his notes. There was only one point in the case—and it had got by him! There was only one hope—no more tangible than the half-suspected presence of a star in the obscurity of a foggy night.

"Good night, Mr. Tutt!" said the sheriff amiably as the lawyer walked out with leaden steps.

"Good night, sheriff!" responded the old man. Then he paused. "By the way," he asked, "do you know where the witness, Charles Emerson, lives?"

Mr. Higgins leaned against the wall and scratched his head politely.

"Well," he opined, "bein' he ain't a married man, he ain't got no reg'lar place of residence. Most allus—when it's goin'—he sleeps over to the steam sawmill."

"Well, I'd like very much to see him. Do you know where he may be found?"

Mose tilted his hat to the back of his thatched skull, and then by an automatic return movement pushed it forward again over his forehead.

"He's gone off."

"Gone!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, his heart sinking. "Where?"

"Well, after you gentlemen said you didn't need him no more this mornin', an' the jedge said he could go, I hearn him say he was goin' to take a job up Orient way. So he beat it."

"How far is it?"

"'Bout seventy miles."

Mr. Tutt desperately bit off the end of a stogy.

"I'm afraid this means Hawkins will be convicted," said he.

"I'm feared it does, if you can't find Emerson," returned the sheriff solemnly; "an' I ain't sure findin' him will do any good either! But I kinder have a feelin' that if you'd ha' gone after him in cross-examination you'd ha' got suthin' more'n ye did. You got to find him!"

"Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Tutt curiously, for, so far, his alibi stood a good one. "Didn't I prove by him that the murder took place at four o'clock, when everybody knows that Skinny was in Pottsville at that hour?"

"Yes," assented Higgins. "But y' see, just between ourselves, I happen to know that the clock he told the time by was stopped. I noticed it when I went into the shanty that afternoon."

"Then why do you think it would do me any good to find Emerson?" Mr. Tutt pressed him.

The sheriff hesitated.

"'Cause," he replied with conviction, "I believe he knows more'n he's been asked. I can't tell you why I think so, but I do. Mebbe I'm all wrong. But"—and he put his lips close to the lid of Mr. Tutt's stove-pipe hat—"I don't believe, no matter how strong the evidence is agin him, that Skinny ever killed the hermit. He ain't that kind. An' what's more, I believe the squire knows it."

"That's a pretty strong accusation to make against the district attorney of your county!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt

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Huck Finn had nothing on me.
This beauty I'd like him to see.
First I will eat it
Then home I will beat it,
Where Campbell's is waiting for me!

The flavor you never forget

And never need to—thanks to Campbell's Tomato Soup! Every delicious Campbell's spoonful has the same spice and glow and refreshing tang you used to relish when you stole down to the old tomato patch and ate your fill. The big red juicy fellows are just the ones that make

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The pure tomato flavor is there in all its freshness. Rich creamery butter, granulated sugar, herbs and spices are blended with the tonic tomato juices to yield one of the real delights of the dining table.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

with feigned severity. "Even if I intimated almost as much myself."

"I know it," admitted the sheriff. "That don't make no difference. He's a bad actor. But Skinny ain't no murderer. You kin bet on it."

"Have you observed anything in the evidence that tends to support your opinion?" returned Mr. Tutt.

"Well," answered the sheriff, "it's a goldurned funny thing that Skinny had exactly one hundred dollars in gold when I arrested him and the hermit had five new twenty-dollar bills—just the same amount—on his body."

"That," exclaimed Mr. Tutt, "is a coincidence which as a coincidence had entirely escaped my attention!"

"But your only chance to get him off is by findin' Emerson!" asserted Higgins with emphasis.

"How can I do it?" demanded Mr. Tutt.

The sheriff shook his head.

"Durn if I know!" he answered helplessly. "And I'm a Camel, at that!" he added irrelevantly.

Now one of Mr. Tutt's axioms of conduct was always to act on impulse—and to trust instinct rather than reason; for he held impulse to be the voice of conscience, and instinct that of inherited subconscious experience. He was wont to claim that the observation of the human race, concentrated in legends, maxims, saws and proverbs, was just as likely to be correct as the deductions of modern science, and that he for one, until the contrary was demonstrated to his satisfaction, purposed to go on believing that the moon was made of green cheese. Hence Higgins' voluntary statement to the effect that he felt—though he could not tell why—that there was a nigger in the legal woodpile somewhere and that Emerson was Skinny's only hope induced a new resolution on Mr. Tutt's part to find him if it were humanly possible; and so before he went to bed he sent to New York a hurry call for help in the shape of a telegram as follows:

SAMUEL TUTT, ESQ.,
% Tutt & Tutt,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Broadway, New York.

Case going badly. Need assistance. Come at once, bringing Bonnie Doon and four detectives—real ones. Regards. E. TUTT.

VI

Is not the winding up of witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the business?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience, they're strait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
—Butler: Hudibras, Part II, Canto I, Line 515.

JUST as the scientist reconstructs the dinosaur from a fragment of bone, so Ephraim Tutt, *ex pede Herculem*, as it were, by virtue of the coincidence of the hundred dollars found upon the hermit's body and the equivalent amount of gold discovered upon Skinny the Tramp, built up something which, while not exactly a defense, was at least a bomb to hurl into his enemy's camp. Defense, alas! There apparently was none worth making. The case hung upon the question of whether Emerson, if found, could shed any additional light upon the hour of the murder. If he could not be found then Skinny would go to the chair. If he did appear—well, there was merely a possibility of escape—that was all.

Ten o'clock came next morning, once more the gong rang, and the gladiators stumbled from their respective corners into the legal ring for the final round. Mr. Tutt, fully cognizant of his desperate plight, nerved himself for the encounter, and wary, resourceful and suave, though he had lost all hope of acquitting Skinny on his alibi, exhibited his customary confidence.

And now at the very opening of the day's proceedings a question of tactics presented itself. The photographs of the interior of the shanty, though in evidence, had not as yet been shown to the jury. There wasn't the slightest doubt but that of course Squire Mason was aware of the simple mechanical fact that the hermit's clock had run down. He might even have the clock hidden somewhere in an anteroom ready to produce at the proper psychological moment, to prove that it was broken or—horrible thought—that it had no works at all! It might be merely a face!

The foxy old hayseed was probably going to wait until the defense had called all its witnesses to establish Hawkins' presence at Colson's Grocery at four o'clock, and then blandly trot out the clock itself for the inspection of the jury, who would thus be enabled to see with their own eyes that it was entirely useless as evidence. Adopting a military simile, he was evidently intending to permit his enemy to capture a redoubt and then press an electric button and blow up the redoubt and the enemy both. That was obviously what he ought to do as a matter of tactics, what any skilful prosecutor would do, what Mr. Tutt would have done in his place. It could therefore be pretty safely assumed that he would do it.

Now then, would it be better for Mr. Tutt boldly to hand the photograph to the jury himself and bring out the fact that the clock was a stopped clock, as if it were so obvious as to be really of no importance—and trust to luck? Or would it be better—assuming that he had correctly diagnosed Squire Mason's intentions—to keep the thing out of the jury's hands as long as possible and delay the discovery until there was no longer any hope of a change in the strategical situation? The photograph was bound to be a bombshell some time or other, and the longer it was held back the worse would be the explosion. Still —— Mr. Tutt had been taught several painful lessons during the last few days. Why bring out an unfavorable fact before it was necessary—simply to reduce its ultimate dramatic effect if eventually proved? Why explode a mine under one's own works, so long as there was the remotest chance—even one in a million—that the works might be held? After all, you never could tell!

These somewhat complicated ratiocinations flashed through Mr. Tutt's brain while the roll of the jury was being called, and by the time the twelfth had answered to his name the lawyer had made up his mind to leave what was—for the time being—well enough alone, and to hold back the photograph as long as possible, to trust in his star and in his genius for the unexpected and improbable.

Unexpectedly Skinny Raised His Faded Blue Eyes to Those of the Old Lawyer and Asked: "Mr. Tutt, Do You Believe Anythin' Ever Dies?"

The clerk sat down and the sheriff rapped for order.

"Proceed, gentlemen!" directed Judge Tompkins.

"Your Honor," announced Squire Mason with the air of a Stephen A. Douglas, "I have studied carefully the facts evidenced by The People's witnesses, and I have decided to close my case. We have proved the *corpus delicti*, the presence of the defendant at the scene of the crime, and the proceeds of it upon his person, thus showing his motive, and by many other conclusive items of circumstantial evidence have established beyond peradventure that he is the murderer. There is no need to pile Ossa upon Pelion. As the saying is, 'Enough is enough.' The People rest! Let us hear what the defense has to say!"

Squire Mason looked pointedly at the foreman, who nodded slightly, as if in approval of the prosecutor's sentiments. Quite right. Enough was enough, and there was more than enough here. Anybody who had any doubt as to who had killed the hermit must be a blamed fool! All eyes turned irresistibly to Mr. Tutt as the old lawyer, accepting the gage of battle, elevated himself by easy stages ceilingward like a retarded jack-in-the-box.

"I move," said he, "that Your Honor direct a verdict of acquittal upon the ground that there is no evidence sufficient to connect the defendant with the crime charged. Surely no court would permit a jury to take away a man's life on circumstantial evidence of such an inconclusive character as has been introduced here."

Judge Tompkins shook his head. "I shall deny your motion, Mr. Tutt. There is, to my mind, abundant evidence, which if uncontradicted or unexplained would warrant the jury in finding a verdict of guilty. Circumstantial evidence is often the most convincing evidence."

The old lawyer bowed.

"I most respectfully and with the greatest deference to Your Honor's judgment except to Your Honor's ruling. Will Your Honor kindly instruct the jury that in denying my motion you do not indicate any personal opinion on your own part as to the defendant's guilt or innocence and that your ruling is merely to the effect that there is enough evidence to put us on our defense?"

"That is so, gentlemen. Proceed, Mr. Tutt."

Judge Tompkins settled back in his chair expectantly. It was, so far as he could now see, a conclusive case of circumstantial evidence and he was anxious to learn how Mr. Tutt proposed to rebut it. He liked the old lawyer and watched him almost affectionately as the latter smilingly glanced over the rows of uplifted faces before him.

Now Mr. Tutt always proceeded upon the theory that though a man might be down he was never out—at any rate until the verdict was rendered and the highest court in the state had sustained it; and following out his usual tactics, instead of supinely awaiting his enemy's attack he boldly assumed the offensive and crashed through the hostile earthworks and entanglements without regard to the fact that he was leaving himself open to the danger of being cut off in the rear. In other words, though he knew that the most superficial examination of the photographs of the shanty's interior would show that the hermit's clock had been stopped and that consequently his alibi, based on the claim that the murder had occurred at four o'clock when Skinny was a full mile distant, was no good, he nevertheless plunged right ahead, as if the fact of the clock having stopped was never going to be discovered at all. Furthermore, he had the audacity to attack the squire's sincerity and general honesty, in order to pave the way for the later suggestion that maybe the old fox had stopped the clock himself when he had gone to the hermit's shanty on the afternoon of the homicide, for the very purpose of destroying Skinny's perfectly good alibi! And he did this all on the basis of the hundred dollars in bills found in the hermit's vest pocket.

First, said he, his client was known to be one of the most gentle and peaceable of human beings.

Second, he had an absolutely good alibi—as he was far away from Turkey Hollow at four o'clock, the hour when, according to the People's own evidence, as the jury knew, the murder had taken place.

Third, the prosecution was not brought in good faith, since this had been perfectly well known to Squire Mason from the beginning.

This was the first time the defendant had ever heard the evidence against him. He had never been given any opportunity whatever to show—as he could have done with the utmost ease—that he could not possibly be the person who committed the homicide. Had Squire Mason called before the grand jury the witnesses he, Mr. Tutt, was about to call before them, this indictment would never have been found, for they would have demonstrated with mathematical certainty that at the precise hour this unfortunate man met his death James Hawkins was a mile away.

At this several members of the jury looked inquiringly toward Squire Mason, who sniffed contemptuously and

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C A D I L L A C

Division of General Motors Corporation

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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glowered at Mr. Tutt with hardly concealed malevolence. An alibi, pointed out the lawyer, was the best possible defense because it was the only defense that proved conclusively that the defendant must be absolutely innocent—for nobody could be in two places at the same time. Now, while it might be true that Hawkins at some time or another had had on a pair of boots with soles like the prints in the potato patch, it had not been shown when in fact the prints had been made, whereas he—Mr. Tutt—would clearly, absolutely, irrefutably, legally, morally and in every other way prove, demonstrate and substantiate that, even if Hawkins had been near the shanty that afternoon, he must have left there long enough before the murder to walk from Turkey Hollow to Pottsville and arrive there at four o'clock. All this Mr. Tutt got off exultantly, triumphantly, grandiloquently, in his best whoop-la manner, keeping one eye meanwhile upon his antagonist to see how he would take it.

Why, he demanded in tones like those of Amfortas in the chapel scene of Parsifal—why had Squire Mason concealed from the grand jury—and, he might add, from his listeners themselves—this all-important and controlling fact? Was it not the duty of the public prosecutor to conserve the rights of *every* accused? Was not, in fact, a district attorney who deliberately withheld vital information—which in truth would conclusively establish a prisoner's innocence—from the public tribunal of which he was the adviser and sought to secure the prisoner's conviction of crime—knowing him to be blameless—was not such a man guilty of malfeasance in office—if not of worse things? Was he not a thief, liar, poltroon, rascal, knave, rogue, scoundrel, scamp, scalawag, miscreant, villain, crook, cad, shyster, trickster, renegade, caitiff, rapscallion—no better than a murderer himself? Eh, what? Wasn't he? Let them answer to their own souls! And as Squire Mason took all this dose with only a feeble "I protest—I object!" turning white meantime, it dawned upon Mr. Tutt that possibly what he said was true, that not only Mason was a scamp, and so on, and so on, but that mayhap, after all, the alibi was a good one—if only it could be proved to be so! Wow! Look at him! Pale, shrinking, guilt pictured in every feature!

"Bang!" went Judge Tompkins' gavel.

"Mr. Tutt!" interrupted His Honor with severity. "Your language is highly unbecoming. Your attack upon the prosecutor of this county—made in your opening without the slightest evidence to support your accusations—is most improper. At the right time I shall instruct the jury how to deal with it. You will kindly confine yourself to what you intend to prove ——"

"But I do intend to prove it!" replied Mr. Tutt in a voice trembling with carefully simulated resentment and indignation, now fully satisfied that he had not only got Mason's number but that there was a nigger in the legal woodpile somewhere and that the alibi was really good. "I intend to prove it! Also that this man Mason is what I have stigmatized him as being."

"We are not trying Squire Mason," retorted His Honor hotly, "any more than we are trying you. Proceed, and confine yourself to the facts which you expect to establish."

Now Mr. Tutt had felt his way along, as he would have said, and, having felt it a certain distance he had gradually become convinced that he had inadvertently stumbled upon a great truth. There was nothing to account for this except whatever significance might be attached to the squire's demeanor. As the diplomats say, the situation had not changed. Nevertheless, into the old lawyer's veins there oozed a celestial ichor which put him all aglow—made him the same old "battling Tutt" of his police-court days forty years before. It may have been only a subtle sensitiveness telling him that, if the squire were agitated, to that extent at least should he himself be confident; if the squire were depressed, by so much should he be elated; but it was probably something deeper than that and akin to the instinct of the sailor who in the midst of the tempest knows that the storm is nearly over—a lightening of the spiritual barometer, a consciousness of the stealthy approach of dawn when the night seems darkest.

So Mr. Tutt, having charged the squire with being every kind of a crook set forth as a synonym for the word "rascal" in the Century Dictionary, Roget's Thesaurus, Putnam's Word Book and all the other handbooks used by sterile authors, boldly alleged that at the proper time he would show him fully up, have him disbarred and mayhap cast into prison; and, having described exactly what he purposed proving and what he knew he could prove, decided to take a chance and guess a little as to what he was not by any means so sure of. He had, he declared, proved by his own cross-examination of the witness Emerson that the murder was committed at exactly four o'clock—a fact which Squire Mason had deliberately attempted to conceal from them. Now why had the wily and unscrupulous prosecutor sought to leave the hour of the crime in doubt? Obviously because he knew that only by so doing could he hope to convict the defendant. And then Mr. Tutt—borne along on the wings of a divine afflatus coming from he knew not where—and for no reason save that he felt "full of beans"—decided to try to throw a scare into the district attorney on the chance of his really having something on his conscience.

If, he threatened, after he, Tutt, should have established to their satisfaction that Hawkins was in Pottsville at four o'clock, the prosecutor should then in desperation turn about and for the purpose of invalidating the alibi seek to attack his own witness' testimony to the effect that four o'clock was the hour of the murder, then—oh then!—he would a tale unfold that would harrow up their souls, freeze their adolescent blood and make their hair stand on end, and so on—for Mr. Tutt, emboldened by the angel who at times whispered in his right ear, or the little devil that at others murmured in his left, had in the twinkling of an eye formed the sudden and definite resolution to accuse Squire Mason—if necessary—of having deliberately stopped the hermit's clock himself. Of course if one paused to think it over it was a ridiculous supposition, but Mr. Tutt knew that no argument is too absurd to advance before a jury with some hope of success; and this wasn't even an argument, it was merely an excuse for an accusation. He might get away with it—you never could tell.

So Mr. Tutt having concluded his address with an encomium upon the virtues of Skinny the Tramp, in which he ranked him well up among the heroes of Plutarch and the Fathers of the Republic, proceeded to summon to the stand eight worthy inhabitants of Pottsville, each and every one of whom swore positively and convincingly that on the afternoon of the murder Skinny had entered the door of Colson's Grocery almost exactly at four o'clock, and that their reason for recalling this was that just as Skinny came in, the barber—someone having called attention to the fact that it was time for him to open up—had gone out. All were accordingly able to swear positively to the time, and to give a natural and convincing explanation for their ability to do so.

But the calling of these witnesses to the stand gave Squire Mason the opportunity to drive in on cross-examination all the most damning facts about Skinny's appearance and admissions at the time.

Hadn't the tramp's hands when he came in been smeared with blood, he shouted? Wasn't he panting, exhausted, excited? Didn't he try to run away as soon as the news of the murder reached the town? Didn't they find his pockets full of gold pieces—of the same date as the one in the dead hermit's hand? Didn't they recognize his pipe, that he had left on the shanty table? With one accord they all admitted it.

Then Squire Mason went a step farther, and to everybody's astonishment demonstrated that he possessed a very ingenious fancy. For he developed a romantic theory about a rainbow and a crock of gold which came nearer to being true than he had any idea of.

They'd all known Skinny the Tramp quite some time, hadn't they? Ever sence he was a young feller? Sure—you bet! Ever notice anythin' he said partic'ly—what he meant was, did Skinny seem to have any partic'lar idee he was always harpin' on? Well—if they didn't understand what he was drivin' at—did Skinny ever say anythin' in their hearin' about rainbows? Oh! Sure! He was always—ever sence he was a boy—talkin' about tryin' to find a pot of gold at the foot of a rainbow. Sure! He was always talkin' about that! They hadn't grasped the purport of the squire's question. Why, there was one time Skinny had harangued a big crowd on that subject for over half an hour down to Somerset Corners—night of a lodge meetin'.

Then Squire Mason, lowering his voice to an intense tremolo, would ask each witness whether he had not noticed on the afternoon of the murder, just after the shower, a rainbow, one of whose arches rested in Turkey Hollow! And when any one of them confessed that he had done so—as did in fact several—he looked hard at Skinny—and the audience sucked in its breath and felt a delicious creepy sensation round the small of its back. Gosh! The squire was a shrewd feller! It took brains to think of an argyment like that. And eye met eye significantly, and chin whisker wagged at chin whisker with deep appreciation of the squire's subtlety.

There was no doubt but that the prosecutor, in spite of his personal unpopularity, had, in the opinion of those in the court room, scored a very neat point. It was all very well for Mr. Tutt by his redirect to call attention to the absurdity and unlikelihood of a murderer immediately after the homicide strolling unconcernedly into a grocery store where he was well known, bearing upon his person all the evidences of his crime. It might be kind o' foolish, but then—Skinny the Tramp was kind o' foolish. The rainbow theory of motive more than counterbalanced the obvious recklessness of such a performance. If Skinny, guided to the scene of his crime by the rainbow, had murdered the hermit in order to get his gold, it was quite in character that he should have done afterward what obviously he had done. You might as well ask—as Mr. Tutt did ask—why he hadn't changed

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The Grand Cañon of the Colorado

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Owners frankly say that no car within hundreds of dollars of its price is comparable in value. As witness scores of letters like these:

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The Essex has proved itself in so many ways without a rival, even in its higher price class, that its present price gives it a position, we believe, never parallelled in the motor market.

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Thousands of those owners have driven their cars above 30,000 miles with an actual maintenance cost of only a few dollars.

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This is evident in every feature of its structure. Devices to provide for longer wear, or to take up wear at small expense, are Essex advantages shared only by a few of the costliest cars. Its frame, for instance, is sturdier than that of any other car, except one, for the weight carried.

Why It Matches High Priced Cars

These are some of the reasons Essex cars remain smooth, economical and quiet, even after years of hard service. Especially do such features appear to advantage when men compare old Essex cars to old cars of other makes.

It is in such comparison, in the past, that they have placed Essex value many hundreds of dollars beyond its cost.

And the lower price today on Essex cars is not made at any sacrifice of quality.

At the new price the demand for Essex cars will most surely exhaust stocks quickly. So if you want the use of an Essex during the best motoring months, hadn't you better place your order now?

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Touring, $1375. Roadster, $1375. Sedan, $2230. Cabriolet, $1880.

ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT, U. S. A.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Facts About Big Game and Little Game

The Big Kills of the Past

THERE is no doubt that the sentiment of American sportsmen is turning more and more away from the slaughter stuff which used to be the only literature handed to them. When at last just one sporting journal in America shall come out and refuse to print the advertisements of the ultradestructive contrivances for killing fish and game, there are some of us who will feel that we have not lived wholly in vain. Once we put over the idea that the biggest string of fish or game is not necessarily the most sportsmanlike bag, we shall have a chance of getting on as to our game supply. There is no reason on earth why any writer should feel himself any holier or any different from any other man, but persons who make special study along certain lines sometimes get together more facts than those who do not. No business can flourish which is not based on facts. Nothing can do American sport any good excepting good business principles.

All the time we talk about more patriotism and more Americanism. How can we raise our standards in these regards until we begin to know the facts in practical politics and government? How can a newcomer get to be an American until he begins to know something of the history of America? How can any of us be Americans to-day up to the full measure unless we know something not only of to-day but of yesterday?

I am immediately disposed to ask some of these questions because of the presence in my desk of a half dozen little books, done in paper backs and printed privately, as I fancy, by their author, who is a gentleman of means as well as a sportaman of an investigating turn of mind. These little pamphlets are titled Pennsylvania Deer, Early Days in Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania Wild Cats, The Pennsylvania Bison, The Pennsylvania Black Moose, Extinct Pennsylvania Animals. They are all by Col. H. W. Shoemaker. These books do not deal in theories or in fine writing but confine themselves to facts and figures. They afford exact and dependable data for the comparison of yesterday with to-day, and that may be a very useful thing.

Our author tells us that the last Pennsylvania elk was killed in 1877. The last big deer, as he calls the native Northern whitetail, was killed perhaps in 1905—say fifteen or twenty years ago. Those remaining are either of the Southern stock or the imported stock. The last black moose, as he calls that animal in distinction from the elk, which sometimes locally was called gray moose, was killed more than one hundred years ago at just about the same time that the last Pennsylvania bison was killed.

Four-Figure Records

In the old times the big deer of Pennsylvania used to go in herds, twenty, thirty or more often being seen together in one band. These deer were bigger and had heavier antlers than those of to-day. A Maine or Wisconsin deer which goes over 200 pounds is a good one. Our book gives us pages of records of deer which weighed in pounds 240, 235, 350 undressed, 220 dressed, 200 dressed, 306 dressed, 225 dressed, 260 dressed—this brief list will serve. The largest Scottish stags rarely go 250 pounds dressed. William Penn reported to England that his deer were larger than those of England. Judge Caton, of Illinois, acknowledged authority on the deer family, says that the largest deer of which he knew was 246 pounds dressed. These figures all apply to the northern whitetailed deer. In my own hunts in Wisconsin and Michigan I do not recall any deer over 231 pounds dressed, and we always thought that a deer which weighed 200 pounds hog-dressed was a good one. There is no doubt that the old-time Pennsylvania deer were larger than the average of the species to-day.

In those old times a hunter was mighty in proportion to the mightiness of his killing. Many old-time Pennsylvanians had records of 1000, 1100, 2000 or more deer killed during a lifetime. Many killed a dozen deer in a day, 175 or more in a season. One man killed 1000 in twelve years, another killed 1500 in one county, of which he killed sixty with one pound of powder.

I think that Colonel Shoemaker regards Bill Long, of Berks County, who died in 1880, as the champion deer slayer of his state. Long killed 3500 deer in his time, 225 in one season, six in one day, two at one shot. Tim Murphy, the famous rifle shot of the Revolution, is said to have killed over 4000 deer in his time, but his record is not quite so indisputable as that of Long. A son of the latter killed 1500 deer, 100 in one season, two at one shot.

Seth Iredell killed 1000 deer, E. H. Dickinson over 1100, George Smith over 3000, Nelson Gardner 600, Marcus Killam 900, David Zimmerman 600, Nelson Tyrrell 500. There are many men still living who themselves have killed 200, 400, 500 deer, and there are scores of hunters who have killed more than a hundred each. You can find here pages of authentic records of this sort. Check them up with the records of the last two years.

There are five collections of measurements of old-time deer antlers also. Many of these stags were historical in a way, such as Old Goldy, Old Dan, Old Mosby, Big Hoof, and the like. You will find heads with points counting twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty-eight, thirty-four, and so on; and there are many heads which measured four, four and a half, five, five and a quarter inches around the butt of the horn. In short, if you want a picture of old-time deer and deer hunters of the Pennsylvania past you can find it here.

The Moose and Buffalo

That the moose was once abundant in Pennsylvania is proved by the surviving names, such as Moose Creek, Moose Mountain, Moshannon, and so on. It is not known what man actually killed the last moose in Pennsylvania, but the disappearance date was somewhere between 1780 and 1790.

The last Pennsylvania bison—and a gigantic species it was in that environment—passed somewhere around 1790. We may perhaps regard as rather flowery and apocryphal the story of old Flavel Bergstresser of the slaughter of the last herd in the Seven Mountains—a band of 435 head led by a great bull known as Old Logan. We are told that driven by hunger this band of bison overran the homesteads of one MacClenan and of the great-grandfather of Flavel Bergstresser. Such was the damage they did that fifty settlers assembled and swore revenge. They followed the herd in the snow and found it huddled in a shallow place known as the Sink, formed by the Boonstiel Tongue in the heart of the White Mountains. The hunters killed the crusted animals to the last head and then marched down to the lowlands, singing German hymns. According to the story, it was a terrible scene which they left behind them. The buffalo were left standing dead in the snow, the ice about the carcasses resembling a sheet of crimson glass. The work was done with apparent thoroughness. So far as known there has not been a buffalo in Pennsylvania since that time.

The last panther of Pennsylvania, so far as known, was killed in February, 1880, by Clem Harlacher in Clearfield County. He killed two cubs at that time. He had before that found the lair of the pair of panthers and got cubs before. There is no doubt that this animal was very abundant in Pennsylvania in the early days, and that it reached a great size.

The Canada lynx was not so abundant in this state as the common spotted wildcat. The former sometimes was called catamount. The last lynx recorded was trapped in Clinton County in 1903—a good specimen, five feet in length and weighing sixty five pounds. Our author tells us stories of a strange mixed species of cats, which were locally called Blue Mountain cats, and we are told also of other mixed breeds, one specimen weighing forty-three pounds and having a tail twelve inches long. These statements, which do not agree with our natural histories, are not to be discredited as facts, and any sportsman of wide experience will remember freaks which he found it difficult to place definitely in any species.

The war on the panther was waged from the first so relentlessly that by 1750 it was rare east of the Blue Mountains. By 1840 it had moved west of that point; by 1870 it was found in only seven counties of the state, and in 1880 only three counties had panthers. Sometimes traveling panthers came up from West Virginia. In the year 1895 the range was thought to be limited to two valleys in one county, but our records apparently do not give us the actual taking of a specimen at that time.

Early settlers had no scruples about engaging in side hunts and ring hunts, surrounds and drives. In 1760 a great ring hunt was led by Black Jack Schwartz, a local hunter in Western Pennsylvania, in which the 200 hunters killed 41 panthers, 109 wolves, 112 foxes, 114 wildcats, 17 black bear, 1 white bear, 2 elk, 198 deer, 111 buffalo, 3 fishers, 1 otter, 12 wolverines, 3 beavers and upward of 500 smaller animals. Our story says that only the choicest hides were taken away, with some of the buffalo tongues, and then the heap of carcasses was covered with pitch pine and burned. It created such a stench that settlers three miles away were obliged to leave their cabins. Within recent times this spot was marked by a small mound, where bones could be found in abundance. It was near the head of Mahantango Creek. The news of this great slaughter of game angered the Indians very much. It is said that they ambushed and killed Black Jack Schwartz. Let us hope they did.

Aaron Hall of Center County in twenty-four years killed more than forty panthers. There are records of many hunters who have trapped more than 500 wildcats each before the bounty days. Our author is one of those who do not believe in the extinction of a species or the disturbance of the natural balance of one species against another. Especially is he bitter against state bounties for scalps of any wild animal. He gives the following figures of wildcat bounties in Pennsylvania.

Wildcat Bounties

In Clinton County, the cat stronghold, in the years 1885 to 1896, inclusive, 298 bounty claims were paid on wildcats. The largest number in a single year was in 1891, when 91 scalps were brought in. During the first six months of 1914 bounties were paid on the scalps of 62 wildcats in Clinton County. In Clearfield County, during the seven years, 1890–96, bounties were paid on 430 cats. In February, 1916, two well-known citizens of Clearfield County killed a wildcat at Crystal Springs which weighed 46 pounds. It was four feet long. In Center County, 1885 to 1895, inclusive, bounties were paid on 252 wildcats. In Potter County, 1885 to 1896, inclusive, bounties were paid on 264 cat scalps. During January, 1916, bounties were paid on the scalps of 45 cats in Potter County. In Sullivan County, from 1886 to 1896, inclusive, bounties were paid on 224 cats. In Huntingdon County, between 1886 and 1896, inclusive, bounties were paid on 127 of these animals. In Franklin County, 1885 to 1896, inclusive, bounties were paid on 196 cats; in Fulton County, during the same period, on 89 cats; and in Cambria County, also between 1885 and 1896, inclusive, on 136 cats. During January, 1916, bounties were paid on 221 wildcats in Pennsylvania.

If there is anything in the propagation of game by the killing off of its enemies, the foregoing figures ought to prove an abundance of small game in Pennsylvania to-day. Such, however, is not the case, as our author points out.

Again, the same writer refers to the extent to which wildcats in their time kept down rats, mice, shrews and vermin which destroyed the eggs of game or song birds.

It is a curious thing that in late years coyotes have been imported into Pennsylvania for the purposes of sport. The native timber wolf, once very abundant, was known as late as 1908. The last one recorded was a good specimen, six feet one inch in length. The native Pennsylvania wolf is now no more.

I have personally never seen a series of natural-history books which gave so many facts on the earlier supply of animals of different species. The work is interesting and valuable for the State of Pennsylvania. While it is to be hoped that equally accurate historians will set down facts and figures about great game of their own states, let us surely not hope that all our states presently will find themselves in the same condition as this one, whose story is given chapter and verse.

One thing is sure: In no portion of the American great game range did these animals flourish in greater numbers or in greater size than in the once-abounding regions of Pennsylvania.

Old Jenny Lind

AWHILE ago, in a reckless moment, I asked whether anyone had ever heard of a trout caught on the Jenny Lind fly. I now have the honor to report that to the best of my knowledge and belief no one ever caught any trout on anything but a Jenny Lind fly. I have been in receipt of letters from all over the civilized and uncivilized globe in defense of that ancient monstrosity, the Jenny Lind. Jenny certainly has friends and backers. I will not presume to mention the names of all the gentlemen who have written me attesting their devotion to Jenny—not all of them describe her as of the same personal apparel—but will sum up by saying that Jenny certainly has killed trout all her life, and still does so now and then.

Fly tiers take extreme liberties with Jenny—they do her in all sorts of colors. One writer who reports that this fly is a favorite early-season fly in Eastern Massachusetts says that it resembles a blue-winged moth frequently seen in the woods near ponds and streams, and though personally he has never seen the moth he has often caught trout with the imitation. Yet another angler writes that the Jenny Lind was first recommended by Lorenzo Prouty, in his day beloved by all Boston anglers. He may have used it earlier, but is certain that in 1879 he used it with great success in Nova Scotia and shortly afterward found it very effectual on the streams of Cape Cod in Southeastern Massachusetts in April and May. For a long time a favorite cast for early fishing was a Jenny Lind tail fly and a black gnat dropper.

The Jenny Lind of earlier days had a light straw-colored body, a mere thread of red as a hackle or tail, and a wing of the very palest blue—an extremely unobtrusive fly, almost the likeness of the blue-gray butterfly or miller, abundant on the Eastern streams in the spring. The Jenny Lind which can be purchased to-day is a meretricious creation of most startling yellow, most vivid red and a shade of blue that is unapproachable.

I have countless other letters about Jenny; but so much for Jenny. I think the real truth about it is that at times trout, especially trout in a wild country, will take almost anything you will throw to them, especially in the early spring. Some difference, for instance, between Jenny Lind and the black gnat, both in the same cast!

Did You Know It?

SPEAKING of the pleasant fall weather, did you know that when a colt is born its legs are just as long then as they are ever going to be? Did you know that a flying squirrel flies only in the nighttime? Did you know that a lark's nest makes a tent for the eggs? Did you know that a robin's bill is not black, but yellow? Did you know that the Virginia creeper is the first plant to leaf out in the spring? But

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Personally Endorsed

ONLY a work well done deserves the name of its maker as a mark of pride in the accomplishment.

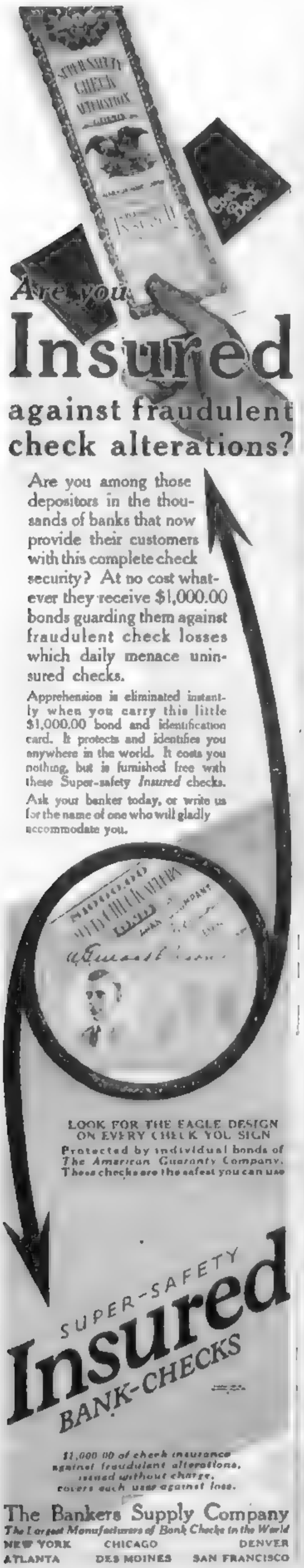
The name Firestone embossed on a tire carries the stamp of approval from the man who first built the product for the few, and heads the organization which now produces it for the millions.

It is more than that. It is the endorsement of the 100% stockholding force of Firestone workers—individuals who have personally pledged themselves to see that you get "Most Miles per Dollar."

It is not surprising that now, after twenty years of experience and comparison, a vast following accepts this name as authentic proof of highest quality.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone


Are you
Insured
against fraudulent
check alterations?
Are you among those depositors in the thousands of banks that now provide their customers with this complete check security? At no cost whatever they receive $1,000.00 bonds guarding them against fraudulent check losses which daily menace uninsured checks.
Apprehension is eliminated instantly when you carry this little $1,000.00 bond and identification card. It protects and identifies you anywhere in the world. It costs you nothing, but is furnished free with these Super-safety Insured checks.
Ask your banker today, or write us for the name of one who will gladly accommodate you.
LOOK FOR THE EAGLE DESIGN ON EVERY CHECK YOU SIGN
Protected by individual bonds of The American Guaranty Company. These checks are the safest you can use
SUPER-SAFETY
Insured
BANK-CHECKS
$1,000.00 of check insurance against fraudulent alterations, issued without charge, covers each user against loss.
The Bankers Supply Company
The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World
NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 28)

what is the use? There are so many things which you and I can learn any time we go out of doors.

By the way, a friend sends in a sort of literary criticism, which I shall modify, because it affects a very dear friend of mine who is loved by all, and whose only misfortune is that he was born in an Eastern state and sometimes has to write about Western things. Our correspondent writes:

"In that charming book—we find prairie chickens booming in the month of September. It occurs to me to ask you whether any living person ever knew that species of grouse to boom at any time of the year save the spring. My own observation, extending over, say, forty years, is against any fall crowing, but I am open to conviction."

In reply to the foregoing I would say that no living or dead person ever knew the prairie grouse to boom at any time excepting in the mating season of the spring. In the fall an old prairie chicken, whether a pinnated grouse or a sharp-tailed grouse—the former is the real old-time prairie chicken, of course—will quite often cackle when it rises and goes off rocking down the wind. That is the only noise it makes. The strutting and booming are done only in the springtime. I have often seen several of the cock grouse strutting on one of their parade grounds on a grass-covered hill in the early spring, the hens near by watching the performance. At that time the neck sack of the grouse is inflated and the little black feather pendants raised. It struts and acts a good deal like a turkey cock, and it is then that it emits the sound, hollow, mellow and far-reaching, which any prairie farmer boy used to know. It is a sort of Oo-woo-oo-oo! A note quite unmistakable when once heard. There is an emphasis on the last note. The booming is never heard in the fall time. However, as the days of the prairie grouse are pretty well gone by, not all men unfamiliar with it at first hand may be expected to know its habits. I think perhaps our Eastern writer had the Western grouse confused with the ruffed grouse, which will drum at almost any time, day or night, Sundays or holidays, practically the year through.

Migrating Quail

A GENTLEMAN in the Far Southwest who for a long time has made a business of trapping quail and shipping them to game preserves and other purchasers in the North, states in his literature that at times he has imported from old Mexico as many as eight thousand bobwhite quail in November and December of one year. He states that in the following season about thirty-five thousand quail were imported through Eagle Pass. At one time he thought he could have trapped one hundred thousand birds on one Mexican ranch. He states that in four years he successfully shipped more than thirty-five thousand quail alive. Then came a time when the quail disappeared from grounds where they were formerly very abundant in old Mexico. He now writes to me to inquire if I believe that bobwhite quail ever migrate.

Of course they migrate. There was formerly a distinct migration in lower Illinois and Missouri. I have therefore written our friend, who makes a business of trapping quail, and told him that quail do migrate, but that those which migrate in crates never come back.

Chickens Coming Back

A GENTLEMAN writes from a point in Eastern Kansas that old-timers now say there are more chickens in his locality than there were thirty years ago, at which time everybody went farther west to shoot chickens. He says:

"When I first came here twelve years ago chickens were so scarce that no one hunted them. In the last four years they have increased until they are very plentiful.

"This winter I counted one bunch of over two hundred. I am informed by friends in Central and Western Kansas that chickens out there are scarce. I attribute our abundance to two things—Western Kansas had several hard winters and very little rain. The birds came east where grain was plentiful. In our section they found plenty of wild-grass cover and grain—and they were not hunted. They certainly have multiplied and replenished a number of counties in Eastern Kansas. It would do your heart good to get out here in the fall behind a good dog and shoot just a few, as a sportsman should."

That certainly is fine news. For my own part I shall not take advantage of it, because I think I have killed pretty much my share of chickens in my earlier days. I think it might be a good thing to give these birds a chance to establish themselves wherever that still is possible.

LOOKING AHEAD

(Continued from Page 31)

power must pay attention to its facilities for transportation overseas. More than a hundred years ago the United States possessed a fleet of practically the same dimensions as Great Britain's, and we carried a large proportion of our own foreign commerce. The advent of the iron steamship gave the British the advantage, and made that country the leading commercial nation. For more than half a century American goods have been carried to other lands in foreign bottoms. The war has changed all this, and America is once more a maritime nation.

What the United States primarily seeks by the building up and operation of its own mercantile marine is not maritime supremacy but maritime independence. In August, 1914, at the beginning of the war, the United States sea-going merchant marine, of 500 gross tons and over, included 624 steamers, of 1,758,465 gross tons, and 870 sailing vessels and schooner barges, of 947,852 gross tons, making a grand total of 1494 sea-going merchant vessels of 2,706,317 gross tons. When the war ended, the American merchant marine consisted of 2113 sea-going vessels, of 5,515,180 gross tons.

To-day America is potentially the greatest marine power of the earth, for the reason that it possesses the greatest shipbuilding instrumentalities. In 1917, there were available in this country only 61 shipyards, with 234 ways, in which vessels of 3500 deadweight tons and upward could be constructed. When the armistice was signed we had 223 shipyards, with 1099 ways. In 1910, our merchant marine engaged in foreign trade totaled only 1,173,776 tons. In 1920, our total merchant marine amounted to 25,027,342 deadweight tons, of which 15,692,631 tons were engaged in foreign trade. On May 1, 1921, 3200 merchant vessels were under the American flag, and more than 2500 of these ships were built of steel. Leaving the United Kingdom out of consideration, America now has nearly as great a tonnage of merchant vessels as have all the other nations of the world combined.

These figures indicate plainly that we have the machinery to carry on an enormous trade with the other nations of the earth. In addition, we have a greater quantity of gold here in our vaults than ever before was accumulated by any one nation in the history of the world. During the first seven months of the present year our gold holdings increased $503,673,981. From all over the world gold is continuing to flow to America, and yet in this country our industries are prostrated, and upward of 5,000,000 men and women are out of employment. The degree of our business depression is clearly indicated by the statement that pig-iron production in the United States in July of this year was the smallest it has been since 1903. This is true, notwithstanding the fact that our normal consumption of iron has more than doubled during the years that have intervened. What is the trouble, and what the remedy?

The various causes of the world's industrial ills to-day have been stated over and over again. We are suffering from the disasters of war, and are paying the price for engaging in a foolish postwar boom. Before discussing ways to better conditions and bring about a return to normal business, let us analyze the situation as it stands at the present time.

Falling Prices

The matter of prices is an important problem, for the cost of living and, to a large extent, wages follow the trend of commodity prices. One reliable index of wholesale prices shows that prices reached their peak in May, 1920, with an average of 225, compared with 100 as the basis in 1913. From that high point there was a recession each month until June of this year, when the index figure for prices stood at 116.2. In August the average figure had increased to 120. Throughout the world, price-index figures have shown a similar rise and decline since 1913. For instance, in Canada the cost of practically all items has decreased, with the exception of fuel and rent. The cost of a weekly family budget in sixty Canadian cities for June of this year was $11.16, which compares with $16.92 for June, 1920, and $7.35 for June, 1914.

Figures of the United States Department of Labor show that wholesale commodity prices have declined 46 per cent from the peak price of last year, but are still about 50 per cent above the 1913 average. Foodstuffs in the United States showed the greatest decline, while fuel and rent showed the smallest decreases. Wholesale prices in the United States have experienced a greater drop than in any other country. The decline in France and Japan has been 41 per cent; Sweden, 37 per cent; United Kingdom, 36 per cent; Australia, 28 per cent; Germany, 17 per cent; India, 16 per cent; and Italy, 13 per cent. In the United States the agricultural, metal-mining and stock-raising industries have been hit hardest. The price of corn is a fair index of what has happened to our farmers. In 1912, Number 2 yellow corn sold for 72 cents a bushel in Chicago; in 1916, the price was 83 cents; in 1917, $1.68; and in 1919, $1.95. The price of this same grade of corn in July of this year was 64 cents a bushel. Moreover, quotations at Chicago and other central markets fail to tell the whole story. Owing to the increased freight rates the farmer who sells in the country markets realizes a smaller percentage of the Chicago price than before the new rates went into effect. The price paid the farmer is determined by deducting the freight rate from the price quoted in the big central markets. Wheat and hogs are practically the only agricultural products yielding returns that average above prewar prices. It is plain, therefore, why American farmers at the present time cannot improve their properties, purchase equipment or buy manufactured articles produced in cities by labor that is still being paid war wages.

The prosperity of the whole world depends more upon the products of the soil than anything else. For this reason we cannot look ahead in the business world without carefully taking into consideration the probable crops of the various nations. Generally speaking, crops in America this year will be quite satisfactory, as far as quantity is concerned. The wheat-growing states of the Northwest this year will receive approximately $1,000,000,000 for their grain. The money yield from this year's harvest of corn, wheat, barley and rye will total not far from $3,000,000,000. Other billions in new wealth will be added to the total through large crops of potatoes, rice, tobacco, flax, hay, cotton and fruit.

There has been much discussion concerning this year's cotton crop, which will be the poorest in recent years. Too many people overlook the fact that the South is undergoing a great change, and this year shows a diversification of crops throughout practically all the Southern States. In the past the failure of the cotton and tobacco crops meant complete disaster to the farmers of the South. Now every Southern state is growing corn, and all the states except Florida and Kentucky have devoted large acreages to oats. Only a few years ago farmers in Louisiana did not realize that their soil was especially adapted to the cultivation of Indian corn. This year Louisiana will rank as one of the great corn-producing states. Taking the country as a whole we find that this year our plantings of fourteen chief crops are nearly 20,000,000 acres larger than the average area planted during the period from 1910 to 1914. If the cotton acreage had been as large as usual the area planted with these fourteen crops would have been the greatest in the country's history.

(Continued on Page 32)

Re-roof for the last time

Just starting to re-roof for the last time the residence of Mr. George C. St. John, New Rochelle, N. Y.

NO muss or litter or confusion; no cluttered lawns and broken shrubbery. Any good carpenter or roofer can do the job.

Economical

Not only do you save the cost of tearing off the old shingles and the risk of rain getting into the house during the progress of the job, but once you have applied Johns-Manville shingles you have a roof that should last as long as the structure it protects. Furthermore the old shingles form a valuable insulating blanket which renders the house warmer in winter and cuts your coal bill. This also means that in summer the house is cooler.

So it is for more than economy that we urge you to re-roof right over the old one. You actually get a better, stronger and more serviceable roof.

Fireproof

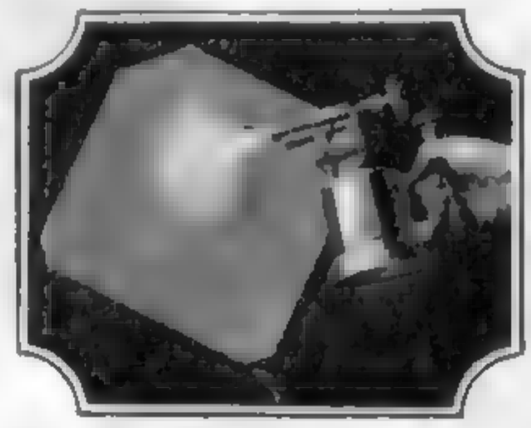
Johns-Manville Asbestos shingles are composed of Asbestos fibre and Portland Cement united under tremendous hydraulic pressure. There is nothing in them to rot or burn or disintegrate. The Underwriters' Laboratories Inc. have given their approval to the Johns-Manville Asbestos shingle and to this modern method of re-roofing, originated and perfected by Johns-Manville.

Beautiful

A roof of Johns-Manville Asbestos shingles is indeed handsome, and not only when new. After it has begun to age it becomes more and more attractive, taking on softer shades which gradually merge harmoniously with the surroundings. There is a variety to choose from, too; soft shades of brown, red and gray; rough, artistic edges or sharp, smooth ones; two shapes also so that they can be laid by the hexagonal method shown above, or the straight shingle method, as you prefer.

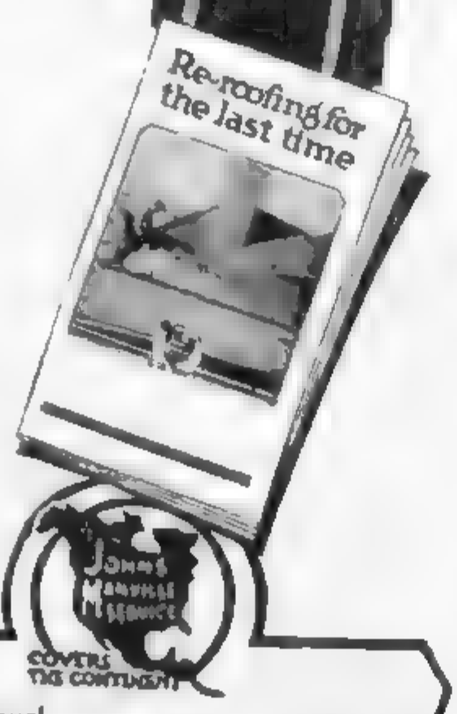
Send for the book

Get the whole story of the origin, development and perfecting of this new method of re-roofing which enables you to get a permanent, beautiful, fireproof roofing job for least cost.



The famous blow-torch test

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles can resist the fierce heat of the Blow Torch. Make this test on any roofing material you may be considering.



JOHNS-MANVILLE
INCORPORATED
Madison Ave., at 41st St., N. Y. City
Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd.
Toronto

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

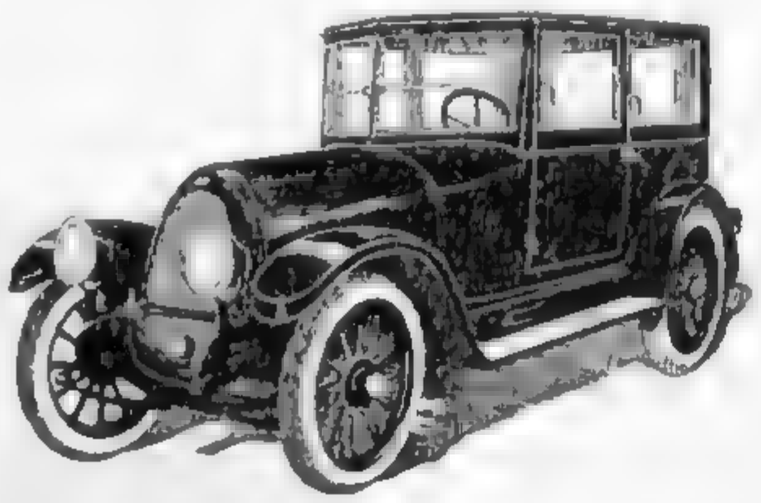
Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings; Fire Prevention Products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

The FRANKLIN

EVERY rough or slippery road, every puncture and blowout, every bit of crowded traffic, every extreme of temperature or grade, every gasoline station and repair shop you encounter—all these are constant reminders of why you should have a Franklin.

Light, flexible and direct air cooled, it gives maximum performance value at minimum cost. It is the most comfortable to ride in, the easiest to handle, and the most economical to operate of all cars.



20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 30)

Germany's crops this year are good. The harvest in Hungary will yield such a quantity of products that there will be a surplus of food for export. Crops in Great Britain, France and Italy are fair, while even in Austria and Poland conditions in the matter of food supplies are far better than they were a year ago. Reports from Poland state that the country will produce nearly enough foodstuffs to satisfy its domestic needs this year. Conditions in Egypt are bad because of the small demand and low prices for cotton. Exports of cotton from Egypt to the United Kingdom so far this year have totaled less than one-half of what they were last year, while exports to the United States this year have been only a quarter of last year's total during the same months. Crops in Asiatic countries on an average are about up to normal.

There is little doubt but that this winter will witness a worse famine in Russia than any which has occurred in modern history. There has been a drought in parts of Russia this year, just as there has been in some of the countries of Western Europe, but starvation in Russia is not coming as a result of the workings of an unkind Providence. The drought which has been blamed for Russia's plight has not seriously affected the rich winter-wheat area where a large part of Russia's former crops were produced. Russia's curse is too much sovietism—not too little water.

The year before the war that country produced 950,000,000 bushels of wheat. The crop of this same cereal in the United States that year was only 750,000,000. In 1913 Russia produced more than 1,000,000,000 bushels of oats, and nearly as much barley as was produced by all the other nations of the world. Its rye crop prior to the war averaged 1,000,000,000 bushels annually, while the rest of the world, the United States included, raised only four-fifths of this quantity. Eight years ago Russia produced one-third of the world's total crop of potatoes and one-sixth of the world's beets. Next to the United States it was the greatest livestock country on earth, having more cattle and sheep than any four nations of Europe combined. Now, under the rule of Lenine, Russia's agricultural industry has practically been wiped out, and this winter five or ten million people will probably freeze or starve in one of the richest lands on the face of the earth.

Lack of Industrial Balance

Socialism's fiasco in Russia is the sternest lesson in economics and politics the world ever learned. Marxism has been given plenty of rope and has hanged itself. Not only agriculture but every other basic industry in Russia has gone to pieces. Early this year the Master Spinners' Federation made a world survey of the cotton industry, and the investigation in Russia showed 570,000 spindles running and 6,530,000 idle. It will probably be many generations before an experiment in government of this kind will be tried again. It is regrettable that the world has had to pay such a fearful price for its experience with socialism, and the end is not yet, for doubtless Russia will remain for some time to come a menace to the physical and mental well-being of the other nations of the earth.

Returning to our own domestic situation, in which we are most vitally interested, we find numerous facts of great importance which must be kept in mind while we search for remedies to cure our own ills. Nothing is gained by adopting an attitude which prevents our seeing the obstacles the nation must meet and overcome. Optimism founded on half truths is no better than unwarranted pessimism. Business in the United States on the whole has been of larger volume during the months of depression than most people realize. We are so accustomed to estimating our trade, both at home and abroad, in dollars that we seldom take into account comparisons which show only physical volumes. In some lines—department-store sales, for instance—the physical volume during the first half of the present year was actually ahead of the same period last year, although the total value of the sales was lower, due to lower prices.

The fundamental trouble in the United States to-day is not a lack of funds, a dearth of materials, a scarcity of equipment to produce, or a lack of workers; but simply a want of balance and equality between our various industries. One-half of our population cannot go ahead in peace and prosperity while they receive prewar prices for their products if the other half of our people continue to get the high wages and inflated prices for services and products established during the war. Copper, cotton and several other staples are now selling for less than their cost of production. Producers of wool, hides, sugar and rubber are getting no more for their labor than before the war. How can they buy back the finished articles made from their raw materials if the manufacturers who convert these materials into clothes and food pay their workmen 100 per cent or more above the wages prevailing in 1913?

Three things are retarding the readjustment of business more than all else: These are transportation, fuel and housing. In all these industries wages and prices are still out of line with other basic businesses.

Railway capital represents about $16,000,000,000 in the hands of the public, as against $23,000,000,000 of capital in all other industries. Rolling stock on the nation's carriers alone represents $4,000,000,000 of capital, while all the manufacturing machinery in the country has an estimated value of only $6,000,000,000. Railway-equipment purchases create a buyers' market for nearly three times as much as all farm purchases in the same lines, and two-thirds as much as all industrial-machinery demands for all trades. The steel industry sells half its production to the railways, so it is easy to understand why the United States is unable to go ahead on a basis of normal business with railway purchases largely shut off. An examination of the nation's industrial history will show that practically all our business revivals have been preceded by brisk railway buying.

Why Coal is High

Many people are urging a further reduction in freight and passenger rates on our transportation systems. Though such action would afford much relief to industry and the people at large, little would be gained by lowering rail rates more rapidly than railway operating costs are reduced. The nation's carriers are now improving their position each day, and there is no doubt but that in time we shall again see passenger fares throughout the country on a three-cent-per-mile basis, and freight rates established on a fair level. The abolishment of the Government's transportation tax would expedite this desirable outcome. This tax now produces $330,000,000 of revenue a year for Uncle Sam, and therefore is a matter of much importance to the Government in its present day of great financial need.

Though high freight rates on coal, iron, building materials and various other important necessities are working a hardship on the public, it is only fair to the roads to call attention to the fact that these rates are not so burdensome on many commodities as is generally supposed. The search for a remedy for many of our high prices should be directed to distributors and retailers in our cities and towns, rather than to producers and long-distance carriers.

Our fuel problem is not difficult to understand, and should be easy to solve. There are only two factors of importance in the whole coal question: One is transportation and the other wages. There never was a scarcity of fuel in the United States that was not caused by deficient transportation facilities. Given plenty of cars and locomotives, and balanced buying, so that a fair proportion of the coal supply can be stored in the summer, there can be no such thing as a coal famine in America. Our mines can easily produce one-third more fuel than the nation normally needs. When business revives and coal consumption gets back to the large yearly total of 1918, there may be another scarcity of coal in parts of our country, but if there is it will probably be because the railroads have fallen down on their job of delivering cars to the mines and hauling the coal to market.

Coal wages are at the highest level ever attained in history. The miners' wage contracts with the coal owners were prepared by a government commission and do not expire until March 31, 1922. In the meantime, although reductions in wages have been accepted by workers in dozens of other industries, the miners' leaders have flatly refused to discuss any plan relative to a lowering of the coal-mining wage scale before the present agreement expires. This is the same attitude that has been assumed by the labor unions in many other industries, and it is only a natural effort to hold

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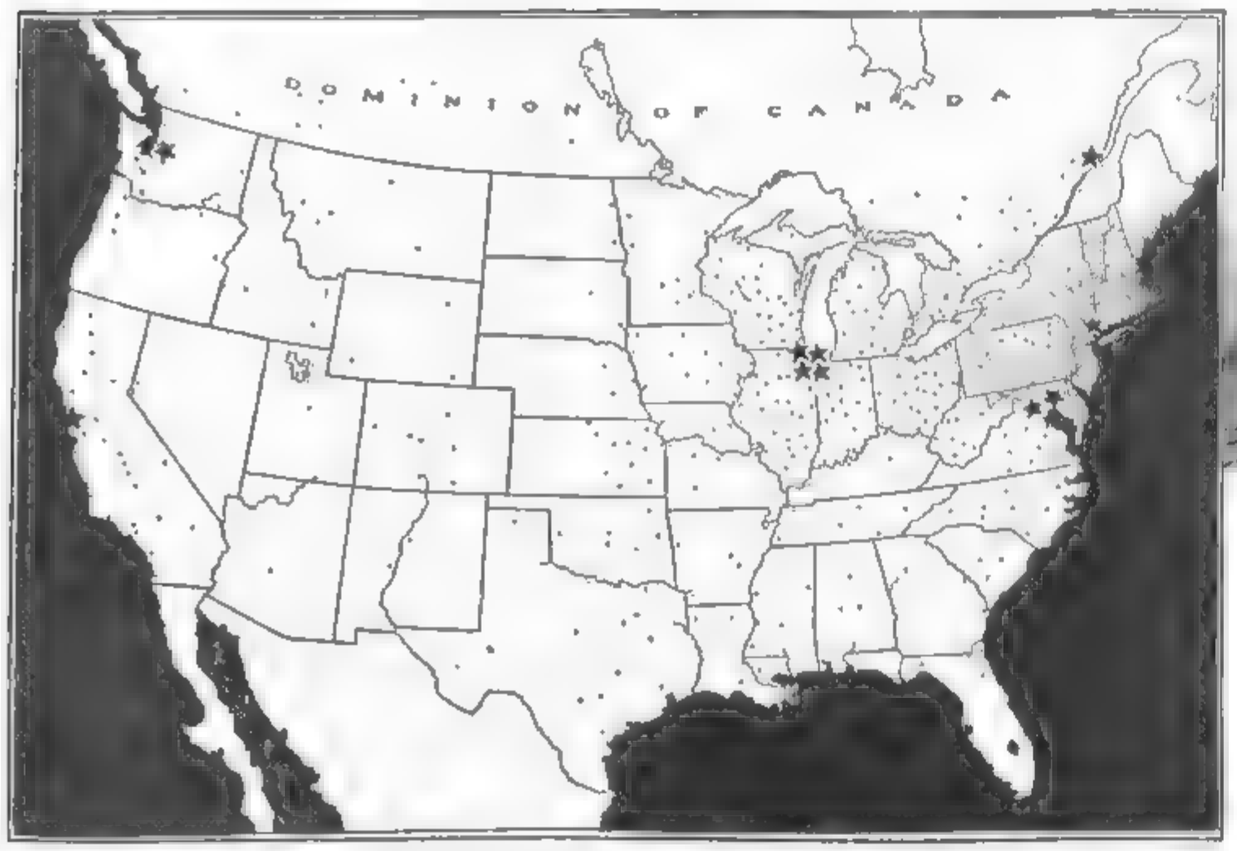
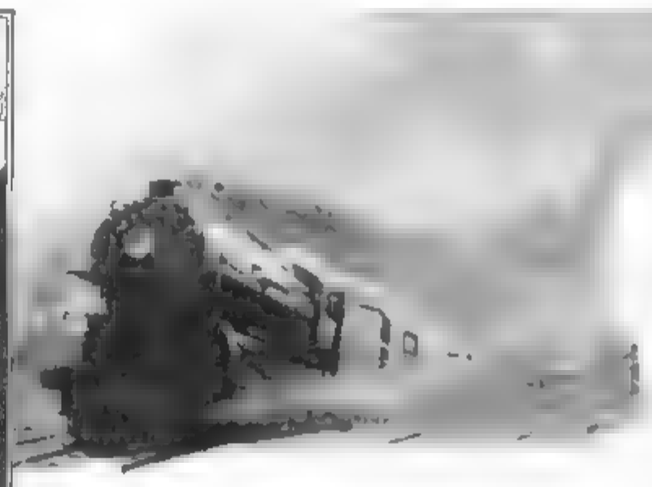
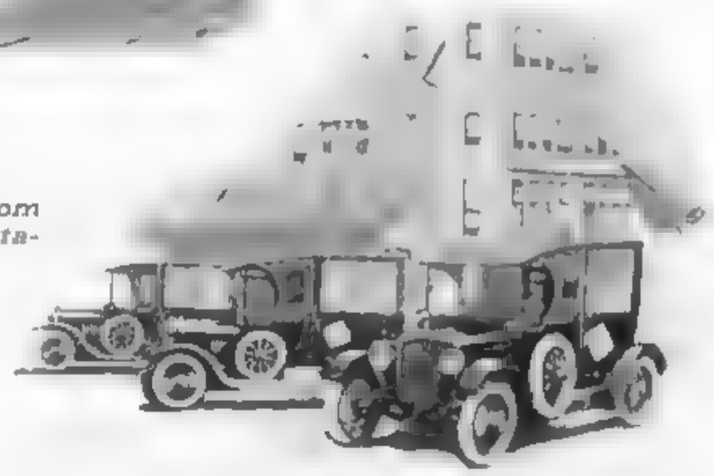


The stars represent 11 factories; the dots represent the 1000 Fleischmann distributing stations, from which the daily delivery of fresh Fleischmann's Yeast is made possible.



Shipped daily by special express from 11 factories.

Delivered daily from 1000 distributing stations by 2000 trucks



So that you can get it fresh every day

This tiny plant is grown rapidly day and night and delivered to you fresh every morning—

Only two other foods—milk and fresh meat—can boast a delivery system approximate to that of Fleischmann's Yeast. Milk is distributed by thousands of local companies; the extensive delivery of fresh meats is carried on by a large number of packers; the delivery of Fleischmann's Yeast, fresh daily, to all sections of the country is carried on by the one company alone—The Fleischmann Company.

YOU are probably one of the ten millions in this country who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

Have you ever stopped to realize what it means—that you can get Fleischmann's Yeast fresh every day?

In the first place, did you know that this little yeast cake you eat daily is really a plant—a fresh food?

Fleischmann's Yeast is not made—it is grown. It is a tiny plant that has a wonderful way of growing with such rapidity that in 24 hours it has grown 20 times its own weight.

To get this fresh food to you The Fleischmann Company has built up under one organization an unrivaled system of distribution.

By this system 11 centers throughout the country are kept working at capacity to grow enough fresh yeast daily to meet all needs. From these centers the yeast is shipped daily by special express.

One thousand distributing stations pack the fresh yeast daily into 2000 trucks which deliver to grocers, bakers and delicatessen stores.

The fresh yeast is placed directly in the refrigerators of 200,000 grocers and 30,000 bakers.

The Fleischmann delivery salesman is *always* there on time. No baker has ever had to delay his baking because of not receiving Fleischmann's Yeast. Even in the ordinary routine of everyday life, the operation of such a system is a gigantic task. Yet the Fleischmann Service has shown itself equal to the greatest emergencies.

During the recent Pueblo flood, Fleischmann's Yeast was the first food taken into the city. The Fleischmann salesman was in there with his yeast for the bakers even before doctors and hospital supplies could be rushed from other cities.

Why fresh yeast is now a part of the national daily diet

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food which supplies in fresh form rich quantities of the water-soluble vitamine, for yeast is its richest known source.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps build up body tissues and makes the body resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter.

Fleischmann's Yeast has made the use of laxatives unnecessary for many who have long been in bondage to laxatives. For many others it has corrected the various symptoms of rundown condition and restored a health and vigor unknown for years. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. MM-29, 701 Washington St., New York.

Placed directly in the refrigerators of 200,000 grocers and 30,000 bakers by Fleischmann delivery salesmen.

Emergencies which the wonderful Fleischmann Service has met

During the disastrous Dayton floods in 1913, when all established means of transportation were destroyed, Fleischmann's Yeast was delivered by automobiles, motorcycles, boats and by men on foot.

When severe snow and sleet paralyzed traffic in Eastern territory in 1914, Fleischmann's Yeast was the only commodity delivered in the city of Boston for 3 days.

When a tidal wave cut off Mobile from all communications, the Fleischmann Service sent special messengers with yeast from Cincinnati and secured tugs to move yeast from New Orleans to the stricken city. The bakers were thus enabled to bake bread for the people without any interruption.

In 1917, when one of the most severe storms ever recorded swept the whole country, Fleischmann's Yeast was delivered promptly in special trains, special electric cars, trucks and passenger automobiles from the big Peekskill factory.

Blizzard and sleet completely paralyzed New York in 1920. For two days the only automobile trucks operating in New York were those of The Fleischmann Company. Six and eight horse teams were pressed into service. No shipments were missed at any time even during the height of the storm.

Clean and Disinfect at the same time

You can do this by always adding Creolin-Pearson to the soap and water when scrubbing and cleaning.

Get an Original Bottle of

CREOLIN-PEARSON

Ask Your Druggist for—

Creolin-Pearson
The household disinfectant.

Zinc Stearate Merck
Cooling, soothing toilet powder.

Milk Sugar Merck
For preparing modified milk.

Barley Flour Merck
For infants and invalids.

Hydrogen Peroxide Merck
Full strength and unusually pure.

Acid Boric Merck
Mild nursery antiseptic.

(Continued from Page 32)

on to the advantages gained by the workers during the war. Though the coal miners will certainly fail to retain their present high wage scales, they are less to blame for adopting such an uncompromising attitude than workers in many other industries. Even in normal times the miners work only a little more than two hundred days a year, due to the excessive productive capacity of our mines, and it makes a lot of difference to a worker whether he works every day or only two-thirds of the time. The besetting sin of the coal industry is the seasonal operation of our collieries. This part-time operation of our mines creates waste, breeds unrest among the workers, and indirectly is one of the chief causes for the high price of coal.

In 1917, just before America entered the war, the labor cost per ton of anthracite coal was $1.51. Then the Government took hold of our coal industry, and wages were advanced by Federal authorities until now the labor cost per ton of hard coal is $4.07. The bituminous industry showed practically a like development in mining costs. A few years ago it was possible to purchase a ton of bituminous coal at most of our mines for $1.50 a ton. From this low level the price rose to $7 or more a ton in most districts. The cost of producing a ton of anthracite coal at the present time is approximately $6, while the cost of mining a ton of soft coal in most districts to-day is about $3. The freight charge on a ton of anthracite from Pennsylvania to points in New England averages about $6 a ton, while the freight charge on a ton of bituminous transported from Maryland or West Virginia to an Eastern city is about $2.50 a ton, which compares with a freight charge of only a little more than $1 before the war. It still costs more than three times as much to ship a ton of coal by water from Virginia to a New England port as it did in 1914, and after the coal has been placed in the dealer's yard the cost for transferring it from the coal yard to the consumer's bin is usually no less than $1.50 a ton.

Plans for Home Building

Coal is one of our most bountiful resources, and the price for which it sells is reflected in practically everything the citizen consumes or uses. The greatest crime of the present generation is the enormous waste resulting from the inefficient handling and reckless consumption of raw coal. It is for this reason that engineers, having an eye to conservation of our wealth, are praying for the early electrification of our country. Then we shall save several hundred million dollars of values which now go up in smoke in the United States each year. The fuel bill of our American railroads is estimated to be no less than $600,000,000 annually; in 1918 it was more than $700,000,000. Of all the coal that is used in the fire box of a locomotive only 6 per cent of the total value of the fuel is applied to the work of moving the freight or passenger cars. If all our transportation systems were electrified the consumption of coal by the railroads would be about 53,500,000 tons, instead of the 140,000,000 tons now used. Every man, woman and child in America is now bearing a part of the heavy tax placed on the nation by the criminal waste of coal.

The third of our important problems is the serious lack of houses and the high cost of building new ones. Here again is an industry where the wages of the workers and the prices of material are entirely too high. This inequality, like those in the railway and fuel fields, is retarding the readjustment of industry and the return of good times. Ten years ago we averaged 110 families for each 100 homes; to-day we have something like 118 families for each 100 homes. This indicates a shortage of about 1,600,000 homes, assuming that the prewar situation was satisfactory, which it was not.

This is not all the sad story. Fewer people to-day own the houses they live in than was the case five or ten years ago. Nearly 60 per cent of our population are living as tenants, which indicates a decided step to landlordism in the richest country on the face of the earth.

The remedy for the housing problem is a substantial reduction in the prices of building materials, lower wages and a full day's work for a fair day's pay. Surveys have shown that there is plenty of money available for building, as well as an earnest desire on the part of people to construct homes, but the public has shown its determination to put up with the inconvenience of living in fewer rooms until the workers in the building crafts have agreed to accept their share of the sacrifices of readjustment.

Various agencies of the Government are endeavoring to help the situation. An amendment has been proposed to the Federal Reserve Act by which the larger proportion of the savings deposits of national banks may be used for building purposes. Another effort is being directed to effect a change in the Postal Savings System. At the present time these savings are so redeposited by the Government as to flow into commercial purposes. The new plan is to change the scheme so that one-half of our postal deposits may be diverted to home building, as is now true in the case of the savings banks.

Other movements are being directed to a revision of the building codes, in which strength, durability and fire resistance of structures may be increased without adding to the cost of building. Then there are the restrictions placed on building work by the unions. These will have to be removed, so that there will no longer be need to employ a skilled craftsman at ten dollars a day to do work that can be done just as well by an ordinary laborer getting less than half that rate of wages. Some of the present requirements established by the various unions during the war would be laughable if they were not such serious factors in adding to the deplorable waste now attendant upon building operations.

In addition to what has already been stated, there are a number of facts each and every citizen should know if we are all to coöperate effectively and intelligently in the great work of readjusting and reorganizing the business of the world. Of first importance is the matter of government expenses. Our Federal expenditures for 1920 exceeded those from 1791 to 1865 inclusive, a period of seventy-five years. Ten years ago our Government was spending 66 per cent of its total revenue for wars, past and potential; last year this class of expenditure had increased until it amounted to nearly 93 per cent of the Government's total revenue. It is no wonder that the people of the world are looking forward hopefully and anxiously to the conference called by President Harding to discuss the limitation of armaments. One reason for Germany's rapid progress in recent months is the fact that she is relieved of expenditures for her army and navy, and can devote her revenues to work that is productive.

The national debt of the United States has increased from $1,028,564,000 in 1913 to more than $24,000,000,000 in 1920. This means that whereas each person's share of our national debt before the war was $11, each one's share to-day is $225. The head of a family of four has a share of $900 in the debt, as compared with only $44 eight years ago.

The Dangers of Illiteracy

As already stated, agriculture is our most important industry. The number of farms in the United States increased 1.4 per cent in the last decade. However, though more farms were established, the number of them operated by tenants increased 4.2 per cent, while the number operated by owners increased only .6 per cent. Here is another indication of a tendency to landlordism which is most undesirable. Eighty years ago in this country there were three farmers to each city dweller, while at the present time there are three city dwellers to each farmer. Notwithstanding this fact, the United States is able to feed itself and produce surplus foodstuffs to supply the wants in many lines of a hundred million foreigners. This speaks volumes for America's progress in agriculture, and shows the effect of the introduction of machinery in farming.

There is plenty for us to think about in our list of "conditions bad." Among other things we are finding reason for concern over the alarming growth of illiteracy in America. Of all the great nations of the earth the United States, the richest of them all, has the lowest degree of literacy. The United States Commissioner of Education tells us that one man out of every four in the American Army could neither read nor write, while there was only one illiterate soldier in 5000 in the German Army. Practically all our states have laws requiring that each child shall obtain at least an elementary-school education. However, these laws have not been enforced in recent years, and only half of the children required by law to be in the schools are actually there. Should this continue, the coming generation of Americans will be the most poorly educated body of citizens in any of the so-called highly civilized countries.

At the present time chauffeurs, dock hands and many janitors are more highly paid than school-teachers. During the recent years of inflated prices more than 16,000 American teachers gave up their profession because their fellow citizens were unwilling to pay them enough to live on. The average salary of teachers in the United States at the present time is $500 a year, and in one state the average salary last year was only $234. These figures include the salaries of high-school teachers. We must not forget that when a nation loses interest in education the people of the country provide a fertile soil for the growth of wild and unfounded theories of economics and government.

Let no one gather from the foregoing that conditions in America are all bad and the future hopeless. A nation's security lies largely in its ability to discern prevailing evils at the earliest possible moment and prevent their spread. There is far more reason for optimism in this country to-day than there was two years ago, when we were serenely happy in our silly post-war boom. We have again come to reverence the stern laws of economic hygiene. Each day our industries are getting more nearly into a proper balance, one with the other.

The majority of our people have cheerfully accepted their losses, and those who are stubbornly resisting the inevitable will soon come under the shower. When these last laggards join the majority and take their medicine with a smile the recovery in industry will be reasonably rapid.

Lessening Our Losses

Although this is the worst business depression we have experienced in recent times if not in all our history, we are still doing a volume of business in America that would have seemed an impossible accomplishment not so many years ago. Our industries that are dependent upon European purchases for their prosperity are mostly flat on their backs, but our exports of foodstuffs are running large, while our domestic business in industries that have completely liquidated is showing definite improvement.

In the matter of economic waste we have cut our losses to a fraction of what they were a year ago. Abuses that crept into wage schedules are being rapidly eliminated. Full-crew laws, however, requiring the employment of unnecessary trainmen are still in effect in many states. One important wage agreement still in force requires five hours' pay for any work performed by an employe after he has worked an eight-hour shift. Even if the extra work takes but ten or fifteen minutes the company must pay the man for a full five hours of labor. All such rules will be abolished in the new era we are entering. People are commencing to understand that industrial prosperity must be general throughout the country if it is to be permanent. Workers in industries where the wage scales remain high have commenced to discover that ten dollars a day for ten days a month nets them a lower income than twenty-five days' work a month at six dollars a day. There are very few things, even among the so-called necessities of life, that people cannot get along without, and the present temper of the public is to refuse to make purchases where prices have not been liquidated.

On the other hand, it is a mistake for anyone to assume that the sole panacea for our present business distress is a reduction in wages. Better management is also a crying need of the day. The Government is showing the way, and many industries are following this earnest effort to reduce expenses and increase efficiency. Our Uncle Sam's clerical forces are being materially reduced; bureaus and commissions that had overflowed into privately owned quarters at enormous rentals are contracting into government-owned buildings; purchases for the Army, the Navy and the Shipping Board have been coördinated, and an order has been issued requiring the

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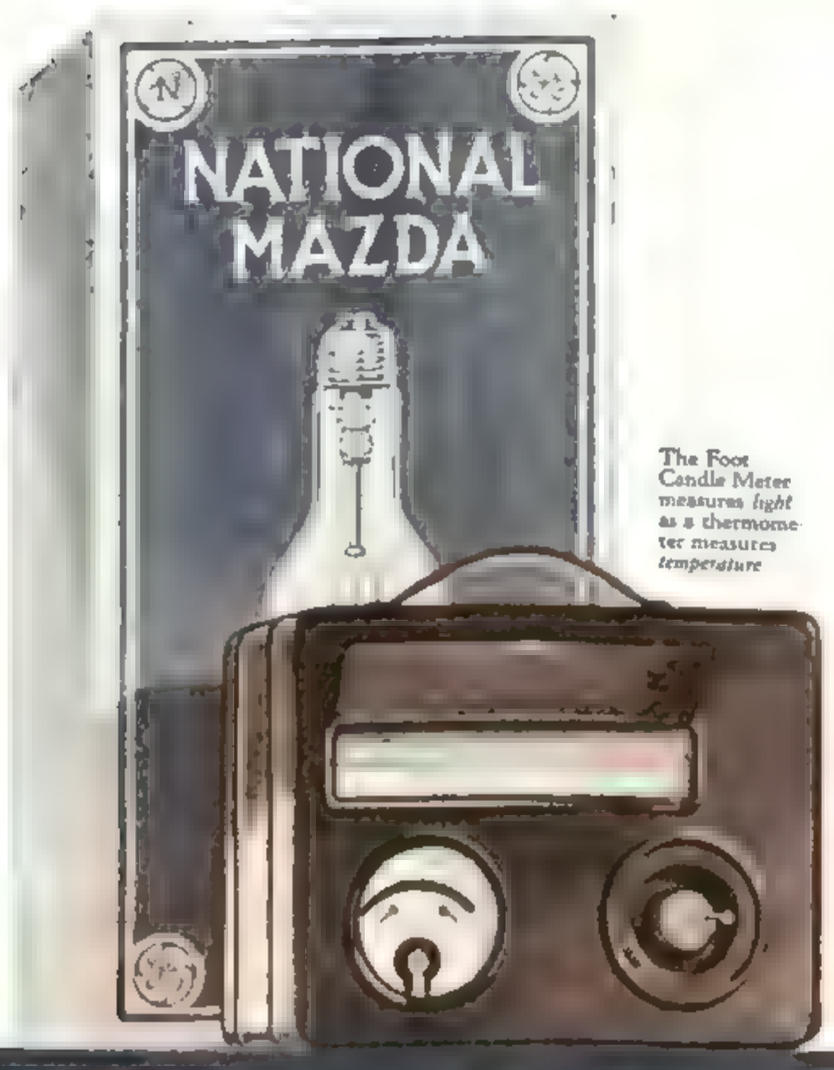

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—*increased by Right Lighting*

The printer! His hand goes unerringly to the right box and in a flash picks out the type!

In this swift, unconscious motion the eyes seem not to have helped at all—yet tests prove the contrary. For under good lighting more type is set—and more accurately. The printer's sharpened vision not only speeds production but brings him to the end of the day less tired in body and mind!

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For careful trials in a variety of industries have shown that right lighting brings an average increase in production of 15%—at an average cost for lighting of from 1% to 2% of the payroll!

What should, however, interest you most is the fact that "right lighting" is no longer a vague and uncertain term! The correct lighting for hundreds of different operations in scores of different trades has been determined with considerable precision.

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National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., 108 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

GOODYEAR

In rural communities and on city boulevards, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

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THE very finest indorsement of Goodyear Tires for passenger cars is the steadfast preference shown for them by the American people. This preference has never been so great nor so intense as now. More people are buying Goodyear Tires today than at any previous time. This is the natural result of the good service that Goodyear Tires have given over a long period of years. Today they are better tires than ever before. They are bigger, heavier, stronger. Whether you drive a large or a small car, you should use Goodyear Tires. More people ride on them than on any other kind.

(Continued from Page 34)

transfer of surplus supplies from one government agency to another. This will result in economical purchasing. There is already evidence that the Government's budget system now in effect will materially reduce Federal expenses, and the certain outcome of this reduction in the cost of government will be a lightening of the people's tax burden.

One of the country's largest manufacturers has started to show the way to corporations who would economize. By gaining control of a railroad the twenty-two days required to haul raw materials to his factories, convert these materials into the finished product and pass the product on to dealers was cut to fourteen days. This improved practice cut down the amount of money tied up by this manufacturer almost $30,000,000. The boss then ordered the abolition of all wartime jobs, and let it be known that the men filling them could obtain work in the factory. So effective were these readjustments that a piece of work that before required fifteen men per day now requires but nine. Instead of a foreman for every three or five men, there is now one for every twenty.

Dozens of other companies are effecting equally startling economies. One large rubber concern in a recent month produced 30,000 tubes daily, with 525 men. Last year this company's production averaged 23,000 tubes per day, with 1100 men. It is plain, therefore, that to-day one man is producing sixty tubes as compared with only twenty a year ago. The company has established a budget system, and department heads are now required to make their operating expenses come within their allowance. Nothing provides a sounder basis for optimism concerning our future than this definite tendency of American business management to utilize science and exercise thrift. When this condition becomes widespread there will be employment for everyone, and prosperity for the nation as a whole.

One fallacy that should be exploded is the idea that the movements in wages and prices always occur simultaneously, and that the fluctuations in the two are equal. History shows that wages do go up as prices go up, and generally go down when prices fall. However, the average drop in wages is never so great as the average drop in prices. Although wages invariably react when prices collapse, they always remain higher than they were before. Taking the average wage of 1913 as the base of 100, we find that in 1850 the wage per hour was 38; in 1860 it was 58; 1870, 67; 1880, 64; 1890, 69; 1900, 73; 1910, 93, and 1920, 234. These are the figures of the United States Department of Labor.

Our National Credit

An investigation shows that the panic of 1873 caused a reaction in wages, but at their lowest point they remained 50 per cent higher than they were before the Civil War. Although prices continued to fall for twenty years, the tendency of wages during the greater part of this time was decidedly upward. The wages of labor last year were three and a half times higher than they were fifty years ago, while prices were only twice as high. If we were to apply a reduction of 22½ per cent uniformly to our 1920 wages the average wage figure would still be 3.6 times higher than in 1907, 3.2 times higher than in 1913, and 1.8 times higher than in 1918. In this depression, as in the past, prices will recede faster and farther than wages. The idea that our high wages will make it impossible for us to compete with foreign manufacturers is altogether false. The foreigners will defeat us in business competition only by using more modern methods and tools than we do. British miners have always received much lower wages than American miners, and yet the cost of British coal in a mine with no more unfavorable physical conditions than we have here is twice as great. It is absolutely necessary that there shall be a liquidation of wages, but the country will wait in vain for a return of the average wage figure to a prewar level.

The barometer for financial forecasting is the credit of a nation, and the credit of the United States is now the standard of the world. The history of business depressions, generally speaking, has always been the same. During the days of trouble we are prone to see only the dark sides of the clouds. When our revered Washington undertook the reconstruction of a nation that had been ravaged by war, and whose securities were selling at twenty-five cents on the dollar, the outlook was gloomy, and no one dreamed that in a little more than a century this bleeding country would become the greatest national power on earth. In only a little more than five years from the day of Washington's inauguration the country's bonds were selling at par, and the same thing will happen here, in Europe, and through our suffering world.

Going to the very beginning of our trouble we may say in truth that our hard times are a European importation. Although our exports comprise but 10 per cent of our total production, the importance of our foreign trade can hardly be overestimated. Unless we can sell our surplus goods in foreign markets the buying power of our people will not return to normal. Our future prosperity depends largely on a business recovery in other countries, and comparing foreign conditions to-day with those existing a year ago it is plain that the business situation is already on the mend. Many people overlook the fact that our total exports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1921, were valued at $6,519,000,000. The exports of grain, dairy and meat products during the calendar year 1920, figured on a tonnage basis, were double the exports of any prewar year.

Better Things Ahead

Before the war we were in debt to Europe, and to cover our interest charges we had to export to foreign countries $500,000,000 more goods than we imported. To-day conditions are reversed and as soon as European countries are in shape to pay interest on their indebtedness we shall receive from them $500,000,000 worth of goods in excess of what they purchase from us. This situation is alarming many manufacturers who overlook the wide extent of a comparatively virgin foreign-trade field in other parts of the world, and who have lost sight of the fact that an increase in imports does not necessarily involve a corresponding decrease in exports. Certainly we can buy more without selling less and thus enable our European debtors to settle their obligations to us without crippling our industries or reducing our national wealth. If we handle our affairs properly we shall have very little to fear from any flood of foreign goods that some alarmists assert will shortly compete with the produce of our own fields and factories.

No one will deny that at present trade generally is slack, but when we leave out value and compare even our present reduced volume of business with that of 1913, instead of with 1919 or 1920, we find a somewhat different story all down the line. The increase in productive capacity in many cases has been such that 25 per cent capacity operations now means 50 or 75 per cent capacity when calculated on a prewar basis.

There never was a nation in the history of the world that had so bright a future as has the United States to-day. Literally speaking, our natural wealth has hardly been scratched since Columbus landed on our Atlantic Coast. We are worrying because we have too much productive capacity, too much gold and too many ships. One would hardly call these things difficulties that cannot be overcome by a persevering people. It is worthy of notice that the world has 40,000,000 more inhabitants now than it had when the war commenced, and all these people are new consumers.

In the industrial game, going up is usually more fun than going down. Inflation generally affords us greater happiness than deflation. However, many a great general won his victories through knowing when and how to retreat. Two measures of a real man are willingness to yield for the common good and ability to sacrifice cheerfully. Noted business leaders told me only a little more than a year ago there would be no serious industrial depression, but only a little slowing down to permit a few months of business readjustment. They were mistaken, as I was sure they would be. Now other leaders, no less eminent, declare to me that our period of hard times is only in its infancy, and I feel equally certain they are no less wrong. The present is a time for each one to think for himself, and especially note that the closer we get to the troubles we have so greatly feared the more we find that they are not so ugly or dangerous as they appeared afar off.

BERLOY

STEEL FILING CABINETS

Ball bearing roller sheave on which all drawers are suspended. With drawer carrying 60 lbs. this bearing was tested at 220,000 continuous trips in and out of the case—only sign of wear was a high polish on the contact surface of rollers

The Ball-Bearing Principle Applied to Filing Cases

Any filing cabinet drawer will operate easily when new. But time demonstrates the superiority of the cabinet fitted with Ball-Bearing Rollers.

The filing drawers of Berloy Steel Filing Cabinets continue to work easily, smoothly and noiselessly because they are fitted with Ball-Bearing Rollers. They may be withdrawn their full length, making every piece of correspondence instantly accessible.

These Berloy Files are sturdily built and attractively finished with a durable baked-on enamel—hand-rubbed. Used by such concerns as The General Electric Co., LaSalle Extension University and Continental Life Insurance Co. Write for catalog.

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the pride of veterans in the craft—exemplify the character, experience and service of lines devoted to constructive progress and excellence

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Get Every Joy

These bubble grains can bring

Mix with fruits

Serve both of them—Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat.

Not merely with cream and sugar, like other morning cereals. But mix with fruits. Douse with melted butter. And serve Puffed Wheat—these toasted, flaky globules—in every bowl of milk.

Make whole grains delightful

These are whole-grain foods—those premier foods of which few children get enough.

Every food cell is steam exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

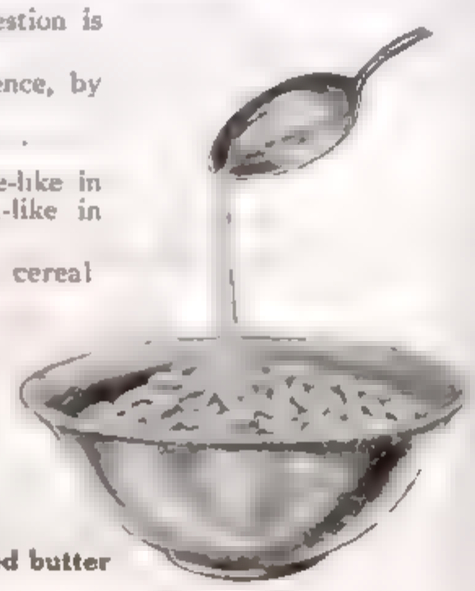
These are the finest cereal foods in existence, by hygienic standards.

And these ideal foods are tidbits. Bubble-like in form, like snowflakes in their texture, nut-like in their taste.

Thin, crisp, flaky, toasted—never were cereal foods made so inviting.

Millions now realize that these Prof. Anderson creations are the best cereal foods they can serve.

Puffed Wheat in milk



With melted butter

Puffed Rice
Bubble grains of rice

Puffed Wheat
Puffed to 8 times normal size

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

FRISKY WHISKY

(Continued from Page 16)

saw dat pol'cy Ah lef' on yo' desk dis noontime?"

"Sez how?"

"'At pol'cy Ah writ fo' Ga'nett Hoot dis mawnin'."

Mistuh Smelt wheeled and seized the lapels of Elam's coat.

"Doan' pop yo' eyes an' wog yo' jaw to me, Elam—'splain me right off! Whut pol'cy?"

Haltingly Elam elucidated on every agonizing detail of the morning's transaction. While Mistuh Smelt had been motoring out for a final inspection of the Afro-American Exclusively Country Club, Garnett Hoot had sauntered into North African Lloyds, Ltd., and inquired as to the limitations attached to the company's extraordinary risks. In answer Elam delivered the sweeping stock phrase: "De sign ovah de do' sez we insuah 'ginst anythin' an' ev'rythin', an' mistuh man, dat sign doan' lie!"

Whereupon Garnett demanded further whether he, Mistuh Cheesley, was empowered to assume any risk whatsoever for the company. Being youthful, human, guileless and, above all, negro, Elam puffed out his chest.

"Mist' Hoot," he retorted, "w'en de pres'den' am gone, Ah, as his puhs'nal 'sistant, am in complete cha'ge. Ah has blank pol'cies an' blank receeps all sign' by de pres'den' an' set fo' bizness. Name yo' risk an' Ah names ouah price. If you kin stan' de tax, we kin stan' de risk!"

But when Garnett demanded to know the cost of a thousand-dollar policy payable to himself should he fail in his suit for Miss Savannah Swan's hand and heart it became a horse of another color. Here was a risk without precedent. Elam thought wildly of abruptly terminating the negotiations, but remembered the far-flung boast that North African Lloyds, Ltd., balked at nothing. He considered waiting for his employer's return, and recalled his previous statements as to the limitless extent of his authority. He made the lightning deduction that if Garnett was both negro and the possessor of two hundred dollars the future held little concern for him.

So he boldly blurted: "De cost o' sech a pol'cy, suh, expirin' three months fum date'll be jes 'zackly two hunnerd an' twen'y-five bucks."

Naturally, when Garnett extracted two hundred and twenty-five dollars from his waistcoat pocket and flipped the bills across the desk, Elam—rack his whirling brain as he might—could think of no other course than to prepare the document, with its attendant receipt, and feel his heart slip icily into his shoes.

At the conclusion of Elam's painfully extended explanation Mistuh Smelt was sagging limply against the wall. He gave vent to a single agonized whisper: "Thousan' bucks! Ow-w-w-w-w!" Dazedly he rubbed his brow. For a whole lugubrious minute he said nothing. He concentrated his efforts in an agate-eyed stare at Elam. Finally he grasped his shoulders, revolved him in contemplative silence, clucked ruefully several times and tapped his skull speculatively.

"Jes as Ah thought," he announced—"iv'ry fum de inside to de outside an' koncrete fum de shoulders to de flat spot. Holler as a bass drum too."

Elam attempted further speech, but Mistuh Smelt flagged him into submission.

"Ain' no use tellin' you now de foh hunnerd an' fohty-foh reasons you could 'a' give 'at shine as yo' regretful in'bility to 'sume 'at risk. 'Tain' no use now—de polecat's in de flour bar'l."

A pause. Then with withering scorn: "Ah s'pose you p'sented him wid de premium?"

"No, suh. Hit's 'mongst dat roll. W'en you didn' razz me Ah thought you wuz slippin' me twen'y extry bucks fo' writin' dat pol'cy."

"Stop thinkin', Elam! Stop thinkin'! If Ah could sell yo' thinkin's fo' whut they costs me Ah'd be swingin' de worl' by de tail." He took the policy from beneath a comic section and eyed it gloomily. "One col' thousan' dolluhs—an' me playin' 'at gal to win! Thousan' little beanies flyin' off to heav'n. Gwine take some Ponzied finance an' some wide an' han'some mental manip'lation to git me out o' dis. Elam, you knows whut you's cos' me? Jes a thousan' bucks in money o' a million bucks in gal. Thass all!"

III

MISTUH SMELT lounged against the railing of the deserted porch at the Afro-American Exclusively Country Club and admired his four-bit manicure. His first respite since six o'clock had come only after he had introduced Garnett as the speaker of the evening and slipped out of the simmering room. He lighted a cigarette and surveyed his raiment critically. One peep was excruciatingly gratifying. He thrust out a fourteen foot wadded into an eleven oxford.

"Skiffs, res' easy, an' t'-morruh Ah changes back to flatboats." He wiggled the shoe to drink in its dazzling brilliance. "Lloyd, dawg fum de ground up.

"An' 'em socks!"—green silk embellished with white hearts.

"An' dis suit!"—cream-colored pongee.

"An' 'at shirt!"—peacock blue with generous stripes of yellow.

With bubbling ecstasy he checked the remainder of his habiliments—the flaunting satin four-in-hand, which harmonized with the hosiery and assaulted the shirt; the lavender silk collar, which gasped for air in the chromatic riot; and the jasper finger ring, which embellished the tie.

"Clo'es, ef you make de man, Lloyd, you is a regiment!"

He locomoted to the nearest window and peered inside. It was not difficult to locate Savannah. Clad in a cerise gown cut perilously low fore and aft, she occupied a first-row seat directly in front of the speaker. Hers was the only countenance in the entire room that evidenced either admiration or comprehension. Longingly he gazed at her—hungrily drinking in her colorado-madura beauty and gloating over the curve of her half-parted lips.

"Baby doll, thass right, take de las' long look at dat bull-th'owin' baboon, cause t'-morruh evenin' you'll be a-snugglin' nex' to me. As Ah reads de dice, you craves a man—a gin-drinkin' gent whut kin rule de roost. An' t'-night Ah th'ows mah coco cover in de ring."

Garnett paused to sip a glass of water and pat his brow with a silk kerchief.

"And concluding," he proceeded, "I trust that my few words have not only given you a deeper insight into Europe's unparalleled architectural beauties but that they have created a desire for further elucidation on this fascinating subject. Happily, I am in a position to offer as a special inducement to my fellow members of this organization Famous Buildings and Churches of the Old Continent, a beautifully illustrated, buckram-bound, stamped-in-gold compilation of interesting information on buildings, ancient and modern. A payment of three dollars places the ten volumes in your home, and as you read and grow cultured small weekly installments complete the purchase price. Those who do not care to make their reservations to-night will find me at"—he glanced meaningly at Savannah—"at the Elite Bakery, on Chestnut Street. Fellow members of the Afro-American Exclusively Country Club, I thank you."

A buzz of relief shivered through the audience, followed by a murmur of approval as Mistuh Smelt proceeded up the aisle. He raised his hand for silence.

"Folks, dis ain' no 'casion fo' 'ditional awtory. Fum now on de agony o' bein' uplifted is ovah, an' Ah's gwine crash through wid hilarity.

"In de dinin' room they is eats plenty. Th'u' de gen'rous coöp'ration o' ouah talented membah, Mis' S'vannah Swan"—he ripped off a sweeping bow—"we has moh ham sand'itches, chicken salid, cakes, pies an' food 'an de Three Hunnerd an' Fust Steveydore Reg'ment could mop up wid 'fo dey went ovah de top—an' you has mah puhs'nal 'suahance dat dey wuz de eatin'est shock troops in de A. E. F.

"On de side po'ch they is pink, white an' brown pop, an' pink, white an' brown ice cream. On de back po'ch they is watahmellins on ice in p'fusion. 'Nunduh de trees they is benches fo' them which is 'fectionately inklined. An' fo' them which feets itches they is a squad o' jazz-p'ducin' saxophone seedoocers whut'll rip loose de Chattanooga Blues soon as dis heah room am cleaned fo' action." With a warning

(Continued on Page 40)

TO THE EXCEPTIONAL MAN

To that man, successful in his occupation, with the means to gratify his reasonable desires—to the man of exceptional taste—quiet distinction in appearance is almost second nature. He secures the air metropolitan by selecting what is finest in personal apparel quite as instinctively as he expresses deference to a gentlewoman.

To these men a brief message:

There are a very few custom tailors in this country, London, or Paris who equal Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes in fabric, finish, and especially in the proper expression of individuality in appearance.

We make our clothes not only to fit, but to befit men of many different types, so that men like you may experience the substantial satisfaction of finding close at hand such personal apparel as you will instinctively desire to wear. If you are the exceptional man—exceptional in taste, in desires, especially in figure—you will find in Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes all that you have long sought.

Just a note from you will bring by return of post the name of the smart shop where Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes may be had.

HIRSH, WICKWIRE CLOTHES

Tailored by Hirsh, Wickwire Company

CHICAGO NEW YORK

It is Thirsty Fibre (millions of him in each ScotTissue Towel) who absorbs four times his weight in water and is responsible for that essential, thirsty, absorbent quality found only in ScotTissue Towels.

IT IS Thirsty Fibre—the "Worker of the Washroom"—who has made ScotTissue famous. A towel is just as good as its fibres. The always uniform, soft, white, scientifically treated thirsty fibres which absorb four times their weight in water are found only in ScotTissue Towels. When you use a ScotTissue Towel you will recognize the absorbing power of Thirsty Fibre. Thirsty Fibre promotes comfort and hygiene and cuts towel cost in washroom service.

We are sending free to all who ask, a most interesting and unusual little book called "Thirsty Fibre—His Biography."

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, Chester, Pa., U.S.A.—New York—Chicago—San Francisco

Scotissue Towels

Thirsty Fibres They Dry

(Continued from Page 38)

gesture he silenced the excited whispering. "An' fo' them whut yearns fo'—dat is, fo' them which has some jack plus de inklination, they is—Ah Ah means to say, they is a nice konerete flo' in de basemen' wid plenty elbow room, an' dat de basemen' is p'served 'sclusively fo' gen'mun t'-night. Now'f you-all'll kin'ly ooze into de dinin' room or elsew'eres us'll tote out de chairs, sprinkle down de candle shavin's an' let de shimmy shakin' c'mence. Natchelly, Ah thanks you!"

When the room was cleared and the shavings from several candles flecked the floor, Mistuh Smelt, cool, unruffled and immaculate, commanded the orchestra to be haled before him. Came the members one by one from various parts of the clubhouse, instrument cases tucked carelessly under their arms. The first appeared with half a dozen sandwiches, his pockets bulging suspiciously with fruit; the second sucking thirstily on a half-gnawed ham knuckle; a third with half a 12EE watermelon; while the remainder showed unmistakable preference for pink pop and blueberry pie.

"Rise an' shine, you fiddlin' fools!" Mistuh Smelt's opening exhortation was significantly blunt. "P'duce some moanin' syncopation. Flop down roun' dat pianner an' p'ceed to justify de jack us is payin' fo' de 'casion."

The pianist tucked a banana in his cheek, threw open the keyboard and, after raking his untamed hair with a temperamental hand, crouched on the swivel seat. Mistuh Smelt turned on one musician who, by well-schooled use of his chin and teeth, was busily excavating watermelon.

"Mistuh man, ext'icate yo'se'f fum dat Af'ican pineapple an' git to tootin'. An' you, theah, Cromwell C'ruthers, is you plannin' on usin' 'at ham bone fo' a flute, o' is you gwine unbuckle 'at saxophone you is paid fo' punishin'?"

Reluctantly the orchestra draped itself about the piano.

The leader elevated his hands and flung back his head dramatically.

"On yo' mahks!" he cried.

Five saxophones swung tensely into position.

"Git set!"

Five pairs of lungs inhaled deeply, five pairs of eyes grew glassy with incipient rhythm and five pairs of cheeks bulged round ebony mouthpieces.

"Git goin'!" And gobs of persuasive, crooning syncophony slid into the atmosphere.

After the floor was comfortably filled with perspiring couples, Mistuh Smelt signaled Elam to a corner of the porch.

"Is he jazzin' roun', Elam?"

"Him an' S'vannah is settin' in de lunch room."

"Been a-trailin' 'er, eh?"

"Jes like a houn' dawg."

"Um! Got de—de am'nition?"

Elam extracted a flask and the transfer was quickly effected.

"Numbah Two?" hinted Mistuh Smelt.

A second bottle was produced and stowed away.

"An' Numbah Three?"

Number Three came slowly to light from an inside pocket. It was partly empty. Mistuh Smelt eyed it critically.

"You's been ——"

"Jes samplin'."

"Samplin'? You an' whut othuh camel?"

"Thass jes two good shots, Mist' Smelt."

"An' 'em two shots is wuth jes 'bout a buck apiece. Does you re'lize, Elam, dat dis heah interior finish's been a-nestlin' in de wood sence ten yeahs back, c'llectin' authority?"

Elam, under the stimulus of several copious jolts of Kentucky Dew, 1909, grinned foolishly.

"An' Ah'll shout out loud," he grunted, "she's c'llected plenty."

"Thasso? Den heah's sebens to yo' dice!" Mistuh Smelt tilted the bottle to his lips and closed his eyes for the same reason that a girl closes hers when being kissed. The empty bottle he tossed over the railing.

"Hot dawg!" he ejaculated, rubbing his palm circlewise on his abdomen. "Boilin' like V'suvius mount'n!"

And he hummed:

"Gimme pint o' whisky
An' a couple pints o' gin;
Git me nice an' frisky
An' de trouble'll begin."

"Now lis'n, Elam boy, doan' git yo'se'f all lubricated wid cawn juice an' fergit yo' duties. P'r'aps dis heah Mist' Kiplin's millin' roun' 'mongst de crowd. Injoy yo'se'f, but doan' fergit—hunt me up 'bout twelve dings t' see if you's in deman'. Gits me?"

"Purfickly."

Mistuh Smelt pirouetted.

"Does Ah bulge in de hip, Elam?"

"Not noticeablelike."

"Ah's all set?"

"Settin' pritty."

"Den observe mah smoke!" Debonairly he strolled into the dining room, where with Savannah—he espied Garnett. Garnett's raiment was a subdued symphonic poem of modest tones. Patent leather pumps, black silk hose, a smart serge suit with peaked lapels and waspish waist, a white shirt and an ear-chafing collar containing a nobby black jazz bow was all he wore.

Even the silk kerchief in his pocket was devoid of colorful border. Neat was Garnett, but not the least bit gaudy.

Savannah caught sight of Mistuh Smelt and, Evelike, nudged her escort.

"Mah frien' Mist' Smelt," she commented coyly, "is sho de cream de cream w'en hit comes to wearin' clo'es."

Garnett rose for the bait and glanced at his approaching rival. He sniffed.

"Rather vulgar taste, I should say."

"Ah shouldn'," persisted Savannah. "Mistuh Smelt am right classy. He's de dudinest gempmun Ah's 'quainted wid."

Covertly she glanced at her companion. She merely wanted to register that there were others who sought her hand, and that until the Rev. Theodore Peebles, D. D., called down a benediction upon a couple of which she was a majority, the race was still to the swift—or to the persistent.

"G'devenin', S'vannah—an' Mistuh Hoot. Ah hopes you is findin' de festiv'ties right festivious."

Savannah smiled sweetly.

"Ev'nin', Mist' Smelt. Thankee, Ah is. You is to be comp'mented on de puffick 'rangements."

"Not 'tall," disclaimed Mistuh Smelt. "You fergits yo' cul'nary cont'bution to de 'joyment. But," he continued, turning on Garnett, "Ah does wish to p'sent mah comp'ments to Mist' Hoot fo' de uplif'. Suh, you done noblelike."

Garnett waved a deprecatory hand.

"You flatter me, Mr. Smelt. It was inconsequential."

"All 'at an' 'en some!" agreed Mistuh Smelt. "Ah wuz ——"

Before he could finish his sentence a most important personage put in an appearance.

"'Scuse," interrupted the personage, "but, Mis' Swan, would you-all please step roun' to de kitching? De chicken salid is 'bout run out an' yo' 'vice is wished."

Savannah rose. So did Garnett.

"You gempmuns," she said beatifically, "'muse each othah 'twel Ah gits th'u' in de kitchen. Mist' Smelt, p'r'aps Mist' Hoot'd 'preciate meetin' some o' de gempmuns wot's heah."

"Thass a propuh s'ggestion, S'vannah," replied Mistuh Smelt. "Ah'll pilot Mist' Hoot roun' an' see dat he 'joys hisse'f to de utmos'."

Savannah tapped him lightly with her fan

"You is de mos' c'nsid'rit pusson Ah knows, Mist' Smelt, 'sides bein' a high-steppin' heart smashuh."

And leaving her lovers to divide a bright smile, she proceeded vivaciously to the kitchen, where canned fish was waiting to be metamorphosed into chicken salad. While Garnett was assimilating Savannah's parting remark, Mistuh Smelt jovially grasped his arm.

"You shimmies, Mist' Hoot?" he inquired as they strolled toward the ballroom.

"Thank you, not to-night. It's rather vulgar, don't you think?"

Mistuh Smelt was disposed not to argue.

"At times," he admitted judicially, "Ah does. You wouldn' prefuh to ooze roun' an' 'similate some watahmelin, would you?"

"Thank you, no. I've never learned to eat it. Rather—er—indelicate, it seems to me."

Mistuh Smelt glanced at his companion suspiciously.

"Well," he acknowledged, "it do get yo' haid all wet if you ain' keerful." Silently he followed Garnett's roving survey of the dancers. "Dis ain' meetin' up wid folks," he finally said. "De hottes' spohts is

(Continued on Page 43)

When pipes begin to gossip you hear something–

Listen to old Corn Cob:

"I'm plain enough, but when I'm filled with Velvet I give any man the best smokin' he ever had. But shucks, it ain't me; it's that fine Kentucky Burley."

Get this from the Briar:

"My boss and I had a hot time until he tried cool, smooth Velvet. But I just kept on telling him about this tobacco that was cured and age-mellowed in wooden hogsheads. And now he knows what natural ageing does to Velvet."

And this from Straight Stem:

"I've been pestered with all kinds of high-falutin mixtures, but, say—no one ever handed me tobacco as good as aged-in-the-wood Velvet—it can't be done."

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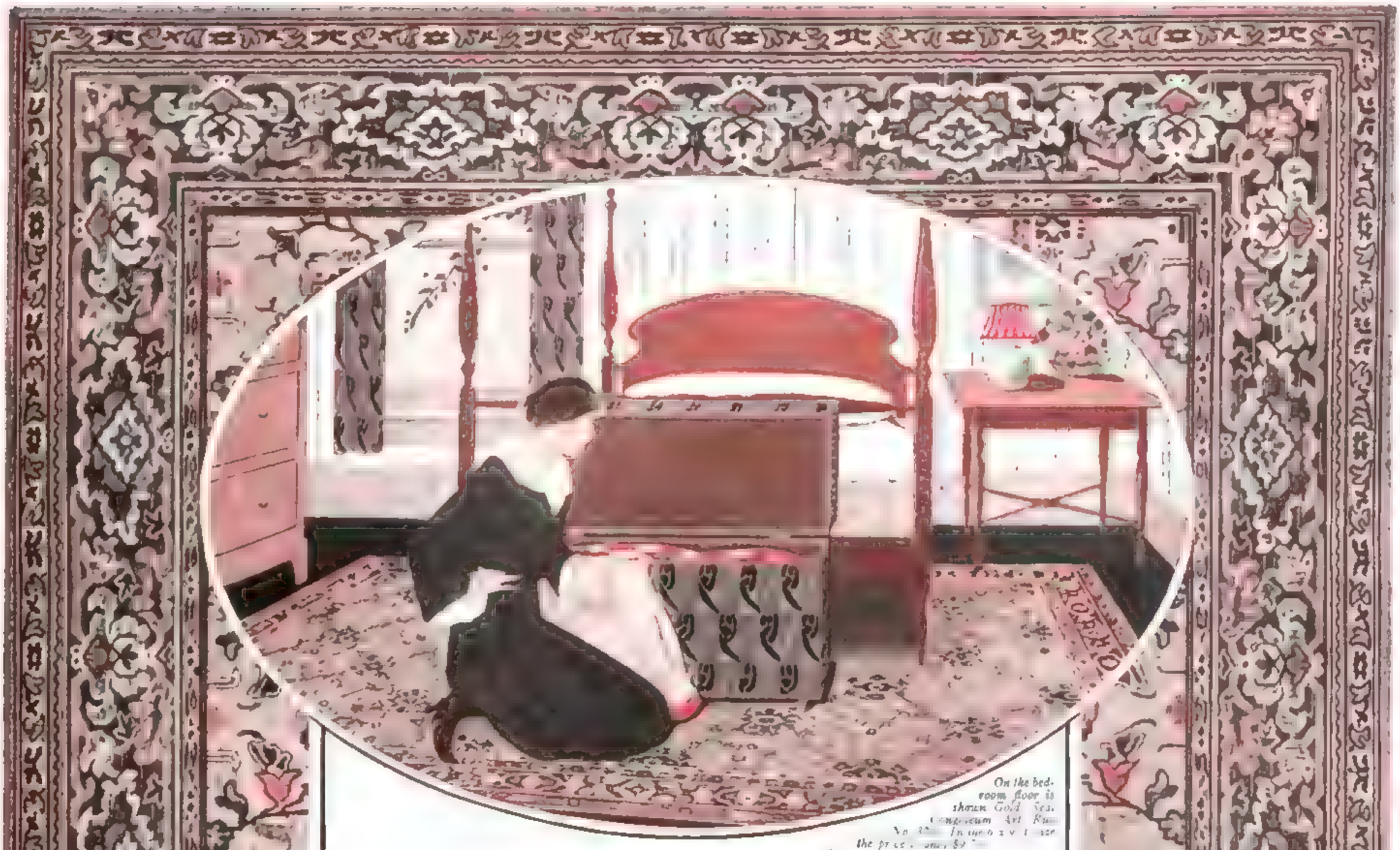

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GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

This is Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug No. [illegible]

(Continued from Page 40)

congregated in de—de—reckr'ation room. They's all itchin' to meet up wid you aftuh yo' speechin'."

Arm in arm they threaded their way to a door which Mistuh Smelt flung open to reveal a lighted staircase. Closing it carefully, he followed his guest into the basement. Avoiding the refuse of painter, plumber and carpenter, he led the way toward a distant door, from beneath which a ray of light shone dimly. As they quitted the section of the basement beneath the dance floor and the swish of shuffling shoes became less pronounced, a stream of high-pitched words filtered through the portal:

"De ladies' fav'rit'! Shine double five! Ef Ah tens, gents, Ah shoots de works!"

Mistuh Smelt held up his hand.

"Heah de weepin'?"

"The what?"

"De weepin'. Heah dat cuckoo cryin' to de iv'ries?"

"I—I don't understand."

"Mistuh Hoot, you's gwine be int'duced not on'y to de spohtin' fraternity o' Bahbuhs but you's gwine meet up wid de rulin' passion o' dis heah kentry club—crowkay."

"Croquet? You can't mean indoor croquet?" asked Garnett with punctilious incredulity.

"Ah means Af'ican crowkay," retorted Mistuh Smelt grimly, flinging open the door.

Propelled forward by an irresistible push, Garnett stepped into a room filled partly with smoke and partly with a score of negroes. The latter contents were concentrated in the center of the floor, some kneeling on one handkerchief-protected knee, some sprawling on sheets of newspaper to protect their finery, while others, standing on the fringe of the circle, leaned avidly forward, focusing their attention on a diminutive gentleman who, bathed in perspiration, was vociferously manipulating a pair of dice with his right hand and flaunting a fistful of dog-eared currency in the left.

"Ah's right, gents! Right as de League o' Nations! Five bucks to three Ah's comin' out! No gamboleers? Thass right, gents, doan' ride de pitchin' pony! Be right, li'l' impelments, an' you an' Ho'ace Hancock Breck'nridge goes on a protracted wacation! Flock o' fours!"

"Ev'nin', gents."

The spectators transferred their attention to the newcomers and chorused a welcome:

"Now us gits action! Li'l' Lloyd Smelt an' his troupe o' hand-trained dice is arriv'—de gamblin' fool hisse'f!"

"Thankee, gents, thankee!" He dragged Garnett forward. "Gents, shake wid mah p'tickler frien', Mistuh Ga'nett Hoot, fum up whuh de babies cut they teeth on dice." The players surged forward.

"Mist' Hoot, Mistuh Leo Lee, w'ich runs de Star Cash an' Carry; Mist' Ho'ace Hancock Breck'nridge, 'sistant fo'man up to de Dillon Terbackuh Fact'ry; Mistuh Whaley Gonax, w'ich runs de garbage route; Mistuh Chancy Rosebud, bahbuh in de Capitol Hotel; Mistuh Cyclone Sanduhs, whose wife washes fo' de Jedge Douglases; Mistuh ——"

After completing the introductions he proceeded: "Mist' Hoot, gents, is all drug out wid speechin' an' he 'lows fo' some reckr'ation. But Ah wahns you-all he do shoot wicked dice! Doan' you, Mist' Hoot?"

Garnett hesitated.

"Well ——"

"Now doan' git all blushin' vi'letlike!" interrupted Mistuh Smelt knowingly. "Any gent whut kin speech like you oughta handle de gallopin' dominoes. Is Ah right, gents?"

A vociferous chorus assured Mistuh Smelt that he was right.

"Moh'n 'at," he continued with a broad and knowing wink, "Ah s'picions Mistuh Hoot is a connysewer on de alc'hol content o' de fightin' fluid. He's rarin' to go. An' w'en he gits goin' ——"

"Shake han's ag'in, Mistuh Hoot," Whaley Gonax impetuously cried. "Ah's been aimin' to meet up wid you sence Ah was released fum jail. De gals is been blowin' you up right smaht."

Disconcerted by his cordial reception, Garnett took the proffered hand.

"Gentlemen," he began uncertainly, "you honor me ——"

"You honuhs us, you means, Mistuh Hoot!" exclaimed Horace Hancock Breckenridge, elbowing Whaley Gonax aside. "W'enev' Mistuh Lloyd Smelt does up w'd a cullud man we knows they ain' no wood alc'hol in his mucilage." He whisked a flask from his Volstead pocket. "An' speakin' o' mucilage, Ah 'poses a li'l' snack to de good health o' Mistuh Hoot." Uncorking the bottle, he polished its mouth with the heel of his palm. "Drink deep, suh," he commented magnanimously. "Dis heah fluid am de produck o' mah own privit still."

Garnett accepted the bottle and dubiously ogled its colorless contents.

"Doan' be feared, suh," urged Horace Hancock. "If dat wuz kill'n' licker, No'th Af'ican Lloyds'd be payin' mah 'ooman a thousan' bucks long by. Drink deep an' long!"

Garnett knew that every eye in the room was fastened upon him. He preferred to quit the presence of the insistent Horace Hancock Breckenridge and return to the side of Savannah Swan. But his dignity, his pride, his own ego, his local reputation for all time to come, swung in the balance, and Garnett Hoot did revel in public acclaim. So he raised the bottle, thrust its neck deep into his throat and gulped gallantly. In awed silence the spectators watched the level of the high-powered liquor sink.

"Jes lak as if hit wuz watuh!" exclaimed Cyclone Sanders. "'At gent am lined wid tin an' filled up wid sponges!"

Cyclone's words suggested to Garnett that he had consumed sufficient white mule to justify his suddenly acquired—and pleasing—popularity. He handed the bottle to the nearest spectator, Mistuh Smelt, and successfully concealed the fact that he was experiencing acute difficulty in breathing.

"Thass good licker?" queried Horace Hancock anxiously.

Expanding with newly acquired ease, Garnett shrugged diffidently.

"Fair," was his terse comment.

Then Mistuh Smelt sampled Horace Hancock's concoction. One swallow was sufficient.

"Paugh! Mistuh Hoot," he gasped, "w'en you called dat bug juice 'faiuh' licker you wuz show'rin' Mistuh Breck'nridge wid p'liteness! Waugh! Tas'e like de drippin's fum de crank case o' mah see-dan, mix up wid pickle-bar'l scrapin's soaked in a motorman's glove! Heah!" Scornfully he pitched the bottle at its crestfallen proprietor.

"Now"—reaching for Bottle Number One—"ah has some o' de stuff whut made dis gran' an' glorious commonwealt' shine wid glory." He patted the bottle dramatically. "Yo' 'tenshun, gents! Eye de bottle! 'Tucky Dew, steamed in de day w'en whisky makin' wuz a p'fession 'stead o' a crime! Thass de dope, gents—frisky whisky! De stuff whut makes cullud folks rassle wid ghosts, an' jack rabbits tangle wid lions!" He jerked the cork from the bottle, which he thrust into Garnett's hand. "You's drunk 'faiuh' licker, Mistuh Hoot, now rinse yo' linin' wid a dash o' de real produck!"

A rare and reckless confidence pumped madly in Garnett Hoot's breast. The fluid which brought front-page prominence to Breathitt County was swishing through his capillaries. Better men than Garnett Hoot, fortified with an equal quantity of the same stuff, had not frowned on pumping revenue officers full of 30–30s. In fact, they had reveled in it.

Garnett clutched the bottle.

"Yo' health, gents," he mumbled in a strangely familiar dialect. Then he palmed one-third of the bottle's contents. His lips he smacked with gusto, and he fixed a glistening eye on the donor. "Mistuh Smelt, lemme shout out loud that de gods squattin' roun' on Mount Olympus nevah had no nectah like dis. You said somethin'! Frisky whisky! Hot dawg! I feels like a bar'l o' snakes! I admits I nev' shot no dice befo', but Ah heard de game discussed, an' if you wishes me to make th' cubes set up an' bark like bulldawgs, 'semble roun' about me!"

Luck did not favor Garnett when he went into action, and a few unpracticed passes reduced his fluid capital to twenty-two dollars.

"They's refusin' you," consoled Mistuh Smelt at his elbow as he relinquished the dice. "Nex' time you'll crack 'em wide open. Yo' teckneek am puffick!"

"Jes need to git my hand in," explained Garnett, mechanically taking the bottle that was slipped surreptitiously into his

(Continued on Page 45)

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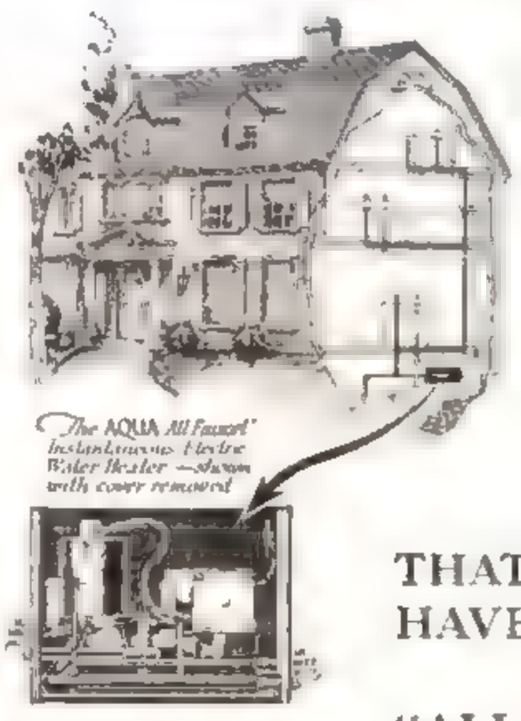

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Double safety protected; operates automatically under any water conditions, guaranteed one year against defective material and workmanship, will last indefinitely—costs less than most other kinds of Automatic Water Heaters—only $175.00.

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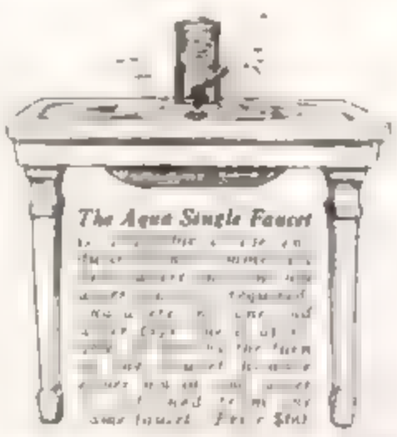

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Why Laundering is Making its Greatest Advances in America

In Cleveland
October 3 to 7

Every year modern laundry-owners from all parts of the country foregather for the annual convention of the L. N. A. This great meeting will take place this year on October 3 to 7, in Cleveland.

Because most of us here in America are accustomed from childhood to every conceivable convenience, we ofttimes accept as quite commonplace much which others think most marvelous.

Can you call to mind, for example, anything seemingly more matter of fact than the bundle of clean clothes brought weekly to your door by the laundryman?

Yet in less than a dozen of the world's eighty-odd countries is this service to be had at all.

And if opportunity for comparison were available, you would find the contents of your family bundle whiter, sweeter, and more sanitary, and the service more satisfactory, than anywhere else in the world because, in this country, laundryowners have the help of the L. N. A.

L. N. A. means Laundryowners National Association.

From this organization, in the last quarter-century, have largely come the clothes-conserving methods of modern laundries.

In place of the old-time "pinch-of-this-and-pinch-of-that" practices, exact formulas which save clothes for customers and supplies for laundryowners have been evolved by the L. N. A. for every step in the laundering process.

What cleansing agents to use, how to wash, rinse, and starch most efficiently—all this and much more have been worked out in minutest detail by this far-visioned institution, whose aim is ultimately to relieve every woman in the land of the hard work of washday.

Practically every modern laundryowner in America is a member of the L. N. A. It maintains headquarters at LaSalle, Ill., and an extensive department of research at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, University of Pittsburgh.

Because of the better methods which this great association is constantly introducing, more and more women everywhere are turning to modern laundries with their washday work.

You will find some of these modern laundries in your city. Call one of them for your family bundle.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

(Continued from Page 43)

hand. Turning his back to the circle, he tilted off six fluid ounces of one-hundred-and-ten-proof distillate. Mistuh Smelt dispatched the remainder and gleefully nudged Garnett.

"Grand evenin', Mist' Hoot."

"Altitudinous! W'en does them dice roll roun' to me?"

"Jes as soon as Ho'ace Hancock Breck-'nridge gits th'u'h bustin' de bank."

But Horace Hancock, his star in the ascendant, evidenced no intention of leaving the bank solvent. The excitement mounted rapidly. Large sums were being flung about with reckless abandon. Several players clucked dismally, patted their flattened pockets and emulated the Arabs of old by folding up their tents and disappearing into the night.

When the dice finally reached him, Garnett was hovering on the fringe of the circle from which the whole world has a roseate tint. He hitched his belt and whipped out five dollars.

"Climb on, gents!" he invited. "Cook tour 'bout to c'mence."

Three passes made with lightninglike rapidity expanded the bill to forty dollars. Astutely he raked in his winnings and undertook to repeat the performance with the initial stake of a dollar bill. On the third throw he lost the dice.

Mistuh Smelt seized them avidly.

"Mist' Hoot," he called, flinging a bill into the open space, "befo' Ah disrupts dis crap-shootin' tournament, Ah wishes to disconnect you fum all yo' ill-got gains. Is you gamblin'?"

Mist' Hoot was gamblin'.

"Five bucks," chanted Mistuh Smelt, twirling the dice expertly in his cupped palm, "spring up like de acorn into de oak tree! Blooey! An' up jumped de devil! Shoots it all! Six! Six fo' Mistuh Hicks, dice! Cocked dice—shoot 'em twice! Brace o' threes, ol' elephant tusks! Six right! Let it lay! Peel off de dough, Mist' Hoot—ain' no place fo' a man wid p'ralysis! Li'l' seben, show me heaven! Blooey ag'in! Natchel! Disgorge yo'se'f, Mist' Hoot!"

Garnett fingered his depleted roll.

"I kin on'y covuh twen'y bucks," he announced. "'At jes leaves me one buck fo' seed."

"Cash th'u'h th' twen'y, den; othuh folks is itchin' fo' education. Twen'y open! You covuhs, Cyclone? Welcome, twen'y! Mah big night, folks! Stan' back an' lemme expand! 'Leven! Contributions gratefully received. Ah gits de jack an' you gits de education. An' de tuition fee am whopped to twen'y bucks. Who craves de light? Mistuh Whaley Gonax! Set? We's off! Big Dick! Slow crap fo' some folks, po'k pie fo' Lloyd. Git mad, dice! Up an' snap at de man! Masticate dem bills fo' li'l' Lloyd! Eight! Rise two! Nine! Rise one! 'Leven! Doan' flirt wid me, dice! You heahs yo' mastuh's voice—hit me off a ten! Wham-blim-bam—an' ten they does!"

He turned to thrust his hand in front of Garnett's proboscis.

"How many finguhs is up, Mist' Hoot?" he demanded, raising a pair of digits.

"Two!" was the prompt response.

"C'reck! You needs a drink!" He presented the bottle to Garnett and faced the players. "Int'mission, gents, whilst Ah relieves mah feet o' dese shoes. Can't shoot no dice wid Chinee feet."

Then he concentrated his attention on the business at hand—that of making ten dollars blossom where one bloomed before.

The tide of combat surged weirdly to and fro. He lost and won with dizzying rapidity. His voice rose gradually from a caressing croon to an exhortative pleading; his whole frame quivered with excitement. Honest sweat made its appearance on his brow and head, and as he labored he relieved himself of those portions of his wardrobe that interfered with his freedom of action. First his straw hat sailed away, followed quickly by the collar and tie. And when, panting for breath, he finally relinquished the dice, he rose shirtless to his shoeless feet, both hands and both trousers pockets bulging with flaccid bills.

But while Mistuh Smelt had been discarding clothing and assimilating a large proportion of the capital in the game, Garnett had not been undiligent. Each brilliant garment repudiated by the owner of North African Lloyds, Ltd., he had appropriated and put to use, and he stood before their owner's eyes jauntily wearing the turgid haberdashery as well as the saffron shoes. He pirouetted airily.

"View me, folks!" he commanded. "Th' glad lad in th' glad rags! Sol'mon in all his glory was not arraigned like one o' these! Mistuh Smelt," he pleaded, "do me up right! Trade me suits an' socks an' lemme die content."

The exchange of garments was finally accomplished, and Garnett proudly inspected himself. The trousers failed by a wide margin to connect with the yellow shoes, which pinched cruelly; several inches of cuff extended beyond the sleeves of the coat. He caressed the tie fatuously.

"Le's be steppin' out, Mistuh Smelt, an' knock off a brace o' high browns."

Before he had advanced three feet Mistuh Smelt restrained him.

"Hol' on, Mist' Hoot! You's previous! Evenchally—but not now. They's a mess o' bank notes in dis heah chamber, an' they's singin' 'Ah Heahs You Callin' Me' right plain. Set yo'se'f in de corner an' hatch a idea."

Garnett sank limply into the corner upon a heap of sweepings.

"Keerful o' these clo'es!" he warned pettishly.

"Jes as keerful as if dey wuz yo' own."

"Keerful o' these shoes!"

"Ah's watchin'."

"Doan' tech this hat!"

"Doan' aim to."

"Does I look classy, Mistuh Smelt?"

"Ef class wuz di'theria you'd sure be daid."

After reefing in the funereal suit he had acquired, Mistuh Smelt augmented his courage. The empty flask he slipped into Garnett's pocket, for Garnett had slipped into a peaceful nodding slumber. Into the diminished circle he thrust himself.

"Lemme room fo' mah feets, gents!" he requested. "You-all whut's been vackum cleaned o' filthy lucre, recoil fo' de gamboleer."

He settled between Whaley Gonax and Horace Hancock Breckenridge, tucked an inch-thick sheaf of bills beneath his knee and waited for the first opportunity to enter the jousting.

It took Mistuh Smelt just twenty excruciating minutes to come to the realization that the goddess who had showered him with smiles less than ten minutes previously was deaf to his pleas. When the dice were in his possession, losing twos, threes and twelves were all that he could conjure forth before turning up a fatal seven.

When Horace Hancock operated them they clicked off winning sevens and elevens with sickening regularity.

The surplus he had acquired earlier in the evening melted away. His own generous roll was severely notched—so severely that when Horace Hancock completed the torture he retained only a trio of dollar bills and a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. He squatted on his haunches and licked his chops avidly while the dice traveled from player to player.

Eventually Whaley flicked the dice toward Mistuh Smelt. But Mistuh Smelt was grimly going through his pockets. He drew forth eight pairs of dotted cubes—some large with beveled edges, some small enough to be promptly swallowed, some celluloidally translucent, others just plain, common, ordinary, unprepossessing dice. He spread the collection on the floor and deliberately selected the pair with rounded corners.

The others he thrust behind him.

"Mah own han'-trained cubes, gents," he announced. "Mistuh Smelt is gwine to stage a heartbreakin' come-back." He kissed the individual dice solemnly and held them against his skull. "Ashes to ashes, bone to bone!" he implored. "All Ah got—three bucks—is yellin' to be covered. Mist' Breck'nridge? Ah's off! Blooey!"

Mistuh Smelt was off. Just four points off the seven he had hoped for. Undaunted, he appropriated the dice while Horace Hancock appropriated his stake.

"Shoots dis suit o' clo'es Ah's wearin' 'ginst ten bucks!"

"Shoot!" grunted his Nemesis. "Ah kin wear it."

He shot another three. A furtive glance assured him that Garnett was blithely unconscious.

"Shoot dat suit draped roun' ouah frien' Mist' Hoot 'ginst ten bucks. If Ah craps dis time, Ah shoots mah watch. An' if Ah craps w'en Ah shoots mah watch, Ah shoots mahse'f!"

Here Horace Hancock committed a fatal error. He opined that the suit at stake

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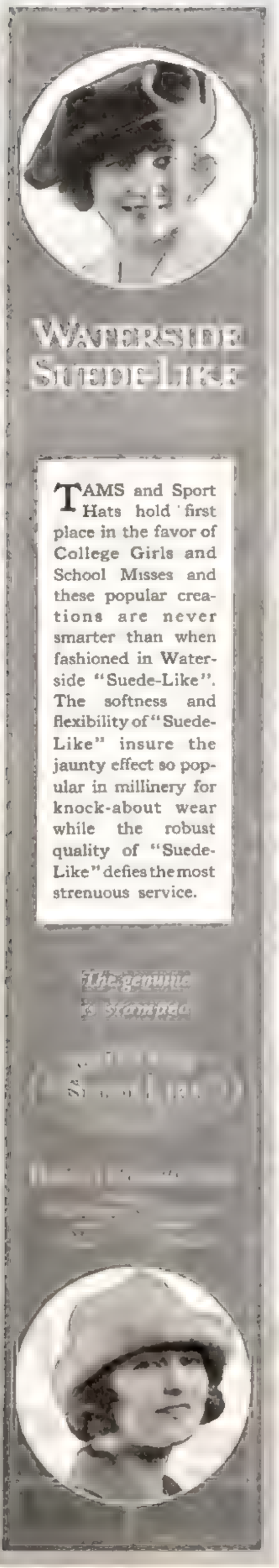
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would set off his figure to excellent advantage, and invited Mistuh Smelt to hang himself. And Mistuh Smelt's hand-trained dice came to life with a galvanic leap. Eleven straight passes he made in an electrified atmosphere, daringly pyramiding his winnings.

While he swept the Olympian pile of hills toward him like so many autumn leaves he watched Horace Hancock ruefully search his pockets. Horace Hancock eventually displayed a new quarter and a well-worn dime.

"You's won mah watch; now shoot fo' dese, you wil' man!" he invited staunchly.

Mistuh Smelt whirled the dice and bounced them along the floor.

"Gran' fi-nally, dice! Grief to de seben jitneys! Blooey-diddy-blooey! An' up hops de devil!"

He scooped up the grinning dice, caressed them lovingly and cached them in his shirt.

"Clickers," he crooned, "Ah pensions you fo' life!"

Without a preliminary knock the door swept open and Elam thrust his head into the room.

"Twelve dings, Mistuh Smelt, an' all's well."

Horace Hancock scrambled to his feet.

"Twel' dings!" he exclaimed anxiously. "Is de folks upstaiuhs leavin'?"

"All lef' w'en de eats run out an' de orchester got frappayed wid gin."

A tumultuous exodus ensued—an exodus which left Elam, Mistuh Smelt, Garnett, considerable jewelry and seven hundred dollars in the room. Elam silently watched his employer count his winnings. He shoved his hat away from his brow and emitted an admiring whistle. Mistuh Smelt looked up.

"Ev'nin', Elam."

"Ev'nin'."

A pause.

"Whut's on yo' mind, Elam?"

"Nothin'."

"So Ah p'sumed."

Another pause.

"Is you dumb?"

"Ah—Ah jes—dat is ——"

"Dispense wid de prelude, Elam."

"Yassuh—Ah wuz jes wond'rin' if you wuz shootin' craps as a corp'rate body o'"—he paused before finishing with a brazen grin—"wuz it a puhs'nal unduh-takin'?"

Mistuh Smelt assimilated the delicate hint.

"Ah s'poses you wants yo' pound o' meat."

Elam gave vent to the silence which indicates consent. Mistuh Smelt plunged a hand into his coat pocket.

"Kin you pay de plumbin' upkeep on dis heah timepiece?" he demanded, allowing Horace Hancock's watch to dangle by its chain.

"Reckin so."

"Wid mah comp'ments."

"Right gen'rous, Mistuh Smelt." Elam accepted the watch and assumed an expectant air.

"An' heah's sev'nty bucks. If Mistuh McAdoo could 'a' begged like you they wouldn'da been no Liberty Loans."

Elam folded the bills and tucked them into his waistcoat pocket.

"If they's somebody's th'oat you wants cut," said he gratefully, "shout."

"'Dja watch S'vannah?"

"Like a flat-foot cop. She set roun' twitchin' an' gnawin' 'er finguhs ontil she flounce up, fotched 'er cape an' hat an' rid off wid de Ande'sons in de loundry waggin."

Mistuh Smelt assimilated the information with a complacent nod and indicated Garnett in his corner.

"Ah pities 'at broken blossom. Notice de new way he has o' 'spressin' hisse'f, Elam, w'en he gits to talkin'. S'prisin' how a dash o' licker makes folks fergit to put on siuhs!" He slipped into his acquired pumps and shoved one of them into Garnett's ribs. "Hit de dirt, cullud man, us is depahtin' hence."

Garnett's eyes popped open.

"Sez which?" he grunted.

"Git up, sig head, us is goin' gallin'."

"Gals?" Garnett became interested. He rose in sections. "Jes a wee mite dizzy," he complained, "but hootin' like a eagle fo' excitement. Gals, sez you?" he continued, accepting the hat Elam handed him. "Gals is mah meat." He linked arms with his companions, unmindful of the generous peck of dust that had affiliated itself with his clothes. "All I asks, Mistuh Smelt, is you run dry o' that frisky whisky you totes?"

"Coupla smack-full quahts in mah see-dan outside."

"Den le's be blowin'."

IV

"WHUH at is Mistuh Cheesley?" inquired Garnett, sinking into the deep cushions. "Jes lockin' up an' fotchin' me yo' hat. Have 'nuthuh." Eventually Garnett handed back the bottle.

"Thass all you knows, Mistuh Smelt," he expostulated plaintively, "is have 'nuthuh. I ain't saw you bitin' off no bottle necks goin' aftuh a drink."

"Thass mah Southern hospitality."

"Well, suh, w'en yo' Southern hospitality runs 'ginst my Northern c'pacity they whistles fo' the militia. As mah poet frien' Kiplin' says, 'When th' wine ——'"

"Kiplin'?" Mistuh Smelt leaned forward. "Ah aimed t' ask, wuz yo' frien' Mistuh Kiplin' out heah t'-night?"

Garnett's brows beetled laboriously.

"Kiplin' out heah? Kiplin' in Bahbuhs? Huh! Kiplin' am a English poet in Englan', 'cross de 'Lantic."

"He—he ain' no p'tickler buddie o' yoh'n?"

"Co'se not."

"He nev' writ dem pomes speshul fo' you?"

"Co'se not. Ah reads 'em in a book."

Heavily and heartily did Mistuh Smelt sigh his relief.

"'At switches de odds ag'in," he whispered fervently. "Mistuh Kiplin' scratched 'count o' de ocean."

To Elam, who had arrived at the running board, he said: "Sashay 'hind de wheel, Elam boy, an' ramble." And to Garnett: "Have 'nuthuh."

Garnett had another.

"Whuh's th' gals?" he queried, noticing the gathering speed of the car.

"Set pritty, cullud man, us is headin' fo' de gals twicet as fas' as de law 'lows."

"An' jes half fas' enough fo' me. Which is de gals we jams wid?"

"You kin pick furn de cream o' mah list."

"Hot daw——"

"But fust we rolls round an' pays yo' regrets to S'vannah Swan."

"Sez who?"

"S'vannah Swan."

"S'vannah Swan! Thass a gran' choice! Lead me to that hen! Ah's gwine unload my min' on 'at woman right off. Ah's all fed up with her procrastinatin' round. T'-night Ah tells her jest whuh she hops off at!"

"Jes speak yo' li'l' piece," counseled Mistuh Smelt sagely—"an' have 'nuthuh."

While the car fled swiftly along the well-groomed pike Garnett lifted his head.

"I feels singin'like, Mistuh Smelt. Kin you bass?"

"Bass? Kin Ah bass? Thass why de bull frawgs is green—turned 'at shade furn jealousy."

"An' I kin tenor like a musketeer. Le's tonsorialize. You knows Ashes to Ashes?"

"Right!"

"Den ketch me as I rises."

And from the rear seat floated dubious and doleful melody.

When Elam braked the car to a halt at the side entrance of the Elite Bakery, Mistuh Smelt glanced out and promptly rammed his hand into Garnett's mouth, saying fiercely: "Choke off, ham haid!"

Garnett choked off.

"Whyfo'?" he demanded in aggrieved tones. "Ise on de key."

"Den lock yo' jaws an' th'ow de key away. We's heah!"

Garnett moved to rise, but Mistuh Smelt counteracted his eagerness with a firm push and leaned forward to whisper in Elam's ear before descending.

"Now you stan's out heah, Elam, an' w'en S'vannah th'ows somethin' out de do' you picks it up an' packs it off to de hospittle o' de morgue. Gits me?"

Elam grinned knowingly and nodded his head.

"Gits you right, Mistuh Smelt. Y'know, Ah feels guilty 'count o' dat courtship policy Ah writ on Mistuh Hoot."

Mistuh Smelt flagged him into silence.

"Doan' grieve, Elam! 'At pol'cy's been took care of long 'go by me puhs'nally; us makes money on 'at deal. Dis is mah winnin' night. Ah wins me money an' Ah's gwine win me a gal fo' keeps." He raised his voice to Garnett. "Unbuckle, Mist' Hoot, us is gwine beard de li'ness in de cage."

Garnett thrust his head through the door and with a cautious toe essayed to reach the curb. After three unsuccessful trials he withdrew his foot.

"Step out, soot face!"

"Cain't step on 'at pavement," announced Garnett, shaking his head emphatically.

"Why fo' not?"

"It's movin'."

"Mov "

"Twistin' like a merry-go-roun'."

"You's hallucinatin'. Descension right off."

"Can't till you stop th' pavement spinnin'."

"Take mah han', dizzy. Ah tells you 'at pavemen' is nailed to de groun'."

"Then th' ground's spinnin'."

"Does you 'speck me to stan' heah an' wait fo' it to run down like a talkin' machine?"

"Im'terial to me. When the spinnin' stops, I hops - not befo'. Li'ble to bust mah leg steppin' on 'at movin' escalapius."

Mistuh Smelt ostentatiously thrust one foot against the curb. "Lookee, Ah's holdin' it steady! Whirlin' now?"

"Some."

Mistuh Smelt braced both feet against the stone and leaned against the car.

"Now Ah's pushin' hard 'ginst it. You ain' that fraggle as wot you cain't ——"

"No, suh, I ain't fraygile; but if I could stan' up on 'at whirlin' plane Ah'd git me a job as a ackerbat. Ain' no use debatin', Mistuh Smelt, I doan' aim to deprive dis see-dan o' my presence till ——"

Promptly Mistuh Smelt reached round and seized Garnett's elbow.

"You doan' aim to do, but Ah do aim you don't." A single heave extracted Garnett. "Ef Ah'd stan' heah an' bazoo wid you ontil you wuz convinced, us'd be heah w'en de League o' Nations would be sayin', 'Mistuh Wilson, howdy.' Boy, ramble!" With considerable assistance Garnett skidded across the pavement into Savannah's yard. "Step 'long, Mistuh Hoot. Us is late. 'Membah, you's gwine p'sent dis female wid yo' mental surplus."

"I is," replied Garnett, withdrawing his elbow. "But befo' I does I feels I oughta p'sent some floral tributes."

"Some w'ich?"

"Floral tributes—flowuhs—a bookay."

"Glass houses all close' long 'go."

"Doan' make no diff'rence. I insist on sayin' it wid flowuhs." Garnett halted and his wandering eye fell on the blossoming hollyhocks beside the fence. He nudged Mistuh Smelt in a playful mood. "Speak o' th' devil," he whispered triumphantly, "an' he 'pears!" Then he plunged into the bed and plucked Savannah's carefully tended perennials with a reckless hand. He held the bouquet at arm's length. "Fit fo' de bes' fun'rel in town," was his complacent comment. "When she lays eyes on dat she'll jes curl up an' croak like a frawggie. Yassuh, when S'vannah sees these heah blooms somebody's gonna be touched."

Mistuh Smelt eyed the yawning segment of hedge.

"Ah 'grees wid you, Mist' Hoot, somebody"—significantly emphasized—"somebody am gonna be tetched." He took a firm grasp on his companion and rapped confidently on the door. After a protracted fumbling at the latch, Savannah, enveloped in a trig white apron, stood before them. Mistuh Smelt bowed until his uncovered forehead came within an inch of the stoop. "Ev'nin', S'vannah. Ah wuz 'scortin' Mistuh Hoot home an' he 'sisted on drappin' roun'."

"Fo' which?"

"Some 'pologies. Ben shoutin' he wouldn' go home an' he wouldn' go to bed an' he wouldn' do nothin' ontil he had wuhds wid you. To p'serve de peace Ah 'scorted him roun'."

"Whuh at Mist' Hoot hidin'?"

"Right heah 'side me"

Savannah sniffed suspiciously and backed away from the door.

"Step in," she invited. "Ah wuz jes floppin' to-morruh's dough befo' Ah went to bed."

While Savannah returned to the greased pans she had deserted to open the door Garnett sidled into the room, followed by the proprietor of North African Lloyds, Ltd.

"Jes a few seckins, gempmen," she tossed over her shoulder, "an' Ah'll be wid you-all. They is on'y a few moh loafs in dis batch. Pick out settin' room, an' whilst you chats Ah'll finish dese pans up."

Garnett chose to fire the opening gun.

"Woman," he began, "I craves 'tention. Lay off 'at dough punchin'!"

(Continued on Page 49)

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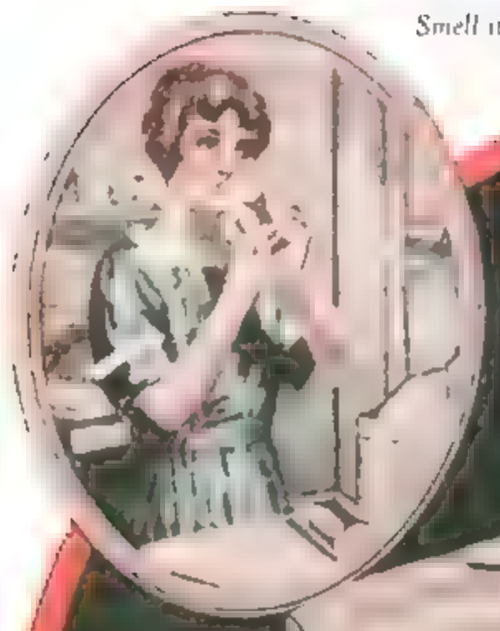

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(Continued from Page 46)

Startled by the familiar voice and the unfamiliar dialect, Savannah wheeled, her jaw sagging limply.

"Is—is dat you, Ga'nett?" she questioned weakly.

"Doan' reck'nize th' classy kid with th' spohtin' clo'es, does you?"

"Ah—Ah—whose rags is dem?"

"Rags? Keerful, 'ooman! Doan' 'sult mah git-up! Heah is some African orchids I brung you. Grab, 'ooman!" he added sharply when Savannah stood immobile. "I can't stan' heah like th' flowuhs whut blooms in th' spring-tra-la!"

Savannah examined the blossoms with patent suspicion.

"Whuh you gits dese hol'yocks?" she demanded pointedly.

Garnett scratched his head.

"I fergits," he answered guilelessly.

"Humph!" Then Savannah's eye fell on the bottle in his pocket. She reached out, extracted it and sniffed critically. "Whut you been drinkin' an' doin', Ga'nett Hoot," she shot out ominously, "sence you romped off fum me out to de club?"

Garnett smiled expansively.

"Frisky whisky and right-han' dominoes."

"Whut's them?"

"Jiggin' juice and dice shootin'"—impatiently. "Mistuh Smelt intuduces me to de spohtin' fraternity an' we p'ceeds to jubilate some."

Savannah glanced inquiringly at Mistuh Smelt.

"Dat's c'reck, S'vannah," he assured her. "Dis coot done went wil' an' disgrace hisse'f. Ah been a-tryin' to soothe 'im down, but he would let hisse'f loose. He wouldn' move fum de coal pile whuh he wuz layin' ontil Ah traded clo'es wid him, an' now look—Ah's plumb disgusted!"

"That licker you p'sented me with——" blurted Garnett eagerly.

"You feed this gempmun licker, Mistuh Smelt?" Savannah's voice was waspish.

"Yas'm. Jes one weenie drink. He complained o' indigestion an' req'ested me to p'mote 'im some."

"Been drinkin', eh?" Savannah scanned Garnett, now propped disjointedly against the wall, receiving in return a fishy stare. Silently she strode to the door and propped it open with a carpet-covered paving brick. "Ah's been bein' deceived," she grunted sententiously, "by a smooth-tongued, lyin', black-faced snake."

"S'vannah, ma'm," agreed Mistuh Smelt, "you has!"

"An' t'-night mah eyes is been opened."

"S'vannah, ma'm, they is."

"An' I p'poses to git shet o' de snake."

"'Grees wid you, S'vannah. No snake doan' d'serve no pity."

Savannah turned to the mixing bench and Mistuh Smelt prepared himself to act as the audience of his late rival's trip into the night. In a genial, bubbling mood he stepped over to Garnett.

"Smile, Mistuh Hoot," he chuckled softly, shifting the scarf which hung beneath the wearer's left ear. "Brace up, fo'——"

Thwack! Mistuh Smelt lurched limply forward under the impact of a fourteen-ounce lump of dough which smote the back of his neck and clung there.

Stunned by the unexpected jolt, he faintly heard Savannah cry, "Thah, deeceivuh! Watch out, honey!" and dropped flat on his stomach.

Hardly had his chest touched the floor when a pair of stilettolike French heels ground viciously into his back and a wooden mixing bowl split explosively across his skull, the halves rocking crazily at Garnett's feet.

"Smooth-tongued"—a cruel stab by heels propelled downward by one hundred and sixty pounds of inflamed Savannah—"lyin', black-face' snake! Git mah man 'toxicated, will you? Git 'im shootin' dice, will you? Git 'im dressin' in yo' clashin' clo'es, will you?"

Mistuh Smelt endeavored to shake off his leechlike opponent.

"Ease off, 'ooman!" he beseeched. "Leave me be! Ain' did nothin'—ow! Thah goes mah eye!"

"Ah'll learn you to mess in wid mah love 'faiuhs! Good thing Ah took 'em fi' hundred dolluhs he showed me dis mawnin'. You an' yo' gang o' low-downs would 'a' chiseled it fum 'im. Ah——"

Above the din of the unequal conflict came Garnett's voice—"As Kiplin' says:

"A speerit grabbed 'im by th' hair and toted 'im fur away,
T'ill he heard th' roar of a rattlin' ford along th' Milky Way—
Yassuh, a speerit snatched 'im by th' haid and sun by sun they fell——"

Now fully cognizant of his position, Mistuh Smelt made a frenzied fight to escape. With Savannah astride him and avidly applying her fists, he rose to his hands and knees. With unexpected suddenness his burden vanished. Before he could coördinate his muscles for one despairing leap relentless hands clutched his ears and dragged him upright.

"Lay off, wil'cat," he expostulated, "befo' Ah gits real mad an' busts you——"

"Bust?" came the scornful answer. "You couldn' bust no aigshell. Take dis!"

"This" consisted of a generous scoopful of flour which shot into his face and covered him with a clinging mantle of white.

"Yassuh," chanted Garnett:

"Go back to th' street wid a busted lip—go back wid a shined-up eye,
An' carry th' words to th' sons o' Ham how come you' mos' to die.
An' tell yo' frien's as they picks you up that Mistuh Hoot has won,
An' th' gin you woo by two an' two you pays fo' one by one!"

While Mistuh Smelt, swaying wildly, dug at his unseeing eyes, Savannah rushed him through the door to the open gate. With a deft and easy movement she swung him once, and he described a perfect arc before landing in a shapeless heap at Elam's feet.

Fascinated by the kaleidoscopic spectacle, Elam heard from the curb Savannah's conclusive "Thah!" and watched her slam the door behind her. He grasped the flour-dusted figure roughly by the collar.

"Speak up, Mistuh Hoot, speak quick! Whut'll it be—hospittle o' morgue?"

Mistuh Smelt opened his uninjured eye and blinked.

"Hit's me, Elam!"—very weakly.

"Who—who's 'me'?"

"Me—li'l' Lloyd Smelt!"

Elam stooped and searched the streaked and ghostly countenance for a familiar feature.

"Hot dawg!" he finally gasped, his voice trailing into an awed whisper.

"Stop hot dawgin', Elam, and boost me in. Ah's been rasslin' wid a regiment o' lions!"

Mistuh Smelt spread himself on the upholstery with a mixture of celestial relief and gratefulness and numbly watched Elam manipulate the dashboard instruments.

"Well, anyway," came the consoling comment from the front seat, "us makes two hunnerd an' twen'y-fi' bucks on 'at courtship pol'cy."

"Us does," groaned Mistuh Smelt—"not!"

Elam accordioned his neck rearward.

"Sez which?" he demanded incredulously. "You jes tol' me dat pol'cy wuz took care of by a——"

"Uh-huh, las' night Ah had Lawyer Bagby buy it fum Mist' Hoot fo' fi' hunnerd bucks."

"P'sumin' dat Savannah'd pick you 'stead o'——"

"Zackly. An' bankin' on a 'ooman costs us jes two hunnerd an' sev'nty-fi'——"

"Didn'——"

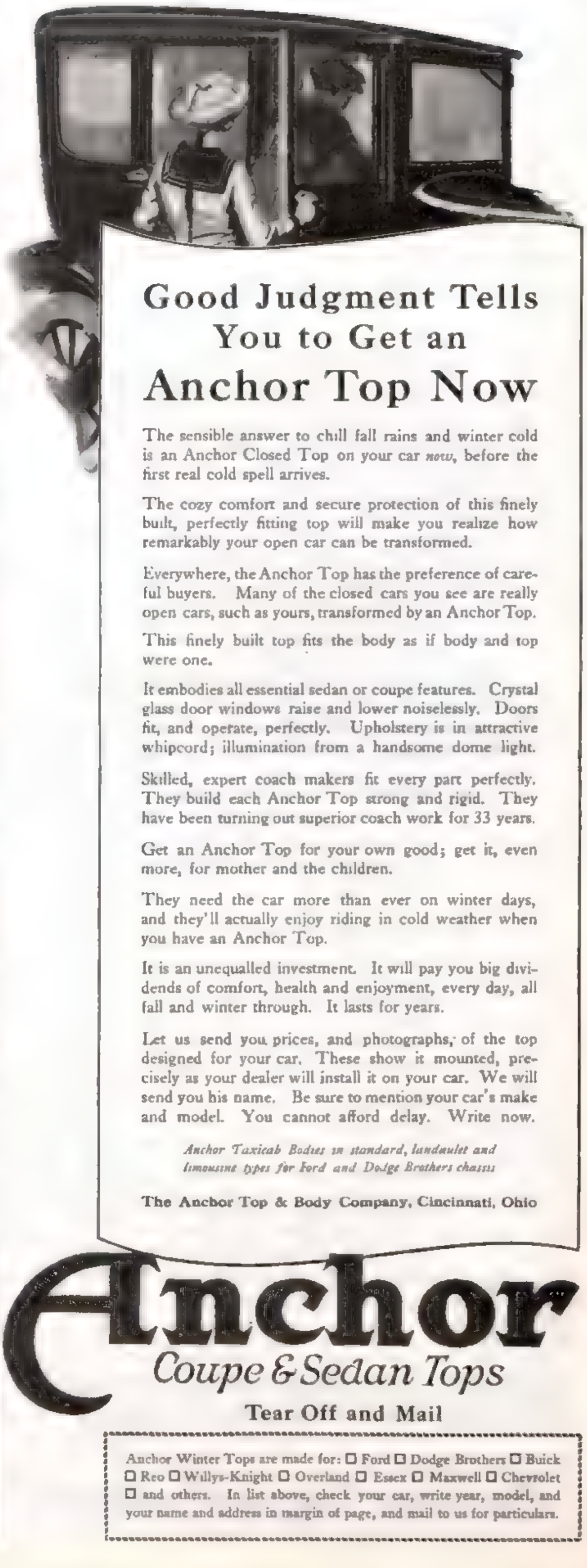
Mistuh Smelt waved a feebly languid hand.

"Dispense wid shop talk, Elam, an' travel fo' some beefsteak fo' dis optick o' mine."

Crushed and inarticulate, Elam turned limply and swung the car into the middle of the street.

"Say, boy," piped his employer when, several minutes later, the car swerved into sleeping Hancock Street, "who writ dat pome, 'De Female o' de Specie is Moh Deadly Dan de Male'?"

"Ain' suttin', Mistuh Smelt," came the all too prompt retort, "but Ah bet mah pants it wuz Mistuh Kiplin'."



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his boots. To which Squire Mason had replied that he hadn't changed them for the simple reason that they were all he had—and if murderers never did anythin' but what was wise and prudent you'd never ketch any of 'em! And at this retort the chin whiskers on the front of the jury wagged again. No, on the face of it—except for the alibi—things looked very bad for Skinny the Tramp; and Mr. Tutt knew that his alibi, as it stood, wasn't worth a tinker's dam! Squire Mason had only to hand the photograph to the jury and call its attention to the fact that the clock had stopped, and all would be over. Yet Mr. Tutt, buoyed up by a mysterious confidence, which had its basis in the prosecutor's uneasiness, bore himself bravely in the face of all his difficulties.

The last witness to the alibi gave his stammering testimony, was cross-examined, redirected, recrossed and excused. The court-room clock pointed to half after twelve. The crucial moment of the trial had been reached. Skinny's alibi stood—swaying to be sure—but still in the perpendicular. If the case should be closed then and there it would remain erect and Skinny would doubtless go free, but if the squire so much as pulled out a single brick, gave it the tiniest push, by calling the jury's attention to the fact that the hermit's clock was not going at the time of the murder, the alibi would fall with a crash and Skinny would pay with his life. What was the squire going to do?

"Well, gentlemen," remarked Judge Tompkins, "what are your desires? Does the defense rest?"

Mr. Tutt hesitated. His only possible remaining witness was the defendant himself. He would of course gladly rest his case if the prosecutor would do the same thing. But Squire Mason gave no indication of what his intentions in that regard might be.

"If Your Honor please," said Mr. Tutt, "the usual hour of adjournment is at hand. May I suggest that we take a recess until one-thirty in order that I may have time to review the evidence? It is my present intention to rest my case upon the alibi which has been so clearly established, and to call no further witnesses, but I should like an hour's time to consider the matter."

"That seems reasonable," agreed Judge Tompkins. "Is that satisfactory to you, Mister District Attorney?"

The squire half rose from his chair. But before he could make reply the legal earthquake—of which Mr. Tutt had remained in deadly fear ever since Mr. Pennypacker had given his testimony—occurred. The alibi shivered at its top like a tree under the woodsman's ax, hung for a moment in trembling equilibrium and crashed to the ground.

"Before we adjourn fer dinner," remarked the foreman, "I'd like to take a look at that picter o' the inside o' the shanty. I want to see suthin."

Mr. Tutt turned sick. Forcing his features into a distorted smile, he said with an assumption of impulsive eagerness: "By all means! Squire Mason, will you kindly hand Exhibit F to Mr. Sawyer?"

And then the wily squire, having patiently awaited this exact moment for three whole days, bent over and lifted a package from beneath his desk—precisely as Mr. Tutt had anticipated—announcing dramatically: "I suttinly will! An' as I regard Exhibit F as the most important piece of evidence in the case I've had fifteen copies made of it—one for the judge, one for each juryman, one for the defense and one for myself. Here they be!"

There was a ruffle of excitement as the jury scrambled for their photographs—destined in the succeeding years to decorate twelve parlor walls in as many farmhouses. Each juror grabbed his photograph and hunched back in his seat to see what he could see.

Then the foreman remarked with the air of a Sherlock Holmes addressing his dear Watson: "Accordin' to the evidence this here picter was took at six o'clock in the afternoon and the plate was exposed ten minutes. Now if the clock in the shanty had been goin' you'd natcherly expec' the picter to show the hour hand p'intin' at six and the minute hand blurred. But both hands is perfectly distinct and p'ints to four o'clock. Now it 'pears to me as if this clock must ha' stopped—no one knows when—an', if it wasn't goin', of course Emerson couldn't say when it was that he went into the shanty, and nobody knows when the hermit was kilt. Ain't thet so, jedge?"

In the silence which followed this entirely logical and demolishing argument the only sound to be heard was the ticking of the official timepiece on the court-room wall, until Judge Tompkins said in a constrained tone and with a glance full of meaning at Mr. Tutt: "The foreman has pointed out a fact of considerable significance. But of course the matter will be one for discussion in the jury room, if the case goes to the jury. At all events we will now take the customary adjournment until half past one o'clock."

VII

THE ax had fallen. The jig was up. The defense was doomed. The knell had sounded for Skinny the Tramp. The poor old alibi was dead; ready to be carried out and buried. And so, almost, was Mr. Tutt, who sat head in hands alone in the stifling court room, gloomily pondering upon the manifold changes and chances of this mortal life. He was up against it. Without Emerson there was no possibility of eliciting any new fact if any there were. Even with Emerson there was only a conjectural conceivability of so doing. Further examination might or might not benefit the defense—the probabilities being decidedly against it. And Emerson had utterly disappeared, Mr. Tutt's hourly telephone messages to Orient Mills only eliciting the invariable reply that nobody had the remotest idea where he was.

Mr. Tutt's brain was working as it had rarely worked before. It fairly seethed as he considered every possibility of escape, no matter how remote. Should he put Hawkins upon the stand? With the alibi destroyed a conviction seemed inevitable unless the defendant made some sort of explanation of the evidence against him. But Skinny's was so lame as to be almost worse than no defense at all, and on cross-examination the squire would certainly make mincemeat of him. Not that what Skinny had told him might not be true, but nobody would believe it. It was so extremely simple as to be childish—merely that he had not done it! No one better than Mr. Tutt himself knew the immense disadvantage under which even an innocent defendant labored under cross-examination. It was merely a bull baiting. Ignorant, stupid, uneducated, the ordinary accused in a criminal case is no match even for a tyro of a prosecutor. Often he does not even understand the meanings of the questions put to him. And he must answer categorically—yes or no. With an unscrupulous district attorney the prisoner in the witness chair can do little more than deny the accusations, often unfounded, that are hurled against him one after the other and that the jury accept as unqualifiedly true. Better for him the ancient law that as an interested party he could not testify in his own behalf. Yet to-day a defendant must testify or the jury will assume him guilty as a matter of course. No, if Skinny took the stand they would eat him alive. He would be a gone coon. And if he didn't take the stand he would be a gone coon. He was a gone coon either way—damned if he did and damned if he didn't.

As to Emerson, no judge in his senses, least of all a wise old bird like Tompkins, was going to adjourn a murder trial—right in the middle of it—in order to let one side chase up a witness who had been fully examined and told he could go away, simply because one of the lawyers thought he'd like to ask him another question. It wasn't done. If it were done trials would never come to an end and half the murderers would get off.

Beside him Skinny Hawkins, his client, was quietly eating his lunch, consisting of a couple of sandwiches and a big doughnut sent over from the Phœnix House by Ma Best. It was a safe bet that at the same time to-morrow he would be awaiting the

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U.S.

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sentence of death. Did he appreciate the situation? Was he cognizant of his peril? Certainly he gave no indication of it.

Unexpectedly Skinny raised his faded blue eyes to those of the old lawyer and asked: "Mr. Tutt, do you believe anythin' ever dies?"

Mr. Tutt pulled himself together sharply.

"Of course not!" he replied confidently. "Of course not!"

"Then it's all right—anyway!" said Skinny the Tramp.

VIII

WE HAVE sometimes felt constrained to write an essay, to be entitled The Menace of the Probable, the thesis of which will be that it is the improbable that usually happens, and explain why. The axiom that "truth is stranger than fiction" is based upon this assumption. As Aristotle says: "Better a probable impossibility than an impossible probability." Thus the probabilities were that some improbability had happened—just as it always did, and does; that Emerson had joined a traveling circus, run away with a minister's wife, gone into the movies or been murdered himself. This was the reason that Mr. Tutt had sent his telegram to New York—so that his detectives could search all the unlikely places in Northern New York, Canada and, eventually, Alaska, at twelve dollars fifty a day and expenses. Under these circumstances the detectives would detect—perhaps. That was their line—the probable improbability; not the improbable probability. To foresee or deduce that requires genius. None of which paradoxical and specious reasoning of Mr. Tutt's at all helped the situation, the gist of which was that Skinny was going to be hanged.

Mr. Tutt, having reassured the tramp with regard to the future of his immortal soul, took up his hat and started for the Phœnix House. If he were going to die he purposed to die game; to die game a man must eat, and—the better one ate the better one died. For this reason he purposed to do execution in the best possible manner upon one of Ma Best's dollar dinners. That is, he had intended to do so until, turning the corner of the courthouse, he walked into Mr. Charles Emerson, who was nonchalantly sitting on an empty lemon crate smoking a pipe.

Mr. Tutt punched himself violently in the ribs. Was it possible? Emerson, seeing the distinguished attorney regarding him with eyes starting from their sockets, slowly rose.

"Don't move!" shouted Mr. Tutt. "As you were!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable—

don't you dare to stir until I get the sheriff and clap a subpœna on you! We've been hunting all over Somerset County for you!"

"Well, I've been here ever since this forenoon," answered Charles Emerson blandly.

"Sit still!" warned the lawyer. "Don't budge! If you do I won't answer for the consequences!"

Then seeing Sheriff Higgins about to enter the drug store Mr. Tutt hurried down the street, summoned him forth and, conducting him round the corner, said: "Sheriff, Mr. Emerson is with us again."

"Y' don't say now!" ejaculated Higgins.

"Yes," asserted Mr. Tutt. "But being a witness for the prosecution it would not be quite proper for me to talk to him. Do you think it would be possible for you casually to ascertain from him a little more fully what he knows about the hour of the murder?"

"Well ——" hesitated the sheriff.

"But you're a sacred camel," urged Mr. Tutt.

The fact that Emerson also was a camel, and that all camels are proverbially thirsty animals, may have accounted for Squire Mason's failure to learn of the lost witness' reappearance before court opened. Though the worthy Hezekiah during the progress of the trial had at times felt momentary twinges of apprehension—not of conscience but merely lest his motives and conduct of the prosecution should be impugned—he now felt secure. The only person in the world—as he thought—whose testimony could possibly subject him to censure had providentially absented himself. It made no difference whether Skinny took the stand or stayed off it. His denial wouldn't affect the strength of the case in any way—would amount to nothing, in view of the blood on his hands, the marks of his shoes, the pipe, the twenty five-dollar gold pieces and the fact that Emerson had trailed him straight to Pottsville within fifteen minutes.

So the squire felt pretty good and the dome on the Capitol at Albany shone brightly and near at hand. He had old Tutt down and out! Even the New York papers would probably carry a good big story about the conviction. In the background of his crafty mind lurked, as well, the realization that in case of a conviction there would be no one to demand the payment of Skinny's semiannual interest. So the Honorable Hezekiah strolled back into the court room, picking his teeth with a good deal of satisfaction. It was jammed as usual—the audience breathlessly awaiting the last act of the great free show. There sat the jury, looking like mutes at a funeral; there sat Skinny, his eyes wandering vaguely round the room; there sat Mr. Tutt, calm, alert, stern, tense. Hezekiah didn't like the way he looked. Anyhow, he'd beaten him to a standstill—a frazzle! Then the clerk having called the roll of the jury, the judge directed that the trial proceed, and Mr. Tutt rose—with just the least shade of melodrama.

Through the high windows Skinny the Tramp looked past Mr. Tutt's tall, lank figure out into the world of freedom, where the great elms gently swayed in the sunlight, and the white spire of the Baptist meeting house tapered toward the blue zenith. He, the helpless victim, had less knowledge of what was going on than any of them. After all, he perhaps had less to lose than any of them. Then a gust stronger than the others bowed the rustling top of the elm nearest the courthouse and slowly the cock upon the steeple veered round and pointed in the opposite direction.

IX

"MR. WILLIAM GOOKIN—please take the witness chair," said Mr. Tutt.

Toggery Bill, Pottsville's merchant prince, rose from one of the nearer benches and ascended the rostrum with an air of conscious dignity. Mr. Tutt handed him the five twenty-dollar bills found in the hermit's waistcoat pocket.

"Mr. Gookin," he remarked, "I show you People's exhibits numbered seventeen to twenty-one inclusive and ask if you can identify them."

Toggery Bill carefully examined the bills and replied that he could.

"How?"

"I've got my mark on each one."

"Show the jury."

Mr. Gookin pointed out with pride the words "Pottsville Dry Goods & Tailoring Emporium, April 16," printed in small red letters by means of a rubber stamp on each one.

"Now," continued Mr. Tutt quietly, "please tell us when you last saw them."

"The mornin' of the murder," answered Toggery Bill. "April twenty-seventh."

"Where did you see them?"

"In my store. I gave 'em to Squire Mason about eleven o'clock, and I hold his note for a hundred dollars for the loan."

The effect of this simple announcement was extraordinary, for though it created complete bewilderment, it suggested the weirdest possibilities. Here was a murdered hermit with a hundred dollars in his pocket which, within five hours, had been in the possession of the very man who was now prosecuting the person charged with the homicide. It was all very confusing to the bucolic mind. Some of them even thought for a moment that Mr. Tutt had proved that Squire Mason had committed the murder. Indeed, the squire was almost as pale as if he had. What was old man Tutt goin' to try to get on him? He did not have to wait long to find out.

"Mr. Mason—please take the witness chair."

With a lump in his gullet of the size and dryness of a golf ball Hezekiah, amid the poorly controlled comments of the spectators, which the sheriff for some reason made no effort to suppress, his diaphragm quivering with anxiety as to what all this might mean, climbed up into the public eye and was sworn.

"Mr. Mason, you have heard the testimony of the last witness, Mr. Gookin. Is it correct?"

"Yes," conceded Hezekiah thickly.

"What use did you make of these bills?"

The Honorable Mason snapped his jaws defiantly together. Then he turned to Judge Tompkins.

"I don't see what that's got to do with anything, judge," he complained. "Do I have to answer?"

"It's perfectly relevant," returned His Honor. "Do you mean to say that you think how that money got into the possession and upon the person of the deceased isn't of importance? Of course it is! Answer."

Mason bowed to the inevitable.

"I give it to Skinny—the defendant—in my office at half past eleven," said he.

A murmur rose from the benches. This was some evidence! What was coming next? But nothing came—from Mr. Tutt, who merely bowed.

"Thank you," said he quietly. "That is all."

The prosecutor was about to return to his table before the jury box, when Judge Tompkins took the hand in the matter which Mr. Tutt had anticipated that he would.

"Hold on a minute!" directed His Honor with a perplexed air. "I don't understand. Why did you give the defendant a hundred dollars on the morning of the murder?"

"'Cause he asked for it," returned the squire shortly.

"Did you owe it to him?"

"Why, no," answered the squire—"that is, not exactly. It weren't a debt. It was interest due."

"Due on what?" demanded the judge irritably.

"On his trust fund," reluctantly admitted Mason. The judge peered at him sharply over his spectacles.

"Who is the trustee of the fund?"

There was a long pause.

"I am," yielded Mason finally.

"Do you mean that you are the trustee of a fund of which this prisoner, whom you are trying to convict of murder, is the beneficiary?" cried Tompkins, leaning forward.

"I am," assented Mason faintly.

There was a chorus of mingled hisses and jeers from the benches, but Judge Tompkins took no notice of it.

"This is a most extraordinary situation!" he declared. "However—we will not deal with it now. Proceed with the trial."

Mason crept back to his seat. It was clear that the judge had it in for him—but that needn't affect the outcome of the trial.

Then he got another jar—this time an even heavier one.

"Charles Emerson," murmured Mr. Tutt sweetly, "please take the stand; I have an additional question I wish to put to you in cross-examination."

There was nothing in Emerson's recall to excite any special interest among the spectators, since few, if any, of them knew that he had gone away. But there was much in Squire Mason's demeanor, as the witness made his way forward, to give pause to those who watched him. Something had happened to him. He had shriveled naught else. With his eyes shifting uneasily the district attorney sat fumbling with his papers, refusing to meet the glance of the mill hand.

Then he rose and said in a husky voice which held no conviction: "I object to the recallin' of this witness. He's been examined once."

"I overrule your objection. Mr. Tutt may interrogate him as fully as he wishes," retorted Judge Tompkins sharply. He turned to Emerson.

"Where have you been? I understood you had disappeared."

Emerson smiled sheepishly.

"I've been here right along," he answered, "'cept just after I give my testimony. You see I took a job up to Orient Mills, but I got thinkin' about the case an' I decided to come back again."

"Why?" demanded His Honor.

"Well, jedge," explained Emerson, "y'see I figured out that mebbe my evidence might turn out to be pretty important, for I heard over to the Phœnix House how Skinny was goin' to try to prove he was in Pottsville at four o'clock. Now I knew the murder was done jest about that time. An' I testified to it here, but"—and he spoke very slowly and distinctly—"nobody—neither Squire Mason nor Mr. Tutt—asked me much about it—and I got thinkin'——"

"I object t' all this!" again interposed Mason. "This ain't any proper way for him to testify—tellin' about what he thought, an' all."

"That is quite true," agreed His Honor. "Mr. Tutt, you had better question the witness in the regular way."

Mr. Tutt bowed. He, too, had observed that the weathercock had veered.

"Anyhow, I come back on the mornin' train," finished Mr. Emerson, "an' I've been here right along."

"Mr. Emerson," Mr. Tutt began, his voice trembling slightly from the excitement under which he labored, "you have testified that when you entered the hermit's shanty the clock pointed to four o'clock."

"Yes," answered the witness, "it did."

"You have also testified that you returned later on with Mr. Pennypacker, when he took his photograph. Did you notice the clock at that time?"

"I did."

"At what hour was it pointing?"

"Four o'clock."

"Was it going at that time?"

Emerson shook his head.

"No," he replied. "It warn't."

Mr. Tutt's heart gave a flutter, but he kept bravely on without batting a lid.

"But you testified positively that you knew it was four o'clock when you went there the first time."

"Yep—yes, I mean," replied the witness firmly. "I know it was four o'clock."

Mr. Tutt was now on terra firma, for he knew that whatever the answer might be it was bound to be favorable. He was safely within the conservative rule that you must never ask a question unless you are sure that the answer cannot hurt you. But he did not know what the answer was going to be, had no idea of what fact he might be about to elicit. So that there was a delicious uncertainty about the next inquiry, upon which he fully realized that he staked his whole case.

"How do you know it was four o'clock?" he demanded with a note of triumph and the air of being now about to disclose something which he had known perfectly well all along but which he had withheld until this, the exact psychological moment. "Tell the jury how you know, Mr. Emerson!"

The jury, fully apprised of the fact that upon the answer hung the validity of Skinny's alibi, focused their eyes on the lumberman's honest face. Even Judge Tompkins could not refrain from turning halfway round and pulling his chair toward the witness box so as not to lose a word. By common consent, by instinct and in fact, this was the apex, the climax, the dénouement of the trial of Skinny the Tramp. Would Emerson make good—or wouldn't he?

"Fer one thing, because when I was in the shanty the first time I kin almost swear I heard the clock tick," answered Emerson positively.

The jury looked at one another inquiringly. That was pretty strong testimony! To recall that you heard a clock tick!

"Are you quite sure?" cautioned Judge Tompkins. "Remember that this is a very important bit of evidence."

"Pretty near!" answered Emerson. "I'm satisfied fer myself that I did, but this bein' a court o' law, mebbe I'd oughter be more certain to swear to it. Anyhow, that is how I remember it. I testified before how I went into the shanty and saw the hermit lyin' with his mouth covered with blood and how he died while I held his head in my hand. If you'd been there you'd ha' remembered it all right, too, I reckon. But nobody axed me if I knew the clock was goin'! Wal, it was this way. When I lifted the hermit's head an' looked in his face the shanty was all still—'ceptin' fer three things."

He paused, almost as if for effect.

"What were they?" softly demanded Mr. Tutt.

Emerson lowered his voice.

"The first was the kind of cluckin' sound the hermit's breath made goin' in and out through his mouth on account of the blood. His eyes was half open but they didn't see none. He was just passin' out. It was so quiet I felt real creepy—all alone with him dyin'. But what skeered me most was an enormous great moth—the biggest I ever see—that went flap-flap-flap agin the winder tryin' to git out. It flapped and flapped and I thought it would stun itself agin the glass. An' ez I knelt thar holdin' the hermit's head, listenin' to his breathing and to that big gray moth flappin' over at the winder, I kin most swear I heard the clock tick—and then all of a suddint the whole shanty went still. The hermit didn't

(Continued on Page 57)

—When She Grows Up

Rivals in Beauty

Why not? There are too few years between youth and babyhood to work noticeable changes in a young girl's skin. And a fresh, smooth complexion should keep its beauty long after girlhood's days have passed.

Give your skin the same care that you lavish on your baby's and the charm of alluring youthful freshness will be yours when she grows up.

You wouldn't dream of letting a day pass without thorough cleansing with mild, pure soap. (Most mothers use Palmolive.)

Treat your complexion the same careful way and the roughness, the little blemishes and the coarseness of texture which so many women try to cover up with powder will soon be transformed into becoming freshness.

What every complexion needs

Once every day your skin must be gently but thoroughly cleansed from all accumulations of dirt, perspiration and excess oil secretions.

Powder and rouge must be removed, traces of cold cream washed away. Every tiny pore must be freed from clogging accumulations so that the network of minute glands can do its necessary work.

Neglect this daily cleansing, or depend upon cold cream alone, and dirt, oil, perspiration, powder, rouge and the cream itself combine in an impervious coat which smothers your natural complexion.

The result is sluggishness, which soon results in a lifeless, sallow skin. Blackheads develop, dirt infections produce pimples, the filled-up pores enlarge into unattractive coarseness.

Such a skin is a disfigurement which cosmetics can't conceal. Simple cleansing once a day will quickly cure it.

You must use soap and water

There is no other safe, quick, satisfactory cleanser. Your baby's skin proves this.

Mild soap, of course, balmy and soothing, which means Palmolive Soap. Its profuse creamy lather is the scientific blend of palm and olive oils, the mild gentle cleansers Cleopatra used.

If your skin is oily apply this cosmetic lather without preparation, massaging it thoroughly into every tiny skin cell until not a trace of foreign matter remains.

If your skin is inclined to dryness apply a little cold cream before you start cleansing. This keeps the most sensitive skin delightfully soft and smooth.

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If we made Palmolive in small quantities the price would be high. Palm and olive oils are costly ingredients—they come from overseas. We import them in such vast quantity that the price is much reduced.

The Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the enormous and ever-growing demand. This reduces manufacturing cost.

Result, the finest facial soap modern science, employing an ancient beauty secret, can produce, at the price of ordinary soap. Palmolive, everywhere, costs only 10 cents a cake.

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Very much as mothers do today. She used a blend of palm and olive oils, crude, but mild and soothing. Modern babies are bathed with the perfected blend which modern science has achieved in Palmolive—the mildest soap it is possible to produce.

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

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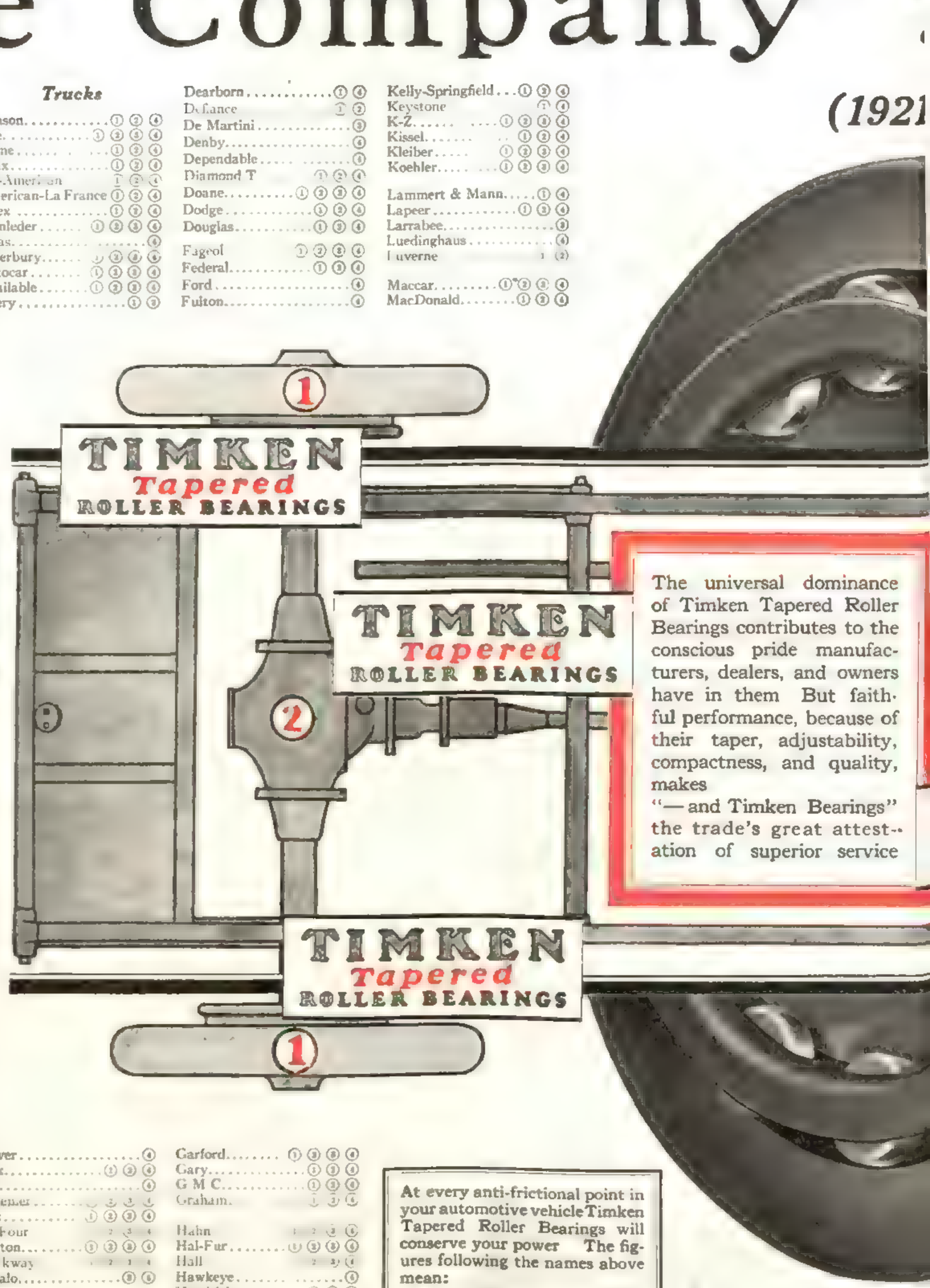

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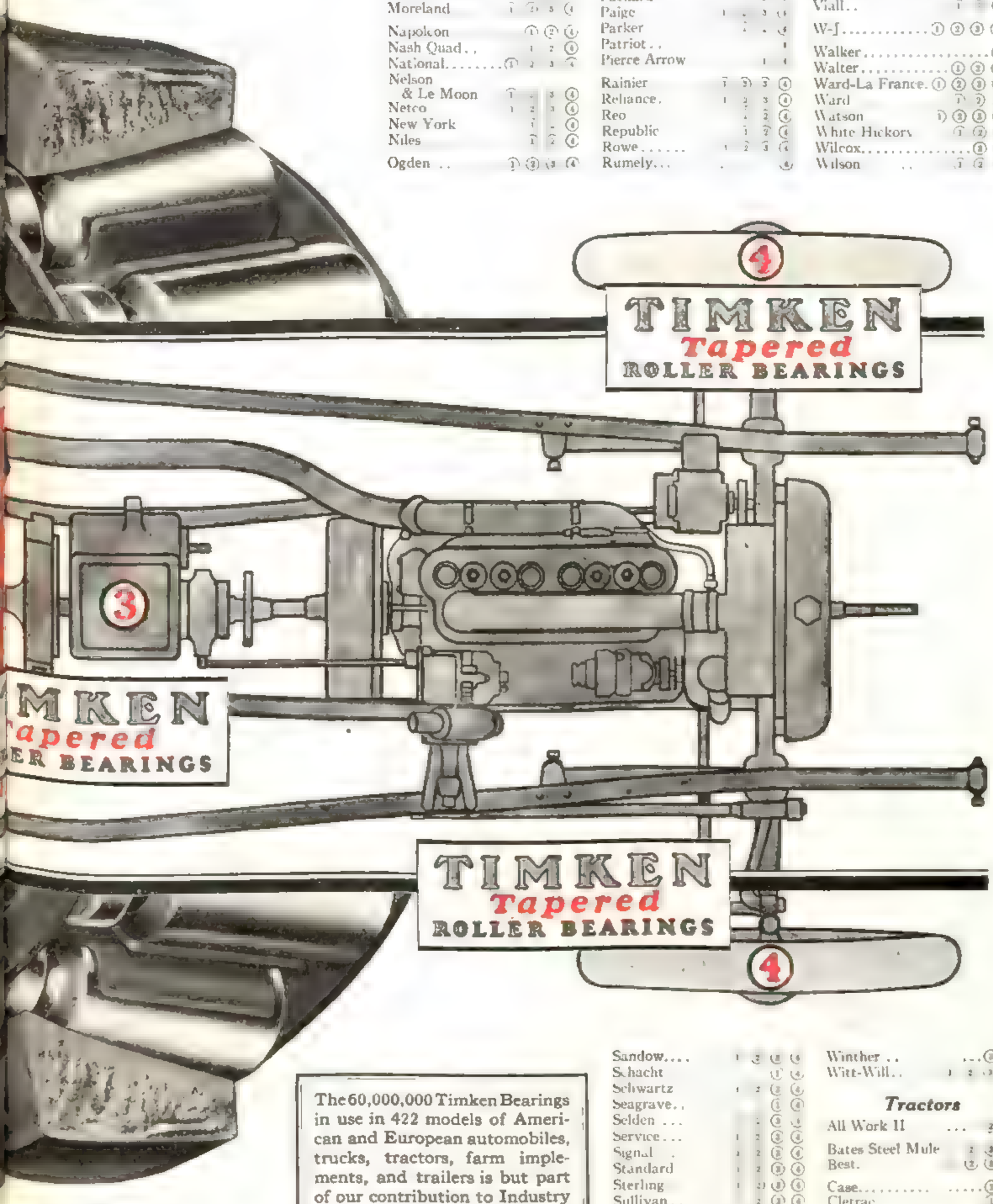

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National	①	②	③	④
Nelson & Le Moon	①	②	③	④
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Bean				④
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Darracq				④
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Garrett	①	②	③	④
Halleys	①	②	③	④
Herbert				④
Humber			③	④
Karrier		①	②	③
Leyland	①			③
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Minerva				④
Napier	①			④
Newton	①			④
Orwell			①	④
Palladium	①	②	③	④
Pontifex & Ferringdon	①	②		④
Riley			③	④
Rover				④
Singer				③
Straker-Squire			①	④
Star	①	②	③	④
Swift				④
Talbot			②	④
Tilling Stevens	①			
Thornycroft	①			④
Waverly				④
Wolseley	①	②	③	④

Sandow	①	②	③	④
Schacht			①	④
Schwartz	①	②	③	④
Seagrave			①	④
Selden			②	③
Service	①	②	③	④
Signal	①	②	③	④
Standard	①	②	③	④
Sterling	①	②	③	④
Sullivan		②	③	④
Superior		①	②	④
Three Point	①	②	③	④
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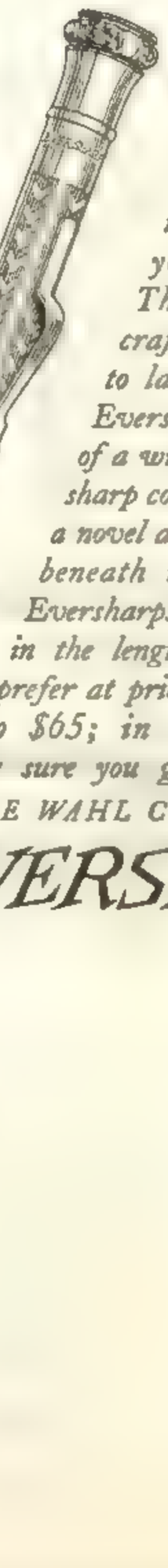

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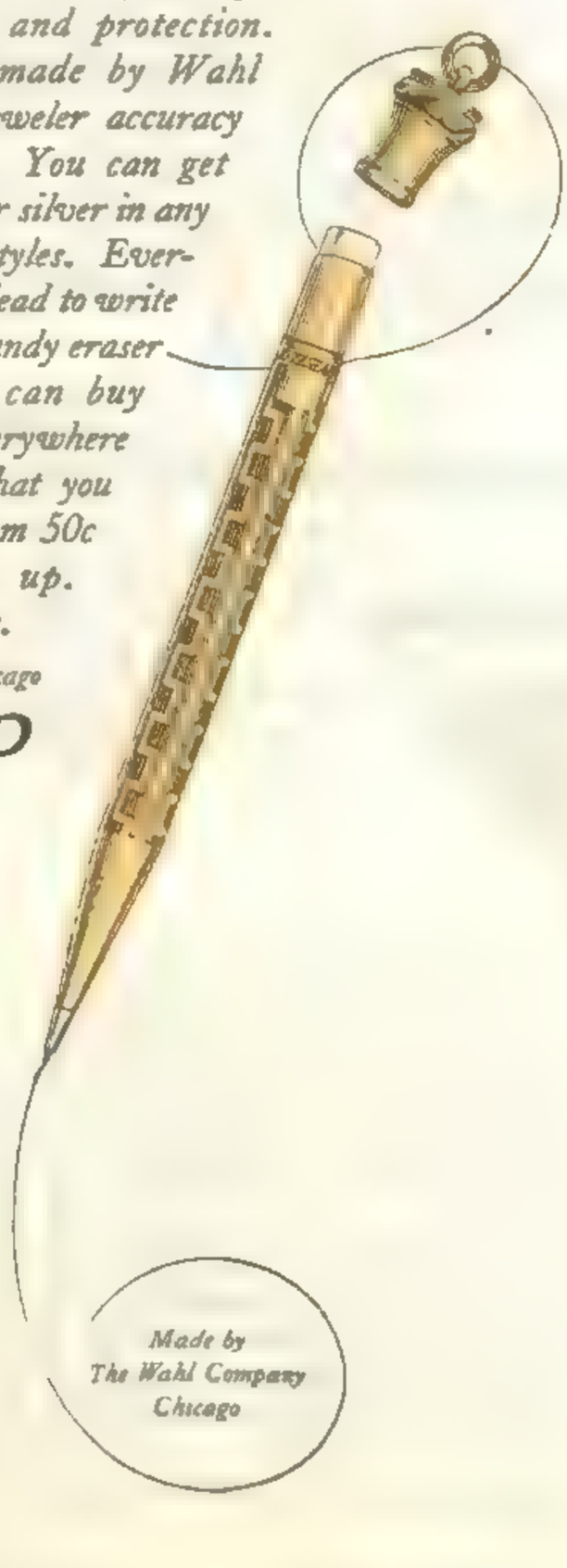

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(Continued from Page 52)

breathe no more; the moth flew out the door, an' ——"

"Well?" whispered Mr. Tutt.

"An' the clock stopped!"

In the silence that followed there was no one in the court room who did not mark the ticking of the clock upon the rear wall. Each listener told himself that if necessary he could swear to it until his dying day.

Then Mr. Tutt said, almost with unconcern: "And did you tell Squire Mason all this?"

"Sure!" replied Emerson, looking the prosecutor full in the face. "I told him all about it that very afternoon!"

Judge Tompkins fixed the wretched prosecutor with a beetling eye.

"How do you reconcile the withholding of this very vital evidence from the jury?" he inquired in icy tones.

Mason, very white, attempted to rise, but collapsed weakly into his chair.

"I didn't believe it," he answered faintly. "It ain't any part o' my duty to have a witness tell fairy stories to the jury."

"But in calling the witness you vouched for his credibility," retorted Judge Tompkins with contempt.

"Only in so far as I brought out his testimony myself," replied the squire feebly. "I believed he was tellin' the truth about findin' the hermit still alive—and mebbe about the moth—but I didn't believe—an' I don't believe now—an' what's more I don't believe anybody else believes—that that partic'lar clock up an' stopped the very moment the hermit died."

He pressed his lips together resolutely.

Judge Tompkins turned a scornful shoulder to the now groveling Hezekiah.

"Mr. Emerson," said he, "you have contributed materially by your testimony, given this afternoon, to our knowledge of the case. Have you any other means of knowing whether at the time you think you heard the hermit's clock tick and noticed that it was pointing to four o'clock, that was the correct time?"

"Yes, jedge, I have," answered the witness without hesitation. "For just as the silence come in the shanty—when the hermit had died, and the big moth had flown out, and the clock had stopped—the whistle over to Sawyer's Steam Lumber Mill blew four o'clock."

"I guess that settles that!" remarked the foreman, leaning back and wagging a confirmatory chin whisker.

"Did you tell that also to Squire Mason?" inquired His Honor scathingly.

"No," answered Emerson. "I tole him it was four o'clock, and how the clock stopped, an' as he didn't seem partic'larly interested 'bout the hour, I let it go at that."

x

THOSE of our readers who perchance should happen to find themselves for a night in Pottsville or in any of the adjacent towns should not fail to elicit from the oldest accessible inhabitant the great story of the ripping up of Squire Mason by Lawyer Tutt in the latter's closing address to the jury, and how the governor, upon the recommendation of Judge Tompkins, promptly removed the prosecutor from office, thus blasting a promising political career. For Mr. Tutt, by one of those freaks of fortune which do occasionally occur, now found himself in a position to make good on every one of the charges—both direct and indirect—which he had made against the prosecutor, and to prove him in fact to be every one of all the varieties of crook, rascal and rapscallion that he had called him.

And he somehow managed in addition to convince everybody—except possibly shrewd old Judge Tompkins—that he had known all about everything from the beginning of the trial and that the whole Emerson business had been just a grand-stand play carefully staged to give a proper theatrical effect to the final coup.

Anyhow, according to general account, there wasn't a thing left of Squire Mason when Mr. Tutt got through with him. He was flayed, disemboweled, torn limb from limb, drawn and quartered, and his various physical members, with their connective tissues, scattered broadside over Somerset County—to the great joy of the inhabitants thereof. And—what was of vastly more importance—Skinny the Tramp's alibi was definitely, finally and impregnably established; so that when Judge Tompkins concluded his charge to the jury at a quarter past three o'clock on Friday afternoon everybody said it was all over but the shouting, and most of them didn't wait to hear the verdict.

Indeed, so confident was public opinion of an immediate acquittal that the sheriff didn't even take Skinny back to the calaboose, but allowed him to smoke one of Mr. Tutt's stogies right in the court room, while Judge Tompkins and the old lawyer strolled across Main Street to sit on the Phœnix House piazza until the jury should come in.

"Well, Mr. Tutt," said His Honor as he politely declined one of the famous Wheeling stogies, "I must congratulate you on a most adroit and effective piece of courtroom strategy. The way you held back and finally brought out the story of the clock was really masterly!"

Mr. Tutt smiled enigmatically.

"I took several chances in that case," he admitted, with a great deal more truth than his listener was aware of.

"However," replied Judge Tompkins, "you didn't take anywhere near as many as our friend the district attorney. Unofficially—not for publication, and in the language of the metropolis from which you come—in my opinion, he's some crook."

"Unofficially and confidentially," returned Mr. Tutt, "I entirely agree with you. Speaking mildly, he's got by long odds the most perverted sense of fair play that I have ever come across."

"That's all the good it will do him," said His Honor. "If I'm not mistaken that jury will acquit inside of fifteen minutes."

"You never can tell," murmured Mr. Tutt; "it's fourteen minutes since they went out, already."

"Anyhow, it's only a question of a very short time—your alibi was conclusively established."

"Yes," assented Mr. Tutt, "but very likely there's some rube on that jury that doesn't know yet what the word means."

As if in curious confirmation of Mr. Tutt's cynical opinion of the cerebral equipment of his fellow human beings the sheriff at this moment appeared from the direction of the courthouse.

"Jedge," said he, "the jury allow ez how they'd like to have some supper. Shall I bring 'em over or hold 'em a while?"

"What do you think, Mr. Tutt?" inquired His Honor.

"When a jury wants its supper," answered the old lawyer, "always give it to 'em—and send 'em in a box of cigars besides."

Judge Tompkins laughed.

"All right, sheriff," said he; "give them their supper by all means. Strange," he added. "I thought surely they'd agree almost immediately!"

"They were doin' a powerful lot of talkin' the last time I went into the jury room," remarked the sheriff. "You could hear 'em holler 'way acrost the road."

He vanished into the courthouse and presently returned, leading the jury, like an ancient bellwether, down the steps and toward the hotel. The judge and Mr. Tutt eyed them intently for the purpose of deciphering if possible the thoughts concealed behind their inscrutability. But no more expressionless set of men ever ascended the piazza steps of the Phœnix House than the jury to whose keeping had been intrusted the life of Skinny the Tramp.

"Hanged if I can tell a thing from looking at 'em," admitted Judge Tompkins.

"I can," countered Mr. Tutt. "They're hungry."

It appeared in due course that this particular jury was more than ordinarily hungry, for its members not only consumed the entire official menu but insisted on eating three plates of Ma Best's griddle cakes apiece; after which they sat on the piazza for an entire hour in replete silence while digestion took its course; and it was eight o'clock and after repeated urgings on the part of the sheriff when they reluctantly consented to return to the courthouse.

"It's only a matter of form," opined Judge Tompkins to Mr. Tutt. "They'll agree now in no time."

"H'm! You never can tell!" answered Mr. Tutt as he excused himself and went upstairs to refill his pockets with stogies.

Indeed, Judge Tompkins guessed wholly wrong. The jury—so far as could be ascertained by any proper legal means—had no immediate intention of agreeing at all. Nine o'clock came, and nine-thirty, with still no word from them. At ten or thereabouts a vigorous rapping on the door of the jury room caused the hearts of those spectators who still lingered in the courthouse to thump loudly—but it was only a call for ice water. At ten-thirty the sheriff reported absolute silence—evidently a deadlock. At eleven all was still quiet along the Potomac.

The judge, surprised and impatient at what seemed to indicate the possibility of a miscarriage of justice, directed Sheriff Higgins to inquire if there was a likelihood of an agreement, to which the foreman merely returned the laconic answer that as yet they had not reached a verdict. Five hours had now elapsed since the twelve good and true men had received their instructions and retired to deliberate.

"Mr. Tutt," said Judge Tompkins, "I will wait here until eleven-thirty, and if there is no word from the jury by that time I shall return to the Phœnix House and go to bed."

But at eleven-thirty no word had come and the sheriff reported that there was no sound whatever inside the jury room. All argument had ceased. He couldn't hear a durn thing. He reckoned they'd gone to sleep for the night.

"It's incredible!" declared His Honor. "A perfectly plain case! What do you suppose is making the trouble?"

"You kin search me, jedge!" said the sheriff. "Now you just go acrost to bed and if anything happens I'll hustle right over."

A couple of dozen hangers-on still remained after the judge had left the court room, whose electric brilliants were only slightly dimmed by the incense from as many virulent cigars. Betting was now even on the result, with the odds three to two on an ultimate disagreement. Evidently for some unknown reason the alibi had gone bad. Mr. Tutt, sitting on the topmost step of the courthouse entrance, felt a surreptitious poke in the back and perceived that the sheriff was beckoning mysteriously to him. Rising with ostentatious indifference the lawyer followed the official to the rear of the building, where, after making sure that they were unobserved, Higgins unlocked a small door opening upon a flight of back stairs.

"Got suthin I want to show ye!" he muttered, with an elaborate facial contortion designed to register mischievous humor. Mr. Tutt responded with a similar grimace and the two cautiously tiptoed up the stairs to the topmost landing, where the sheriff unlocked another door, and, after lighting a candle tip produced from his trousers pocket, conducted the lawyer into the blackness of what was evidently the courthouse attic.

"Duck yer head," he warned, "if ye don't want to crack yer skull!"

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. Tutt, though he did not in the least care.

"Never you mind!" retorted his guide.

Then after he had felt his way sixty feet or so across the timbers the sheriff stopped and blew out the candle.

"We're right over the jury room," he whispered.

The attic was hot, dusty, close and full of cobwebs, suggestive of man-eating spiders, but enthused with the spirit of adventure, Mr. Tutt stood motionless over the crack of light which showed them to be in the right place. Below, all was silence, penetrated by an occasional hiss and punctuated now and then with a snore. What had occurred? Was there in fact a deadlock?

Would Skinny the Tramp have to face another trial for his life?

After what seemed an incredible period of time a chair scraped and a voice was heard: "What time is it now, Bill?"

There was a momentary hiatus, during which a watch was evidently consulted and then the foreman made reply: "Ten minutes to twelve."

Again the cloak of silence descended upon the so-called deliberations of the jury. Then Mr. Tutt was startled by the voice of Sawyer, the foreman, who evidently sat just beneath them.

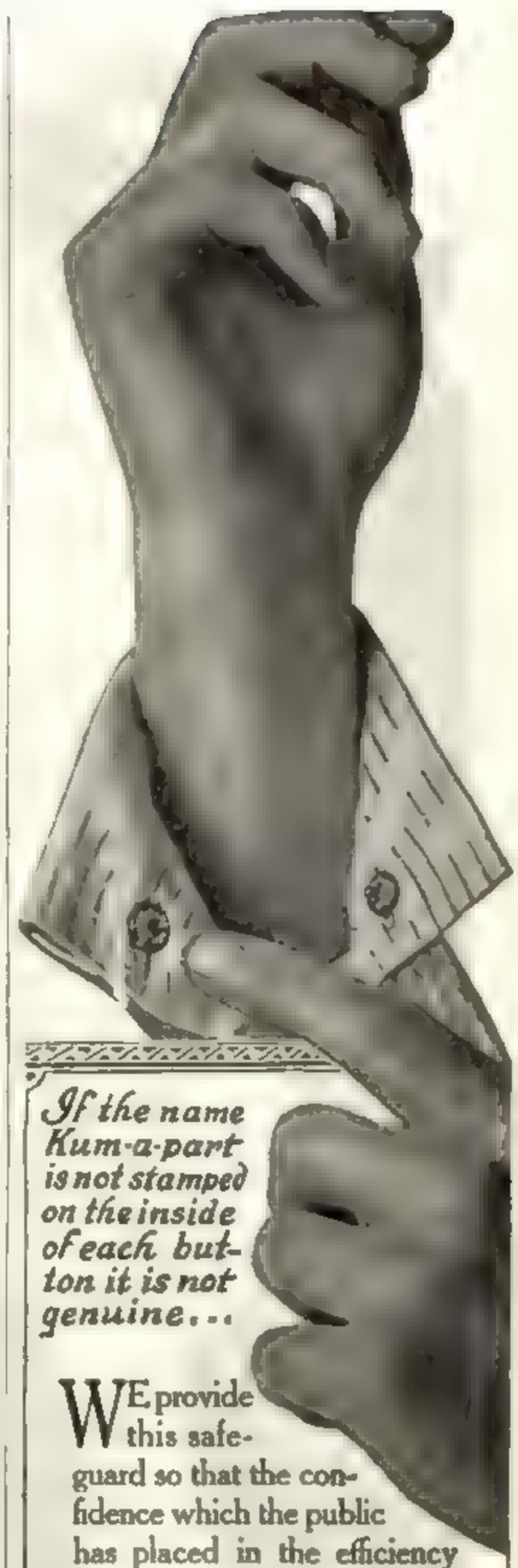
"Well, boys," he exclaimed in a voice full of relief, "it's five minutes after midnight—Saturday mornin'—an' I guess we're safe to claim another day's pay. After all, three dollars is real money—wuth gettin'! All up! Seventh inning!"

There was a tremendous scuffling of feet below, intermingled with loud yawns.

"Well," said the foreman again, "we're all agreed, ain't we? It's an acquittal, ain't it?"

"Yep! You betcher! Sure!" came from eleven husky throats.

The foreman pounded sharply upon the door of the jury room and the sheriff scrambled hastily toward the attic door.



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"An' the next thing, after we git outer here," continued the foreman dryly, "is to decide what we're goin' to do with Squire Mason!"

The crowd surged about Skinny, caught him up on its shoulders and bore him, struggling and feebly protesting, out of the court room, down the steps and over to the Phœnix House.

Ma Best was waiting for them, and when they dumped Skinny down on the piazza she threw her arms about him and with the tears streaming down her cheeks cried: "You poor, poor boy! Come right in and let me give you a nice hot supper, and after that a soft clean bed!"

But Skinny shook his head.

"The supper's all right," he said, "but I guess I'd rather sleep outdoors!"

In the court room Sheriff Higgins approached Mr. Tutt.

"Well," he said, taking a fat envelope out of his breast pocket and glancing into it, "here's your fee. Two hundred and fifty dollars! Wisht I could earn money that easy!"

Mr. Tutt waved the envelope away with a careless gesture.

"Give it to Skinny," he said; "he needs it."

Just then with a rush the crowd came piling into the court room again.

"Where's Mason?" they demanded. "Where's the old son of a ——"

But the squire, being wise in his generation, had already taken his departure.

On a hillside overlooking the fertile valley of the Sacramento, Skinny the Tramp lay amid a clump of giant redwoods and watched the sun drawing water through the rain clouds gathered a thousand feet below him. Resting upon a thick bed of pine needles, he leaned luxuriously against a rock, while at his feet, propped over a small fire, a tomato can bubbled cheerily and gave forth a sweet-smelling savor. It was six months after the trial and two months since One-eyed Pedro, heir apparent of the Zingari Gypsies, had confessed in the death house at Sing Sing, where he was awaiting execution for the murder of his father, that he had likewise killed Drake, the Hermit of Turkey Hollow.

This was the first real opportunity that Skinny had had to sit as he loved with the world at his feet—and think! With his eyes half closed and the gray smoke from his cigarette coiling and uncoiling in the shaft of sunlight that shot through the branches above his head, Skinny recalled the events leading up to his trial. It had been very much the same sort of afternoon that the hermit was killed; there had been the same softness in the air, the same flooding sunlight shining gold red on the trees and fields against the blue gray of the rain clouds. He had been lying just that same way on the hillside above Turkey Hollow—dreaming as usual of pots of gold. Then the storm had burst and for half an hour it had poured, as it was raining now at the other end of the valley, and the rainbow had come out against the leaden sky, with one end of it on the hermit's hut.

He recalled vividly how he had rushed down through the drenched woods, passing the lumberman Emerson, whose greeting in his hurry he had neglected to return, and peeked in through the hermit's window, to find him counting his gold. What a thrill the sight had given him! His faith had at last been justified! Just as he'd always known it sometime would be: rainbow—pot of gold! The fact that the gold belonged to someone else didn't really affect the soundness of the theory one way or the other; and when the hermit had good-naturedly agreed to exchange twenty of the smaller pieces for a hundred dollars in bills he had been almost as well pleased as if he had found the gold hidden in the earth. Then he had strode on through the woods to the village.

That was all there had been to it. It had taken him twenty minutes to walk the mile—he knew it, because the hermit's clock had pointed to twenty minutes to four when he left the shanty. Suddenly the blood in the tramp's jugular leaped violently. Yes, the clock had certainly pointed to twenty minutes to four—and if so—it must have—must have stopped—run down or something—at the very moment the old man died! And he, Skinny, was the only person alive who knew it—for he was the only person who knew positively that it had been going just before the murder. Funny! A prickly feeling spread over his back—like a needle bath, only he had never had one. It was funny! And then there was that enormous gray moth that Emerson said had been trying to get out the window. Hadn't he warned the hermit that some day those bugs would wriggle off their pins and go for him! Sure! And the clock had stopped! The tune of the old song floated through his mind and unconsciously he hummed the words over to himself:

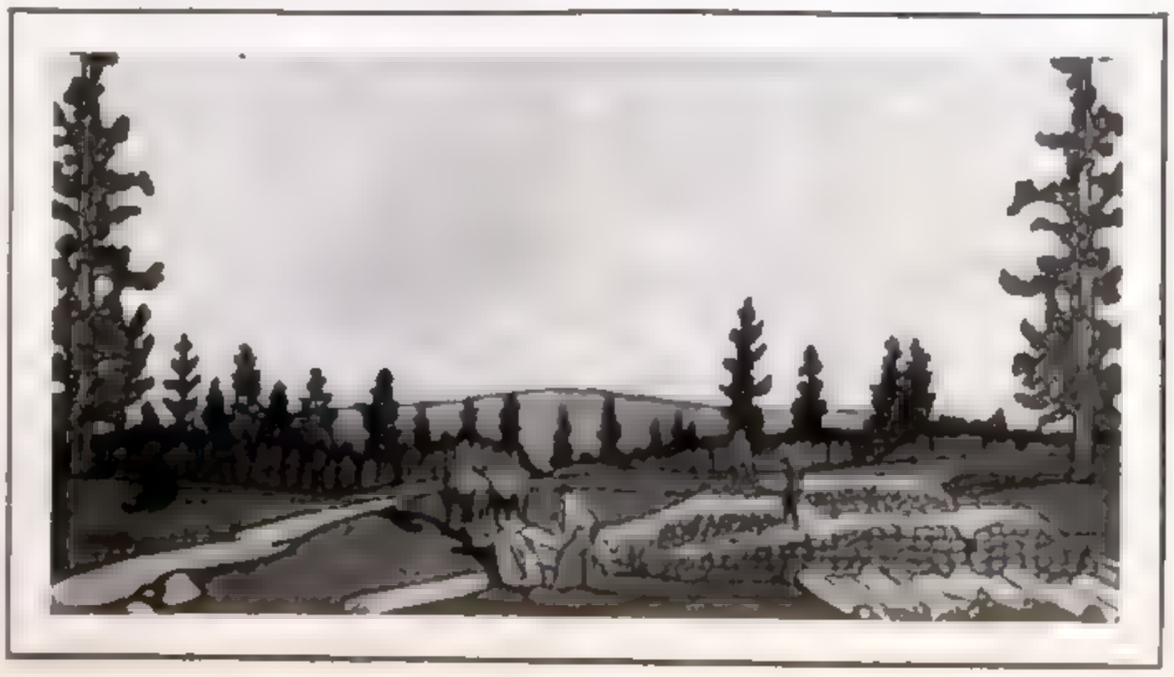
"Oh, my grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride,
But it—stopped—short—never to go again—
When—the old—man—died."

It had too! He was the only one who knew it—or about the moth! It was just what the hermit had joked him about, that some day he'd go flappin' off like a big gray moth. Now he was in that other world—that world that was right along beside us. Skinny looked round apprehensively, but there was no moth in sight. Had it grown chilly? He shivered and noticed that his cigarette had gone out. He lighted it again on his knees at the fire, and as he did so the sweet savor of the soup rose to his nostrils. It was nearly done! He forgot all about the murder in the anticipation of soup. Back through the whole being of Skinny the Tramp surged a warm, delirious joy—merely at being alive. Kneeling there he looked like the votary of some forest god as he rubbed his lean hands over the blaze and stretched his arms outward and upward toward the sky. He yawned deliciously. Then he observed with interest that a rainbow had appeared on the opposite side of the valley—a wonderful gleaming arch, whose blending colors seemed to singe the clouds. One end of it descended directly upon a field hard by a yellow farmhouse. Pots of gold again! Skinny watched as it momentarily grew brighter, beckoning him to wealth and possible adventure; then, forgetful of the soup, he scrambled to his feet.

"Hully gee!" he exclaimed in keen excitement. "Hully gee!"

The next instant he had plunged down the hillside toward the valley.

(THE END)



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One Season of Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear Spoils a Man for Ordinary Underwear

COMFORT—for instance. Let him get into the elastic, form-fitting Cooper's-Bennington—and *feel the difference!*

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1. It has a straight inner border because the foot is by nature straight on the inner side.
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MEN'S PANAMA
MODEL No. 467
Fitted with O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels

OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

(Continued from Page 7)

the meeting, she saw as she looked, was touched with a similar emotion.

Unannounced, and evidently unexpected by all, the handsome and striking Miss Vera McBride was now rising, calm and unselfconscious, in spite of all the eyes which centered on her. Beyond her, her Russian protégée looked up with awe and admiration.

"I wish to take issue with the preceding speaker," said Miss McBride, dropping icy syllables into the ensuing silence. "It is precisely because of its subsidized press that my America and yours—if not his—is in real danger to-day."

She spoke, beautifully poised, in the intensely parliamentary manner of the new trained woman speaker, but every syllable could not but cut deep into the soft flesh of the one who had preceded her and at whom she was now looking.

"It is not Russian gold we have to fear, my friends, in this," she was proceeding. "It is a subsidy of a far different kind—the subsidy of commercialism, of capital, of intolerant and intolerable wealth, that we have to fear in my country!"

The chairman of the afternoon, a slight, elderly man, with slight, elderly whiskers, after some hesitation seemed now about to open his mouth, but seeing the perfect poise and confidence of the younger speaker he hesitated. Others seemed alarmed, uncomfortable, apprehensive at this evidently unexpected interpolation in the program. But the inscrutable eyes of the woman on the outskirts of the audience lighted with an evident gleam of pleasure.

"Eat 'em," she said to herself. "Eat 'em alive!"

"My country, I fear," said the beautiful but unsolicited speaker with calm cruelty, "is different in many ways from his country. My country is not afraid of the truth. My country stands for truth, for service to all! It has even recently enfranchised its women," she said with bitter emphasis.

The fat man shook his head gravely, regarding the tips of his shoes.

"Pardon ——" the elderly speaker of the meeting was saying in a slight, elderly, embarrassed voice. A crowd of very young men in a far corner was now snickering. But the beautiful, undisturbed speaker went on.

The face of the strange woman watching her lighted now with an interest and appreciation that were almost professional.

"No wonder. No wonder she knocks them dead!" she was saying to herself, listening to the untroubled representative of her sex, her own eyes fixed upon that central figure in the salon again with that trained intensity of attention and study which seemed to distinguish her.

"My country," the speaker was proceeding, standing very tall and still, "is no mean country. My country is the world! Our conception of patriotism has been made over in the last few years, my friends," she continued. "Patriotism is not now confined to geographical borders. It is not national. It is international. Hence I do not fear the truth, wherever it may hail from. It is the untruth that I fear, the subtle untruth, which naturally misleads by appeals to our own prejudices and self-interest. The small untruth of race, of creed, of provincialism—of too much a hundred per cent America! No, my friends, it is not Russian gold I fear—though I have not, like the previous speaker, any intimate information concerning it."

The fat man turned visibly in his chair at this. The chairman again opened his mouth and closed it again. The audience rustled. The college boys in the corner became a little more demonstrative. But the strange woman on the outside of the crowd did not once remove her eyes, held now unwaveringly upon the speaker's face in what might be thought to be the study and admiration of a close student and admirer of technic.

"They fall in windrows!" she remarked to herself.

"And so, so I say to you, my friends," the speaker was continuing, undisturbed, "it is not to Russian gold that we must look with fear, but to ourselves! To the subtle subsidy of our press from within by our self-interest, our little hard self-seekings and our commercialism! For I agree with the previous speaker heartily on one point! The greatest danger of America, of the world to-day, is the subsidized press. Subsidized by us, by him and his kind," she said, again directing attention toward the previous speaker. "Ourselves—our type in this assembly to-day!"

"Mister Chairman, I—I must insist!" exclaimed the fat man, now struggling up in protest.

There was much confusion in the audience, especially in the corner of the college boys. But the hard and inscrutable eyes of the strange woman in the audience still stared unmoved, studying the central figure.

"Madam," said the polite chairman, "I ——"

"One moment," called the beautiful, calm speaker, "one moment, and I am done. It so chances," she stated to the audience, "that at just this time I myself am a member of a group in which the previous speaker cannot help but be interested, which proposes a movement, a world-wide movement for the unsubsidizing of the press."

"Madam," called the now excited chairman again, "I must insist!"

"I know—I am quite sure that the gentleman would wish to hear," said the beautiful speaker, bending forward with a white smile of intensely parliamentary inquiry toward the previous speaker, who could not help but bow, quite involuntarily.

"She beats them down, that's all," murmured the unknown woman student of her actions.

"I will merely say this and close," continued Miss Vera McBride, now drawing the discussion to its end: "This movement for the unsubsidized press starts, as it should start, in America. It is composed of a group of enthusiasts, of which I chance to be one, but which is made up principally of men."

"Men is right!" murmured the lips of her unheard student. "And you in the midst."

"A little group, with few exceptions men—some wealthy, some talented, some of the most talented young men in this country. Men of wealth and talent ——"

At this reiterated statement the face of the stranger regarding her underwent a marked change. The expression of mockery and wonder was suddenly replaced by another—a look of mingled conjecture and reflection, which did not leave it as the speaker's voice went on outlining the activities of her group of enthusiasts:

"—— who have dedicated themselves to this cause," she stated, "this great cause of the foundation of an unsubsidized press in America, in the world. And if anyone in the audience is interested in such a movement he or she would be most welcome as a contributor if not as an actor. For the foundation of this movement toward an unsubsidized press must necessarily require contributions, money in large quantities. If such there are ——"

"Madam," said the excited chairman, "you must close! This is no time—no place!"

She looked at him, calm, proud, unflinching. "As there seems to be an objection to free speech here," she said coldly, "I will only say that my name is Vera McBride, and my stateroom is Number 263. Two—six—three."

At this there was a slight demonstration from the college boys in the corner. "Two—six—three," they said audibly. "We—will—remember."

But the speaker paid no possible attention to this. "And I shall be most glad," she went on, coldly oblivious, "at any time to talk with anyone interested as I am in the welfare, not of one locality, but the world. I have no fear—of anyone. I will see anyone in a just cause—anyone, even if bearing Russian gold! I am not afraid!"

Looking steadily at the chairman she sat down calmly in a general stillness, broken only slightly by the muffled cheers of the young college men in the corner.

The unknown listener in the outskirts had scarcely noticed this byplay; being engrossed apparently in a train of thought of her own, she seemed oblivious of her surroundings. But now, at the last words, her hard eyes lighted suddenly. She gave a sudden start, as if a suggestion of great importance had all at once struck her mind.

"Why not?" she murmured to herself. "She'd fall for it in a minute!"

(Continued on Page 63)

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TOE AND HEEL

Socks

They WEAR—*because toe and heel are* INTERWOVEN

(Continued from Page 60)

She turned now, a moment later, and picked her way out of the American patriotic concert, back to the deserted deck. Sitting down again in her steamer chair she stared ahead in the manner of one engrossed by a new and striking thought.

"There might be, at that!" she whispered, and lay silent. "You can't tell. There might be another one or two of them by this time out sowing their intellectual wild oats, like Archibald!" she murmured, and again stopped.

After this somewhat singular statement she lay for a long time silent, staring before her in the attitude and with the tense facial expression of one whose mind is concentrated on an important and venturesome enterprise. It was no longer the face of the sad, weary, Oriental fatalist, but a new face—the face of the hard, alert, watchful, practiced gambler with fate.

III

"SAND, mem? Yes, mem," said the steward. "I could find it, I think, mem."

"All right," said the solitary young woman traveler out of Russia, in whose stateroom he was standing, in a very snappy and businesslike voice. "Now the next question. Do you know anybody in the customs service—very well?"

The steward after a moment's hesitation answered affirmatively, but with a close eye upon his questioner.

"Hi do, mem, yes. Hi have a second cousin," he said, looking around him as he spoke, "in the service. 'E's gone and become an American citizen, mem."

"All right," his questioner now proceeded, with a slight sharpening of an already sharp voice. "Do you want to make a couple of pounds?"

"Hi carn't say, mem," the ship's minor officer said guardedly, again looking around. "That depends upon the circumstances, mem."

"You wouldn't object, would you?"

"Hi wouldn't hobject, mem, no, mem, if it's all right and proper, mem," said the steward in a deeply moral voice.

"Now, listen," said the unknown woman. "You see that there?"

She was pointing, he saw, to a box—a strange, strong, foreign-looking box which might have been Russian in origin, he surmised, from its lettering. At the present time it seemed to contain some articles of wearing apparel—some clothes and shoes.

"I see it, yes, mem."

"You can fill that with sand, can't you?"

"Hi can, mem; Hi think."

"And fix it up so it won't leak?"

"Yes, mem."

"And nail it up?"

"Hi can, mem, yes," said the steward, now standing on his other foot.

"All right," said the stranger in Russian dress. Her weariness of the previous day now seemed to have left her. She was full of life and vigor, alert to a remarkable degree. "Now then, you say you know this fellow—this cousin of yours you talk about. How well do you know him?"

The steward regarded her with the air of one willing to listen to reason, but not feeling called upon to take the next step.

"Do you know him well enough—for him to take your word, at a pinch?"

"Hi do, perhaps, mem," he said, still with his careful eyes upon her.

"Could you tell him, when we get ashore, just what would be in that box?"

"What would be, mem?" he asked defensively.

"Sand, wouldn't it?" she said sharply. "And you could tell him that you had packed it up, and you knew—so he wouldn't have to open it?"

"Do Hi understand you to hagree, mem," he asked, somewhat hesitantly, "not to put in anything else besides?"

"I would, yes."

The steward gazed at her with a growing shadow of doubt in his face.

"Hi'm afraid, mem," he said finally, "hin the circumstances, Hi couldn't undertake it. Hi'm sorry, mem," he said, backing toward the door, "but Hi'm a married man, with a family in England. And jobs being ——"

"Listen here, forget it!" said the unknown woman, and with a free gesture of her hand she seized his coat collar and drew him back toward her. "Now, this is on the level. There's no game in it."

"No game in it?" repeated the steward.

"No."

"Sand?" repeated the steward again.

"Yes," said the unknown woman in the Russian dress but with the strangely un-Russian talk; "and nothing else. And I'll prove it to you. I'll show you."

The steward waited.

"Do you know where you could get any sand on the dock; or could you find out?"

"Yes, mem, Hi think Hi could," he answered after reflection.

"All right then. Now you can do this, can't you?"

"What, mem?"

"You can get it out on the pier for me—the box full of sand?"

"Yes, mem. Hi think so, mem," he answered, gauging the size of the box with his eye. "With 'elp."

"And you can get it to this customs officer you know?"

"Yes, mem, Hi think so."

"And if he don't believe you and you don't believe me, you can just empty out all the sand on the pier somewhere; throw it away and get new fresh sand, and put it in and pack it up again with him looking at it."

"Yes, mem; Hi could, mem."

"That would prove it to you, wouldn't it, that everything was all right?"

The steward did not respond immediately, but stood with his mouth slightly open.

"It would, mem, yes," he said; "but——"

"Could you do it quick?" she cut across his thoughts to ask him.

"Yes, mem. Hi think so. Quite reasonable quick, mem," he answered, still apparently dazed.

"Do it all on the quiet, without anybody watching you—but me, if I have to?"

"Yes, mem. Probably, mem. But——"

"And keep the whole thing to yourself?"

"Yes, mem; but——"

"But what?"

"Do Hi understand you, mem," he asked, recapitulating, "that you would wish to fill it up with sand, mem—and then afterwards, if necessary, throw that sand all out, and place new sand in, hupon the pier?"

"Exactly right."

"Any sand I might wish?"

"Right."

"Isn't that a little hunusual, mem?" asked the steward, again backing away.

"It's what I'm paying you for, isn't it?"

"In all my hexperience, Hi don't recall, mem——"

"Will you do it or won't you?"

"I'll do it, yes, mem, Hi will. But if you don't mind my saying it, mem, it's most unusual. In all my hexperience——"

"Forget it, Jack!" said the strange woman impatiently. "Let's go. Postpone the memories of old-home week. I'm in a hurry."

Interrupting the discussion of her companion in this abrupt way the strange and now alert traveler from Russia started her agent upon his new and mysterious errand with an executive ability that would have been marked in any assembly—even of American railroad presidents.

IV

THE two women stretched side by side, each occupied with her own thoughts, half dozing, gazing out upon the somnolent Atlantic. At the right, as the casual passer upon the deck saw them, lay the fine semi-military figure of Miss Vera McBride. At his left, or her right as she lay face upward, was the as yet unidentified traveler from Russia.

There was a subtle but distinct change in her from the day before. She looked much more foreign, much more distinctly Russian. Still in plain Russian-peasant garb, she had assumed a hairdressing that was much more clearly Russian than before; there was much more color in her dark and previously sallow cheeks; jet earrings fell from her ears also, and gave her that interesting and foreign beauty which is associated with the high-class Russian woman by every reader of the American Sunday papers.

As she lay there she was more than foreign, more than beautiful; she was fascinating to the eyes of any American, man or woman.

She turned her dark and striking eyes, after some obvious hesitation, and accosted at length the beautiful Miss McBride with the diffidence of one not speaking in one's native tongue.

"Pardon a strangaar," she said in that well-modulated voice of the highly cultivated foreigner, which once heard is never forgotten, "but you are the spikker—the unexpected spikker of the American concert of yesterday?"

Miss Vera McBride bowed assent.

"You do not remembaar me—most naturally. But I vas in-troduce to you by your little pr-r-rotégée of yesterday also," she went on, using the damp, rolling, Continental "r" of the real European.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Vera McBride, acknowledging this.

"And I vish to say, I haf heard with great sympathee all you haf then said, of America and the remaining vorld, against that fat man—that spikker before you spik."

"Oh, he was disgusting!" said Miss McBride with a gesture of positive and aggressive contempt.

"I shall agree with you," said the cultivated stranger. "I haf with you great sympathee—and more. For I perceif you are Internationalist in the larger sense."

"In the right sense—yes," said Miss McBride, making a clear distinction in the use of terms. "But not a Bolshevist."

"I also," said the dark and interesting-looking stranger.

"I am a citizen of the world, I hope," stated Miss McBride, still further defining her position. "What we need to-day is not one hundred per cent Americanism or any other nationality. It is a hundred per cent sympathy and courage for all. I hope I have that. But I do not know. You cannot tell these days," she said, a frank and self-deprecatory but very attractive smile coming to her face.

"I also," said the stranger. "May I offer you a cigarette?"

Suiting the action to the word she opened and passed a cigarette case filled with long, slight and obviously Russian cigarettes.

The two Internationalists lighted and for a time smoked their exotic cigarettes in silence but deep enjoyment, passing on to the discussion of many problems of mutual interest upon the continent of Europe, and particularly in that great new social laboratory, Russia.

The stranger, though perhaps a little guarded in her own statements, encouraged and approved Miss McBride's opinions warmly.

"I see," she stated finally, "you haf great sympathee, real understanding of our problems. You almost encourage me," she said, and stopped with that charming heaitancy by which a cultivated foreigner hints at an approaching point of special delicacy.

"To what?" asked Miss McBride, who was now intensely interested in her and her viewpoint.

"You almost encourage me, your sympathee," she went on doubtfully, "to spik to you of myself—my pr-r-roblem."

"Do," said Miss Vera McBride very graciously.

"For I am in—in—what you say?—a great quan-dary," she said, with that delightful slight misplacement of the accent which makes the cultivated foreigner's speech so fascinating.

"Do, please," urged Miss McBride cordially.

The stranger looked about her carefully before answering.

"Leesten," she said. "Could you vish to come vith me to my stateroom? There, perhaps, you might help me in my difficultee—my quan-dary—yess?" she asked, lifting her eyebrows slightly, in the European manner.

"By all means," replied the other.

And throwing away the remainders of their Russian cigarettes they soon found themselves in the tiny cabin of the stranger.

"It is small indeedt," she said, "yet it suffices for my need at present."

She spoke with simple dignity, and with the courtesy which Europeans have she proffered her guest an improvised seat, apparently a medium sized box with a pillow on it, she herself sitting upon the edge of the berth.

"You vill smile, my friendt, but I haf had the feeling from the first that I could trust you," she said, using always the moist European "r" which is so unmistakable.

"Absolutely," said Miss Vera McBride.

"I felt it yesterday, when you spik—you vill laugh—ven you spik of the radicals, the press. I say to myself, 'Thees is one to whom I could make confidence.' I feel it here!" she said, catching at her blouse, "as you do sometime."

"I know, I know," said Miss McBride, seated upon the box, nodding deeply. "I know, I know what you mean."

(Continued on Page 66)

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New Britain—Palace Theatre
New Haven—Rialto Theatre
New London—Crown Theatre

DELAWARE
Wilmington—Queen Theatre

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington—Columbia Theatre

FLORIDA
Jacksonville—Arcade Theatre
Tampa—Victory Theatre

GEORGIA
Atlanta—Howard Theatre

IDAHO
Boise—Pinney Theatre

ILLINOIS
Alton—Princess Theatre
Bloomington—Irvin Theatre
Chicago—Central Park Theatre
Riviera Theatre
Senate Theatre
Stratford Theatre
Tivoli Theatre
Danville—Palace Theatre
Decatur—Bijou Theatre
East St. Louis—Majestic Theatre
Joliet—Princess Theatre
Kankakee—La Petite Theatre
Peoria—Madison Theatre
Rockford—Palm Theatre
Rock Island—Ft. Armstrong
Springfield—Princess Theatre

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Ft. Wayne—Jefferson Theatre
Indianapolis—Ohio Theatre
Kokomo—Ixia Theatre
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South Bend—Castle Theatre
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Clinton—Rialto Theatre
Davenport—Capitol Theatre
Des Moines—Des Moines Theatre
Dubuque—Strand Theatre
Ft. Dodge—Rialto Theatre
Ottumwa—Circle Theatre
Sioux City—Royal Theatre
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KANSAS
Eldorado—Palace Theatre
Hutchinson—Midland Theatre
Independence—Beldorf Theatre
Topeka—Orpheum Theatre
Wichita—Palace Theatre

KENTUCKY
Louisville—Majestic Theatre

MAINE
Portland—Strand Theatre

MARYLAND
Baltimore—Century Theatre

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston—Park Theatre
Holyoke—Suffolk Theatre
Lawrence—Rialto Theatre
Springfield—Capitol Theatre
Worcester—Olympia Theatre

MICHIGAN
Battle Creek—Regent Theatre
Bay City—Regent Theatre
Detroit—Broadway-Strand Theatre
Flint—Regent Theatre
Grand Rapids—Majestic Gardens
Jackson—Orpheum Theatre
Kalamazoo—Regent Theatre
Lansing—Gladmer Theatre
Muskegon—Regent Theatre
Saginaw—Franklin Theatre

MINNESOTA
Austin—Lyric Theatre
Duluth—Lyceum Theatre
Mankato—Sandon Theatre
Minneapolis—Lyric Theatre
New Ulm—Lyric Theatre
Pipestone—Gem Theatre
St. Paul—Garrick Theatre
Sleepy Eye—Opera House

MISSOURI
Hannibal—Star Theatre
Kansas City—Newman Theatre
St. Joseph—Orpheum Theatre
St. Louis—New Grand Central
West End Lyric Theatre

NEBRASKA
Grand Island—Strand Theatre
Lincoln—Lyric Theatre
Omaha—Rialto Theatre

NEVADA
Reno—Wigwam Theatre

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City—Virginia Theatre
Camden—Grand Theatre
Newark—Branford Theatre
Paterson—Regent Theatre
Trenton—State St. Theatre

NEW YORK
Albany—Grand Theatre
Binghamton—Strand Theatre
Brooklyn—Loew's Gates Theatre
Loew's Metropolitan Theatre
Loew's Palace Theatre
Loew's Warwick Theatre
The Farragut Theatre
Buffalo—Criterion Theatre
Hippodrome Theatre
Elmira—Regent Theatre
Niagara Falls—Lumberg Theatre
New York City—Loew's American Theatre
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Loew's Victoria Theatre
Loew's Victory Theatre
Rochester—Piccadilly Theatre
Schenectady—Proctor's Theatre
Syracuse—Crescent Theatre
Troy—Proctor's Theatre
Utica—Avon Theatre
Watertown—Olympic Theatre

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte—Imperial Theatre
Columbia—Imperial Theatre
Raleigh—Alamo Theatre

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo—Orpheum Theatre

OHIO
Akron—Orpheum Theatre
Canton—Valentine Theatre
Chillicothe—Sherman Theatre
Cincinnati—Capitol Theatre
Cleveland—Stillman Theatre
Columbus—James Theatre
Dayton—Auditorium Theatre
Hamilton—Rialto Theatre
Lima—Faurot Opera House
Lorain—Temple Theatre
Mansfield—Opera House
Middletown—Grand Theatre
Newark—Auditorium Theatre
Toledo—Valentine Theatre
Youngstown—Liberty Theatre
Zanesville—Imperial Theatre

OKLAHOMA
Muskogee—Palace Theatre
Oklahoma City—Capitol Theatre
Tulsa—Majestic Theatre

OREGON
Eugene—Rex Theatre
Portland—Columbia Theatre
Salem—Oregon Theatre

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown—Colonial Theatre
Bethlehem—Lorena Theatre
Chester—Grand Theatre
East Liberty—Liberty Theatre
Easton—Third Street Theatre
Harrisburg—Colonial Theatre
Hazleton—Campbell Theatre
Lancaster—Grand Theatre
McKeesport—Lyric Theatre
Philadelphia—Stanley Theatre
Pittsburgh—Olympic Theatre
Pottsville—Garden Theatre
Reading—Colonial Theatre
Scranton—Strand Theatre
Wilkes Barre—Savoy Theatre
Williamsport—Majestic Theatre
York—Hippodrome Theatre

RHODE ISLAND
Providence—Strand-Modern Theatre

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia—Imperial Theatre

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls—Jewel Theatre

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga—Tivoli Theatre
Knoxville—Riviera Theatre
Memphis—Majestic Theatre

TEXAS
Dallas—Palace Theatre
El Paso—Palace Theatre
Ft. Worth—Palace Theatre
Houston—Queen Theatre
Little Rock—Capitol Theatre
San Antonio—Empire Theatre

UTAH
Ogden—Alhambra Theatre
Salt Lake City—Paramount Empress Theatre

VIRGINIA
Roanoke—American Theatre

WASHINGTON
Bellingham—American Theatre
Seattle—Strand Theatre
Spokane—Clemmer Theatre
Tacoma—Rialto Theatre

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston—Strand Theatre
Huntington—Lyric Theatre

WISCONSIN
Eau Claire—Oklare Theatre
La Crosse—Rivoli Theatre
Madison—Majestic Theatre
Milwaukee—Strand Theatre

CANADA
(Week beginning Oct. 3)
Calgary—Capitol Theatre
Hamilton—Savoy Theatre
Montreal—Capitol Theatre
Regina—Capitol Theatre
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(Continued from Page 63)

"And my problem is so much alike—in so many ways—to what you haf said yesterday."

"Exactly, exactly," said Miss McBride, somewhat anticipating her thought.

The unknown traveler for a moment was still, arranging her thoughts.

"I am Olga—Olga Olgovska," she said in the rich Russian pronunciation, now identifying herself for the first time to her new friend.

She paused.

"Of course you understand," she said, looking up into the other's face, "it vill not be so on the sheep's books. There it will be quite otherwise—for reasons!"

"I know. I understand perfectly," said Miss Vera McBride. Crossing one knee above the other, she watched her new acquaintance thoughtfully.

"Concerning my personal heestory I may not spik. This to me is a closed book, for many, many reasons," said Olga Olgovska, now going on with increased confidence. "It must be for now."

Her companion murmured her understanding.

"Only thees: You know—you haf heerd no doubt of the Prince Kropotkin, who has so recently died?"

"Oh, certainly. Yes."

"Of the old—the older nobilitee—as you should say. And yet—an anarchist."

"Oh, yes."

"That ees all. I can say no more—at present. You can see! Only thees: Ve Russians are a strange people—most extreme in our action—our desire. On thees side," she said, using her left hand with a charming foreign gesture, "all noble. On thees side, all radical! A double dual nature, ees it not?" she asked, laughing a clear, delightful laugh at the humor of it.

"I know, I know," said Miss Vera McBride.

"Count Tolstoy—you understandt! And even Lenine, also, you understandt—in a small lesser way!"

"I know, I know," said the other gravely.

"Only thees," said Olga Olgovska, her face again sobering: "If I am like them—in the one way—yet I am not myself personally anarchist. I am not Tolstoyan. I am not Bolshevik, communist. No. I am, as you, radical—popular—Internationalist—in the larger sense, always."

"I know. I know exactly what you mean," said Miss McBride, with her fine eyes fastened on the speaker's face.

"And so now I reach vith you," the former said, "my personal problem, my quan-dary. In which I must trust you," she added.

"You may implicitly," her serious-faced companion reassured her.

"And which, too, may be of mutual interest—from what I hear you say—of your work, your enterprise, your desire for co-operation," she added with a very significant look.

"Yes?" said Miss Vera McBride questioningly.

"Ve cannot all be alike in all, efery way," diverged Mademoiselle Olgovska. "Our views cannot correspond at efery point; othervise there could not be entire thought freedom for all in the vorld, as ve Internationalists vish to see."

"What is your problem?" asked Vera McBride reassuringly. "You must not be afraid to trust it with me."

Her companion burst into an unexpected silver laugh.

"Pardon," she said. "You vill pardon me, but I must laugh. It is all so apropos, my quan-dary, of what you spik yesterday—that subject that is mentioned."

"Mentioned?" inquired Miss McBride. "Subject?"

"It ees Russian gold!" answered Olga Olgovska.

"Russian gold!" exclaimed Miss McBride, now really much excited. "Where?"

"There."

"Where?"

"There. You seet upon it," said her new friend, with a stifled silver laugh.

Rising hastily, removing the pillow, Miss McBride now saw the wooden box with its obviously Russian markings.

"Teep it! Move it!" directed Olga Olgovska. "You see. Ees it not heavy?"

The other, though hardened by a long and strenuous life of active usefulness with the American Army abroad, could not disguise her surprise—stood, having tipped it, staring down.

"Understandt me," said her companion, explaining quickly, "eet is not Bolshevik gold precisely—not that of which the spikker spiks yesterday, no. I vill explain that also later. But you vill know that in Russia also there are many groups, many shades of radicalism, just as there are in America."

"I know, I know."

"It is International then, shall I say, in the greater sense, and not Bolshevik International."

"I know."

"And at the present day they have two reasons in mind—two vishes in sending it. One that it should leave Russia, the other it should reach America intact. But no harm—only good to your great country—to the world. You can trust me ven I say this, friendt," said Olga Olgovska appealingly.

"Yes, yes. I know," replied Miss McBride, who still continued gazing at the box. "I wasn't thinking about that."

"Of what then—of what did you think?" asked the other a little anxiously, seeing the intensity of her gaze.

"Those Russian letters, those characters!" exclaimed Vera McBride.

"Yes? Yes?"

"It is a wonder you have come so far as this. That you have not already been suspected and searched."

"Should I be suspected, my friendt, carrying it here—like this? Of taking gold into my cabin? Oh, no. No. Besides, how could I cut these letters off? I vould say I haf not the tools."

"Nevertheless," said Miss McBride, with the intonation of the born executive back in her voice, "it must come off there. I will get something from a steward, a ship's carpenter. A plane. Imagine," she said to herself, "that no one has noticed that as yet!"

"I shall trust you then to help me?" asked Olga, a bright light of happiness and relief coming into her face.

"You need me, someone to help you, I should say!" was the reply.

"Thees is so vonderful—so goot," said the other gratefully. "You haf no idea! To a foreigner, to whom all—every little thing ees strange."

"Imagine," said her companion again, "if you had gone ashore with it, like that—through the customs!"

"Yet for that," said the bearer of the Russian gold, "I'm not anxious—not greatly."

"Why not?"

"They vould not take it from us. They could not. More, too, they will not try—in the customs. We have our vays; ve have our friendts here also. But of that," she concluded warningly, "you must not ask me!"

"I know," said Vera McBride.

"No. But your idea is most goot—quite vonderful. Ve must now efface the Russian names and letters from the box. I thank you for this, very much. Yet it is not my great anxiety—my real, as you say, quandary."

"What is?"

"It ees, aftervards—ven I am come into your country," she responded; and told her then her whole difficulty.

"We have here our group, its representatives, naturally in America. In New York. Naturally. All haf now, all groups, from all Europe. But yet I cannot too openly go to them. I must not be seen to talk to them, at first; that is our orders. And that also is only reasonable, and right. For they must not be suspect."

"Obviously," agreed Miss McBride.

"So then vere shall I go? Vere do I take all this goldt? To a hotel? I know no hotel; I am perfect strangaar," she said, talking now faster and faster. "And also I come, I start in haste—vithout information as to thees. Beside if I go there it is thees, thees all ofer again. Thees goldt to be watched, guarded always. Oh, my friendt," she cried, talking now with an almost hysterical speed and emotion, "you do not know—you cannot—the responsibilitee, the dangaar!"

"Don't worry," now broke in the firm and steady voice of Vera McBride, who now arose and stepping to the berth sat down and put her arm around the almost weeping stranger.

"The dangaar, the responsibilitee," the latter repeated, now all but breaking down, "of all thees for Russia!"

"Don't worry," repeated Miss McBride once again.

"I fail myself, also, at just this time. I'm vorn out—exhaust—distract."

(Continued on Page 69)

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Admiral Chadwick's flagship, the "Brooklyn" in Tangier Bay, June, 1904

FINAL WARNING TO RAISULI

"Release Perdicaris at Once"

Hay's Message

WASHINGTON, June 23 — United States Consul General Gummere at Tangier has been instructed by the State Department that this Government will countenance no further delay in the plans for the release by Raisuli of Ion Perdicaris and Cromwell Varley, his son in law. He was told today that Perdicaris must be delivered at once alive or steps will be taken to capture Raisuli, dead or alive. This action was caused by the receipt of a dispatch from Admiral Chadwick, commanding the American fleet at Tangier, which showed that the plans for the release of Perdicaris are by no means satisfactory. Both Admiral Chadwick and Mr Gummere indicate an absence of hopefulness in their dispatches and strongly suggest that the Sultan of Morocco is not acting in good faith.

They fear some treachery, and the closest watch is being kept on the fleet in Tangier. So sure are the naval officials that trouble may come at any time that for several days past they have been holding landing parties in readiness for immediate action

—From the N. Y. "Sun" of June 23, 1904

"Perdicaris alive, or Raisuli dead!"

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(Continued from Page 66)

"Don't worry," said Miss McBride a third time. "I will take care of you."

"Oh, you are too good! Too kindt! Of too much value!" said Olga Olgovska, clinging to her hand.

"I know just the thing to do," her companion told her. "Just the place to take you and your responsibility. We are going," she said firmly, "to a very dear friend of mine, another moderate radical, another Internationalist."

After that there were only the details to arrange.

"I shall be strange to you," Olga Olgovska continued to her new-found friend. "I shall have other obligations, others also to consult in secret. I shall not even be permit to name them to you."

"I understand," said her companion, patting her hand reassuringly.

"I shall spik of them, indeed—as we do many times—by their personal pronoun, as They."

"I know," said Vera McBride, nodding her understanding and acceptance. "Simply They!"

"You shouldt understandt that at the beginning."

"I do, perfectly."

"The first thing at the pier, also," she went on, "I shall haf, at the very outset, to vork alone, to get my goldt ashore—naturallee with others' help."

"I understand perfectly."

"And I must all the time see few others," said Olga Olgovska, suddenly remembering another point; "especially those from Russia."

"Oh, yes."

"I just spik that you shouldt know, now at vonce, how strange I shall often be to you—most strange. So you vill understandt, and accommodate," she said in her quaint English; "especially the secret veesits I shall be required to make—to meet Them!"

"Anything, anything," said Vera McBride, reassuring her, lending her the steadiness of her own arm about her shoulders. "Everything will be arranged. You must remember that I, too, have not been without my secret missions during the war."

IN AN obscure corner of the pier the figure of Olga Olgovska in its Russian garb was withdrawn, perhaps purposely, from the eyes and attention of the main throng. Thanks to her own forethought and the influence of the steward she had already passed through the power of the customs officials and stood now unnoticed by the busy passers beside her box and her other scant luggage.

At the present time she seemed to be engaged in a furtive conversation with a tall young man with a hard, lean, melancholy face on which there were marks of extreme dissipation.

"I came to warn you, that's all," he told her, leaning down and striking a match for his cigarette with the callous conduct of one to whom the pier rules of steamship companies mean absolutely nothing.

Olga Olgovska answered himr out of the corner of her mouth, her eyes watching carefully to see that they were not observed.

"Oh, I know. I'm done!"

"Done?" said the young man, with an unemotional voice and face. "Done? Oh, no. Every time he speaks of you the fire spurts out of his ears."

His cigarette now hung pendulous from his lip; his eye was fixed upon her face, as emotionless as an egg.

A hard menacing look came suddenly into the eyes of his companion.

"Yeah," she said with cold contempt in her voice. "How long do you think he'd last if I once started after him?"

"Can you blame him, at that?" the other asked in turn. "How's he going to square himself with the big boss? You cost him five thousand dollars, if a dime. And not a word, not a line. Any time now his own head is likely to go into the basket."

His cigarette hung pendulous on his lip, sustained by a miracle as he gazed at her.

"And that last call," he continued, "that last cry for help. Two thousand cold! That was murder."

"How could I help it?" argued Olga Olgovska, still talking off into empty space, scanning the crowds beyond them. "They had me. They took my clothes, my shoes off my feet. They divided me all up, and put me into this—what I've got on now! They even took my trunk; ate up the leather probably; and gave me back this," she said, indicating it, "this wooden soap box to carry my change of clothes in."

"Change of clothes—in Russia! You're lucky they didn't boil you."

"They did," said Olga Olgovska bitterly, "when I came out from there."

"A fat chance, a fat chance you had of getting through to Lenine," said the lean, melancholy young man, disregarding her. "I suppose you thought you'd have him sobbing on your shoulder in twenty-four hours after you landed."

His face still showed no emotion, but his cigarette rose in a quick gesture of scorn, apparently of its own volition, in his unmoved lips.

"That's all over with," replied his still watchful companion.

"And now you're back for your funeral," said the young man, his cigarette dropping limp and lifeless again. "Well, he's got the hearse all ordered—white, with pink passementerie on the pillow. Something in your line—highly pathetic."

"Let him go ride in it then," said Olga, a sudden, unusual flush coming again in her dark excited face. "He won't see me again."

The cigarette in the other's mouth indicated a degree of interest.

"What's on now?" inquired the young man with the desolate voice.

"Never mind."

"What's all that get-up for?" he asked, eying her still more suspiciously.

"Listen," said his companion very clearly. "Get out your book so you'll remember."

He obeyed her, seeing that she was in earnest.

"Olga Olgovska," she said very slowly, even spelling it. "Put it down. Or you'll never remember it. Got it all right?"

"Yep."

"Now if anybody of that name calls you, don't forget it!"

"Forget it?"

"Just think of me."

"What's on now?" inquired the suddenly interested young man again, his cigarette now rising to attention.

"But forget it all the rest of the time," she went on, not answering. "This is between you and me. Understand?"

"What is?"

"I'm too busy now. I'll tell you later. I'll telephone, maybe. But it's big, I can tell you that. The old thing's all off for good. I'm operating now on my own account."

Her companion flapped the large blank book together with a gesture indicating long custom. "Oh, all right," he said casually.

"But if I want a hand I may want to call for you."

"Have it your own way," he said, his cigarette assuming an attitude of entire indifference.

"Beat it, Bogo!" said Olga Olgovska in a sudden whisper. "Look away. Here she comes now!"

The young man with the hard, desolate face and the intelligent cigarette left her without a word. She stood alone by the box again.

"I did it. I accomplished it!" exclaimed Vera McBride, hurrying up, a flush of unusual beauty on her handsome face. "She's sending her own limousine. I wouldn't trust it to anybody else. They'll be down right away."

They came at last—chauffeur, footman and limousine.

"Here. This box here!" directed Vera with an air of having commanded them both before.

"Yes, miss," said the sharp-faced chauffeur.

"We want it with us, in back," she told them. "No. I prefer you do it yourself rather than get outsiders to carry it."

The two women, following at a slight distance, kept a careful eye upon the liveried servants struggling with their unusual burden.

"For crick's sake!" said the reddening footman under his breath to the chauffeur. "What's she got coming in here now I'd like to know."

"A couple of sliced up dead men, I'll say," stated the chauffeur, struggling with his end, with the bitter sardonic look which all chauffeurs have upon their faces now much exaggerated under this great and unsolicited strain.

"It's too small for that," said the now scarlet footman.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE DARK HORSES

(Continued from Page 19)

He was looking at her intently, and there was a faint puzzlement in his eyes also. He knew more of her than she guessed, for he had spoken of her to the man who held the first charge upon March Lodge—Henry Ripon, money lender, head of a big book-making company in London and owner of a few race horses himself. And Ripon, who had once tried to make use of her and miserably failed, had said a good deal about her, the least of his suggestions being that she was the deadliest, cleverest and most ungrateful blackmailer in London.

Cecil Fairbairn was trying to see some sign of it in her appearance—and failing.

It was a strange meeting. She had come as a lender, he had awaited her as a borrower; she had entered thinking vaguely of him as a criminal, a gold wolf, desperate; he had received her on guard against a siren, a schemer, a dangerous, even deadly woman; and it was certain that there was a keen racing rivalry between them.

There was no reason why they should be kind to each other, but—the lily grows to beauty in a weed bed, the nightingale strings his pearls in the dark thicket, the diamond lies in clay and men seek gold in muddy waters. Love has little enough to do with preconceptions.

They looked at each other in a long silence, and the influence of that pleasant room wove its spell upon their souls so that there was nothing but a timid kindness in their eyes.

"Daddy used to say, 'I take men as I find them and believe nothing against them until it is proved,'" thought Winnie.

And Fairbairn's eyes wandered to the portrait of a sweet-faced woman upon the wall across the room—his mother.

"She would have laughed at the idea of believing the malignant gossip of a man like Ripon against this girl," he told himself.

Both smiled, with an odd sense of happy relief. Then the door opened silently.

"Mr. Jay, sir," came the soft demure voice of the parlor maid.

Gentle Mr. Jay came forward breezily. It occurred to Winnie that if ever she took a dislike to the agent it would be in exactly such circumstances. He was so extraordinarily malapropos. She could not have conceived a situation in which three was so utterly and completely a crowd. It was most unfortunate. She sighed and settled in her chair to discuss the business matter in which her interest had most unaccountably waned.

"I think something has happened to me," she told herself. "I—I'm all different." And that was genuine innocence, though gentle Mr. Jay would probably have doubted it.

The matter of the second charge was quickly settled. There was nothing to prevent it. Winnie had the hard cash, the security was good and the interest proposed fair. Mr. Jay undertook to spur the lawyers into activity concerning the production of the necessary deeds, and then Fairbairn rang for tea, which was quickly forthcoming.

Winnie was invited to pour it, an operation which gave her a novel sensation of pleasure. She found it strangely pleasant to sit in that delightful room and pour the tea for Fairbairn and herself. She felt vaguely that it was rather jolly of George H. Jay to prefer a whisky and soda, for this invested the tea drinking with a much greater quality of tête-à-têteness. And when, presently, Mr. Jay asked permission to look over the stables—a favor which was granted with great alacrity by Fairbairn—Winnie thrilled deliciously as the agent went.

"Mr. Jay is very anxious to see Nanette," said the girl, admiring the clear gray eyes of her host, who smiled.

"Ah, Nanette is well worth seeing!"

"Do you train her yourself on this great plain?"

"Yes. There are some wonderful gallops here."

"Do you find it quite safe here, Captain Fairbairn?" continued the girl.

"Safe? Why, of course!" Fairbairn looked puzzled. "Who would hurt Nanette?"

"Oh, one never knows. My little horse was shot at yesterday—from behind a bush on Newmarket Heath. Fortunately for me, Lullaby was missed. But another horse was hit and killed."

He stared, astonished.

"But I don't quite understand, Miss O'Wynn," he said. "Is Lullaby your horse? The Lullaby that is entered for the Ascot New Stakes?"

"Yes," said Winnie demurely. "Though she runs under the name of Mr. Constance—my second name."

"And you say she was shot at the other day, and another horse killed?"

"Yesterday. Mr. Harmon's Harvester was killed."

Cecil Fairbairn was perturbed.

"But, my dear Miss O'Wynn, that's very bad," he said. "That's very bad. Was the man caught?"

"No," replied Winnie composedly. "He escaped—on a motorcycle."

"Did he leave his rifle or revolver?"

"I don't think so."

"What sort of motorcycle was it?"

"It was a red one. A man with an airman's leather helmet was riding it."

They were staring at each other.

"I don't like that at all," fretted Fairbairn. "For instance, I have a red motorcycle, a revolver, a leather helmet, I happen to own a runner in Lullaby's next race—and I rather badly need to win that race."

"Oh, but please, that's only a coincidence!" cried the girl. "Other owners might say the same!"

He smiled oddly.

"Not so many, I'm afraid. You know there are many kind people who would not hesitate to say that I had influenced any happening which assured the race to Nanette," he said slowly.

"Oh, no, no!" protested Winnie.

But she blushed. Had she not thought that very thing—before she met him?

He looked at her curiously. His lips drooped and a white hardness settled on his face. He was very quick and he guessed why she had blushed.

Winnie looked up, her blue eyes dark.

"Who would dare say that of you?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Men are—queer," he told her—who knew that better than he?—"and some racing men are very queer. There are a good many who must know that I have backed Nanette very heavily to win the New Stakes. It is because of my bets that you would find her at shorter odds in the ante-post market than your Lullaby. You could not get two to one against Nanette, but they would lay you fives, perhaps more, against Lullaby. There is not much ante-post betting quoted yet, and in what there is Lullaby, on her form, should be favorite. But Nanette is. I explain this so that you can see why I say there are men who would look askance at me if something unusual—like being shot—happened to your horse."

He frowned.

"About all I've got left is a certain amount of reputation," he said sharply, with a note of anxiety in his voice, "so for heaven's sake, child, tell your trainer to take care of your horse!"

"Very well," said Winnie obediently.

He flushed a little, smiling.

"I didn't mean to be like that—harsh, Miss O'Wynn," he said. "Only—it's odd. This shooting, I mean. Why, as I said, I have a red motorcycle ——"

"Oh, but please, there are thousands of them! One sees them everywhere," protested Winnie.

He was looking serious.

"I know."

He pointed to a table in the corner.

"And I have one of those."

It was the airman's leather helmet.

"May I see it, please?"

Winnie went across, picked it up and looked at it. It was mainly curiosity. She had always thought they looked hard and uncomfortable. She had never handled one before, and she was surprised at its softness and lightness. It was very dusty with road dust. She was about to put it down when she seemed to be attracted by something. She held the helmet close to her face, apparently peering into it.

"Are these your initials inside?" she asked rather absently. "C. D. F.—— Why, of course!"

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

She put the helmet down and came back to the table.

"Let me give you some more tea." She took his cup.

"Also I have a heavy service revolver," he continued. "Lots of foolish people would regard these things as serious circumstantial evidence that I shot at Lullaby," he concluded gloomily.

But Winnie only laughed, pouring his tea.

"Thousands of ex-officers and motorcyclists have the same thing," she laughed.

"Yes, but they don't happen to own Nanette too."

"Well, I for one don't believe you are so black as you are painted, and I know you are only joking, you see. Here is your tea."

She took it to him and gave it to him from the side, stooping so low over him as he sat on the low settee that she might almost have been intending to kiss his wavy hair. He was still absent and appeared not to notice anything odd.

"Would you give me my revolver, please? It should be in the top drawer of the writing desk."

Winnie obeyed. Oddly, they were already as unconsciously intimate as old friends. She handed him the heavy service weapon. It was unloaded. He broke it open and peeped through the barrel.

Then slowly he lowered it from the light and stared at Winnie.

"That's curious. By Jove, Miss O'Wynn, I don't understand this!"

"Oh, what is it?" cried Winnie.

"Look."

He held up the revolver for her to look through. The barrel was foul.

"I thought it was clean." He knitted his brows. "I believe I cleaned it when I last used it—months ago," he said. He looked really worried. Winnie laughed softly.

"How could you possibly remember such a little thing?" she said. "I think you ought not to let it worry you, please, Captain Fairbairn. Nobody who knows you would attach the least importance to absurd gossip. And Mr. Harmon himself says that it was probably some stable boy he has discharged who shot Harvester. Perhaps Lullaby wasn't even aimed at. Please don't worry over it any more. It will quite spoil this happy afternoon for me if you do. Please!" She rested her beautiful slender hand on his arm for an instant. "We will just make up our minds to have a good honest race between Lullaby and Nanette, and—may the best man win. There! That's fair, isn't it? My friend Gerald Peel says you are a good sportin' chap, and I am too. Both of us are good sportin' chaps, and that's that, as you used to say in the Army."

She offered him both hands, and he seized them gently.

"Good sportin' chaps, yes, Miss O'Wynn," he said, smiling at last.

"Now tell me about your accident and about March Lodge. It has always been your home, hasn't it?" she asked, and settled down to listen.

So an hour later Mr. Jay, ambling in, found them looking into each other's eyes, oldest of old friends.

"It's a shame to disturb 'em," mused the gentle George—but he did, steering somewhat for the decanter on the sideboard.

IV

IT WAS a great grief to Cecil Fairbairn that he could not accompany Winnie on the little tour of inspection round March Lodge which he invited her to make after tea. But, strangely, considering her liking for Nanette's owner, Winnie was rather pleased to have nobody except Mr. Jay with her.

March Lodge was a beautiful little place, but everywhere it bore evidence of the neglect which arises from too limited means.

"It's a lovely place, but it wants money spent on it. Look at those chrysanthemums," said Mr. Jay, pointing to a patch of foxgloves that was lustily forcing itself sunwards through thick weeds. He shook his head. "Neglect—no money being spent—weeds. Fairbairn will get no dahlias here," he continued, drawing Winnie's attention to some young growth among the rampant weeds.

"No, dear Mr. Jay," smiled Winnie. "But he may get some lupines—those are not dahlia plants you see."

"Oh—not? Ha-ha! I'm no gardener—at least nothing to speak of, Miss Winnie. Very fond of it, of course, but I don't call myself an expert. Still it's a pity. It's the same everywhere. Look at those beehives. No bees. No bees, no honey. Great pity. Place like this calls for an income of a couple of thousand a year, one way and another."

Winnie's eyes shone. If Cecil had a few hundreds, she had the rest.

"Yes, Nanette's running for more than the stake money at Ascot," said Mr. Jay as they left the old walled garden.

Presently they came out into the yard. The red motorcycle was standing by the wall. Winnie paused to look at it curiously.

"Powerful things, Miss Winnie," observed Mr. Jay. "I suppose there must be people who understand 'em. Should be sorry to be sentenced to ride one myself. Ha-ha! The folk who ride 'em always look to me as if they couldn't stop—got to go on for ever and ever."

As they approached the stables Winnie saw the man who had been cleaning the machine. He was tidying up the loose box in which was stabled a beautiful bay two-year-old—Nanette.

"Well, here she is, Miss Winnie, and a little beauty too!" Mr. Jay turned to the man.

"Henry," he said, "Mr. Fairbairn would like this lady to see Nanette."

Henry was nothing loath. He was so obviously proud of the filly that he would certainly have been disappointed if he had not been requested to exhibit his charge.

"Yes, sir." He swung open the door. "She's as quiet as a little gerl, miss, and as sweet-natured."

Winnie entered the box and produced the sugar she had filched from the basin at tea.

"Well, you lovely little horse, are you going to win the New Stakes for your master?" she said. Nanette nodded, or seemed to, as she nibbled the sugar from Winnie's palm.

She was in wonderful condition and very shapely—faultless, except for size. Winnie saw that. The girl had always been pleased to pretend that Lullaby was a little horse; but the diminutive had been inspired by affection rather than fact, for Lullaby had inherited the long, raking, easy stride of Moonlady, her dam, and the power, the bone and thighs of the great Volt, her sire. In a really small horse these things could not be found to the marked extent in which Lullaby possessed them.

Nanette was good, but she was small. Lullaby was good, and she was not small.

Winnie's heart sank a little as the conviction was borne in on her that Lullaby had the measure of this exquisite little horse. It was a little confusing. She had looked forward with a keen and tonic delight to seeing Lullaby come stealing home hard-held in the New Stakes. She would have sacrificed almost anything for that win. Had she seen Nanette in the paddock on the course it would have brought her only an added confidence in Lullaby, and a feeling of relief, a conviction that Nanette had no real chance against her own flyer.

But now—she had poured tea for Nanette's owner; she had talked with him; she had studied his friendly gray eyes, his handsome face, listened to his quiet, pleasant voice—and she had seen the shadow of ruin upon his home, the blight of a forced neglect upon his garden. So her heart sank as she realized anew all that this brave little horse Nanette must try to save at Ascot. Yes, it was very confusing—even a little painful. She wanted Lullaby to win—but she did not want Nanette to lose.

She wondered a little unhappily what Cecil Fairbairn would look like when Nanette lost. For an instant a vision of his face, white, worried, sad, floated before her. She banished it resolutely and studied Nanette attentively.

Yes, a good horse, a fine horse. Flawless—if she were not quite so small.

"She is beautiful, only she seems on the small side."

The lad, Henry, winced. "Yes, miss, but she's got a heart like a lion," he said.

Winnie looked at him. He was a thin youth, with the scar of an old sword cut along the side of his head. His hair was plastered down in an effort to conceal it.

"You were wounded in the war?" she asked.

"Yes, miss."

"I am so sorry. You were in the cavalry?"

"Third Hussars, miss. I was Captain Fairbairn's servant. He—he saved my life in the retreat."

(Continued on Page 75)

Does Mother Come Up Smiling
—or is she wan and weary?

SHE who can meet her husband with a smile, to say nothing of a kiss, after she has been standing, stooping, watching over a hot oven in a hot kitchen for two or three hours, cooking his dinner, her muscles aching and her nerves on edge—she is no mere woman; she is almost an angel.

And to repeat this "pot watching" day after day, year after year—no wonder women fade earlier than men.

That's something every husband ought to realize. It's a fine thing for mother to come up smiling and make the evening meal a gracious feast, but it is up to father to give her the chance—the same chance to use time-saving and labor-saving devices that he gives himself.

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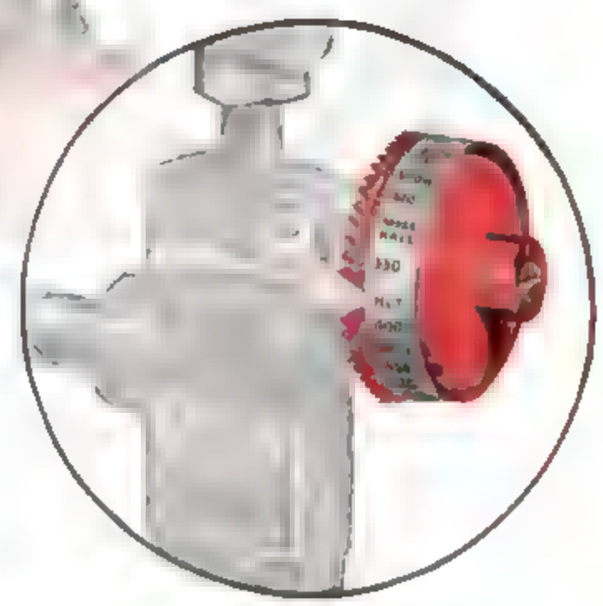

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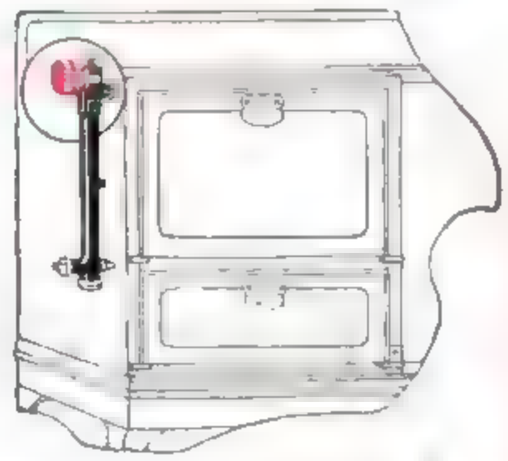

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(Continued from Page 72)

Henry's eyes glowed suddenly. Winnie's were shining too.

"He did not tell me that, Henry," she smiled.

"He brought me in in the face of a troop of their lancers—Uhlans they call 'em, miss. And an aëroplane was over, firing too."

"Some day I must make him tell me."

"There's nobody like the captain." The lad was fondling Nanette. Nanette pawed the ground.

"She—has she something in her hoof?" asked Winnie quickly.

Henry stooped to raise the slender fore-foot. Winnie stooped, too, bending so low that she might have been intending to kiss his dark hair.

"It's all right, miss—just her play."

"Yes," said Winnie. "Thank you for showing her to us. I wish you luck in the New Stakes."

"Thank you, miss. She'll win all right, miss."

They came out again into the sunshine.

"Which will you back, Mr. Jay?" asked Winnie. The agent pondered.

"I shall intrust the bulk of my modest investments to Lullaby, Miss Winnie," he decided, "with a trifle on Nanette for a place, and a saver on Black Pearl."

"Black Pearl?"

"Ripon's horse," said Mr. Jay. "Didn't you know he had a runner in the New Stakes, Miss Winnie?"

"Black Pearl?" repeated Winnie. "Yes, I remember. But Mr. Harmon says Black Pearl hasn't a chance."

"Only an outsider," admitted Mr. Jay. "But I never could resist a long-priced shot. And Ripon has wanted March Lodge for a long time. If Nanette loses Captain Fairbairn will have to let it go. He's all in on Nanette, I fancy. I suspect Black Pearl might be better than Nanette."

Winnie looked very thoughtful as they went in to say good-by to Cecil Fairbairn. But before she left, Fairbairn's old housekeeper, at his request, showed her over the house.

"I want you to know exactly what you are investing in, Miss O'Wynn," he said.

The girl was delighted. She was really curious to see the house, though she was more anxious to talk with Mrs. Mayne.

They took to each other instantly. Before they had worked their way through the ground floor they were quite old friends, and the housekeeper, wholly agreeing with the enthusiastic description of Winnie given her by Fairbairn while she was interviewing Nanette, was confiding freely.

Cecil evidently was in the habit of talking of his private affairs fairly generously to this gentle old retainer, last survival from more prosperous days, for like many old servants she knew exactly how her master stood in most matters. And her instinct clearly was very favorable to Winnie, for she told enough to keep the girl unusually preoccupied half the way back to London that evening.

Mr. Jay did not appear to resent her silence. He had not disdained the existence of the stimulants which were hospitably available upon Mr. Fairbairn's sideboard, or the narcotics contained within the ever-ready cigar box, and his walks and stimulatings had imbued his breezy spirit with a certain mild melancholy which went very well with his comfortable seat by Winnie's side in her cozy little car. He sat contentedly reflecting upon nothing in particular until it pleased the little lady on his right to talk.

Considerably to her surprise, Winnie found that her thoughts were not quite so lucid and clear-cut at the edges as usual. She wished particularly to consider several very interesting little discoveries she had made—discoveries which seemed to have a certain bearing upon the death of Harvester. Also she desired to think over the precarious position of Cecil Fairbairn in relation to the financial aspect of the Ascot New Stakes. And Nanette and Henry, the boy with the sword cut, which he vainly endeavored to conceal by plastering down his hair over the long scar, too, called for consideration; while the significance, if any, of the owner of that rank outsider, Black Pearl, Mr. Henry Ripon, being first mortgagee of March Lodge seemed to her to require thought. Only Cecil's good-looking, well-bred face, his gray steady eyes and that perfectly sweet natural wave in his hair continually, though not annoyingly, intruded upon the graver reflections, shouldering them aside. Also the crying need of the drawing-room at March Lodge for new curtains and chintzes and better chair covers irresistibly pressed itself upon her attention.

For instance, it was the beautiful wave in Cecil's hair which cost the near-Leghorn rooster its tail feathers near Andover. Winnie, absorbed, entirely failed to notice the intention of the slightly flustered bird to cross the road. She drove steadily Lullabyward, blue eyes smiling behind the motor veil, dreaming a little, thinking a great deal. Occasionally she dropped a question. Queer, isolated, detached questions they seemed to Mr. Jay, answering them to the best of his undoubted ability. Such questions as these:

"Can the first mortgagee of a place dictate to the second mortgagee, please, dear Mr. Jay? Have you ever known as small a horse as Nanette to win the New Stakes? Would a mortgagor agree to receive the mortgage money in two installments? Can those red motorcycles travel at fifty miles an hour? Don't you think it would be profitable to run sheep on that downland round March Lodge, Mr. Jay? Do you like chintz? Would a man who shot a race horse get penal servitude if the owner were willing to forgive him, do you think, dear Mr. Jay? Haven't you usually found that the New Stakes betting is starting-price betting? Don't you think Captain Fairbairn extremely good-looking? Would you care to travel fifty miles an hour in the dark on a motorcycle, Mr. Jay—on a strange road?" That was an easy one. "What is the law about mortgagees seizing property?"

And so forth. Strange scraps—filings from her mental lathe. But the elusive jig-saw pieces were creeping into position before she steered into the shabby wilderness that brings London.

A letter awaited her at her flat—just a line from Mr. Harmon to say that Lullaby was well and that no trace of the motorcyclist could be found beyond the fact that the rider of a red motorcycle had bought a new tire, shortly after the killing of Harvester, from a cycle-accessories dealer in Cambridge. Winnie nodded, tore the letter into small bits, dropped them into the waste-paper basket, sipped the chocolate which her housekeeper had prepared for her while she bathed and, kimono clad, curled up on the big couch.

"Captain Fairbairn must be saved," she said softly to Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror—"Cecil and March Lodge. I thought it was Lullaby and you, dear, that the wolves were hunting, but it's not. It's Cecil Fairbairn and March Lodge. And little Nanette won't be able to save her master, I know, no matter how brave-hearted she is. It is you that must do it, Winnie—yes, you—for if Nanette loses, Captain Fairbairn will be ruined and perhaps go away—abroad—and March Lodge will be seized by Mr. Ripon. And she cannot win. Oh, you must be careful, careful, careful!"

She stared into the mirror, her eyes as darkly blue as the moonlit sky.

"Now I will force his face and voice quite out of my mind," she said earnestly, "and look at things in the light of pure reason, as daddy used to say but never do, dear daddy. He would have liked Cecil so much."

V

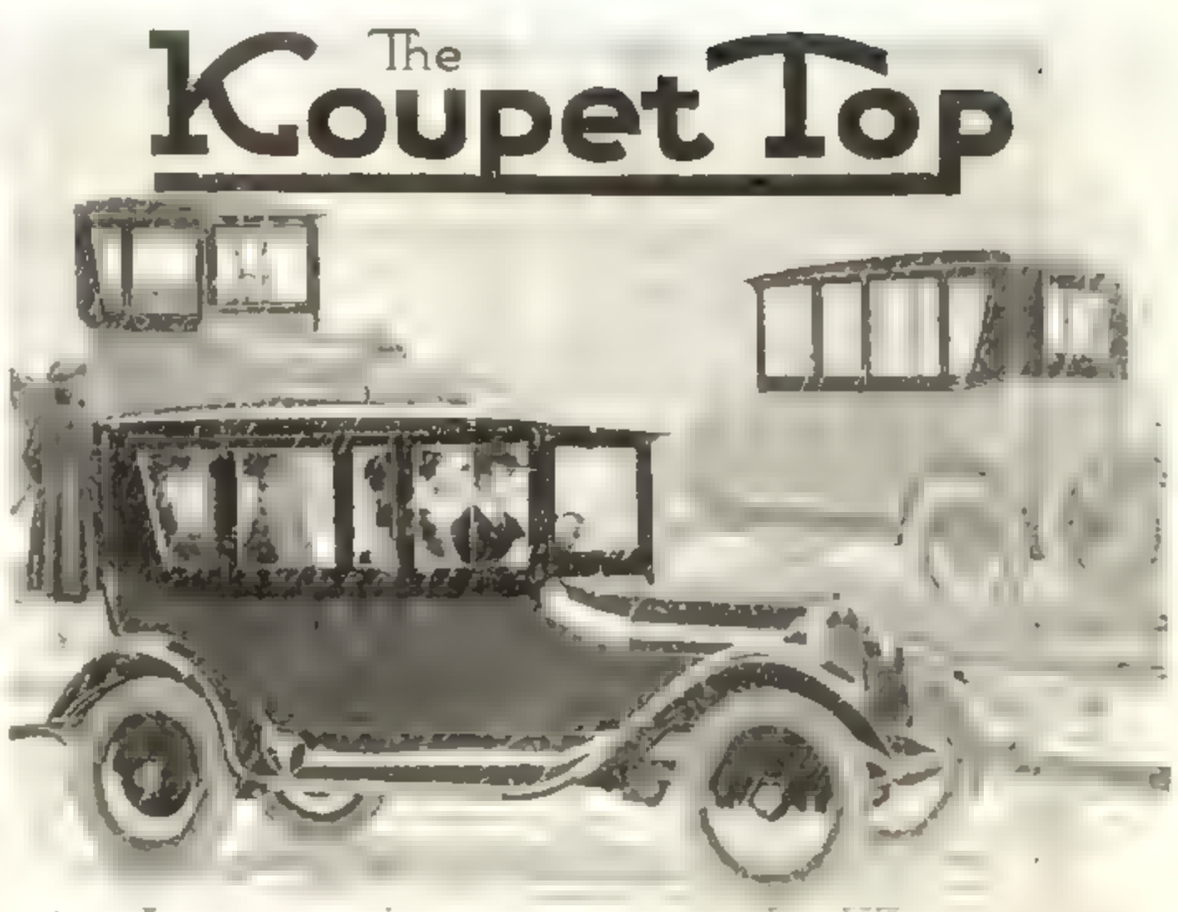
IT WAS a great Ascot, and the crowd there seemed to have money to burn. One after the other, the Rous Memorial Stakes, the Gold Cup and the St. James Palace Stakes had fallen to favorites, and Nanette's stock for the New Stakes was soaring.

Cecil Fairbairn had got her to the course at the very zenith of condition; and without making any secret of it he had launched five hundred of the second-mortgage money upon her. They had cramped her down to 5 to 4 against, and in the inevitable public passion for favorites the man who got that was well satisfied.

Lullaby was hanging fire in the betting, at 6 to 1, while a colt called Chess loomed large in the second place at 7 to 2, and Lord Fasterton's filly Lace was third at 5 to 1.

Winnie and her friend Lady Fasterton, closely attended by the Hon. Gerald Peel and—by Winnie's special invitation—George H. Jay, were just interviewing Lullaby in the paddock when Cecil Fairbairn came up to them. Winnie saw that he was looking thin and overstrained, and a strange painful pang of pity twisted her heart for a moment. He was smiling a little, for he had just left Nanette, and Nanette was

(Continued on Page 77)



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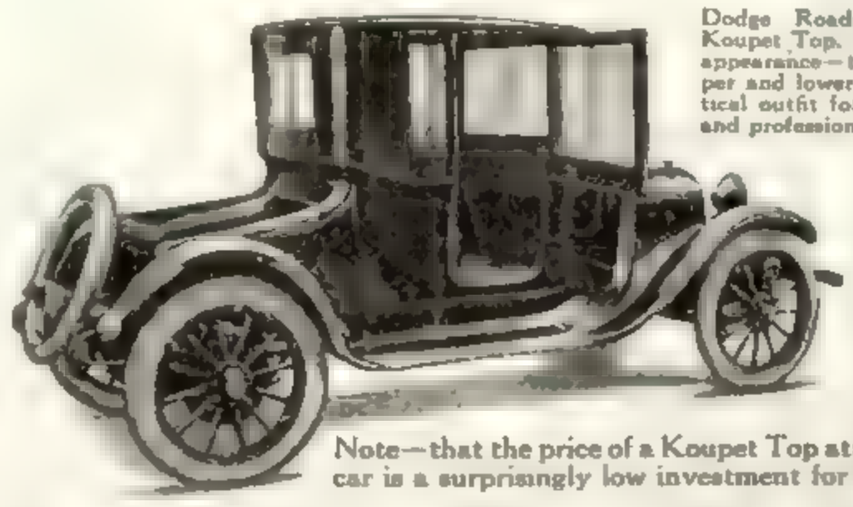

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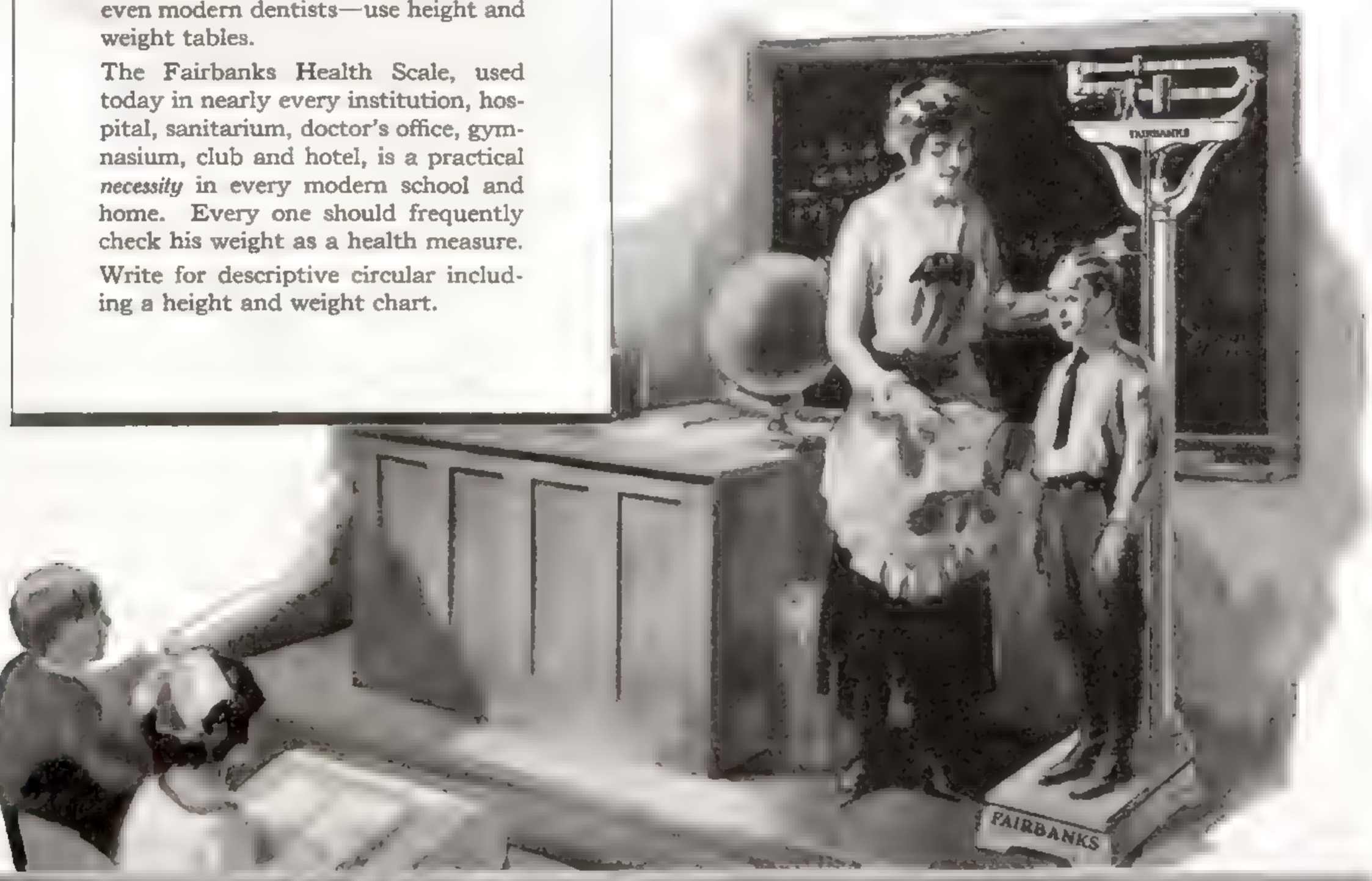

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(Continued from Page 75)

looking perfect—only a shade small. A faint touch of color ran into his cheeks at the open pleasure with which Winnie greeted him. She had not seen him since the day of her visit to March Lodge, but she had thought of him—long, long thoughts.

"How nice! You look so much better than you did—stronger," said the girl tactfully.

"May I say that you look even lovelier, Miss O'Wynn?" he said a little unsteadily and very low.

She glowed, for much mental and a good deal of financial stress had gone to the little frock she had bought herself for this day. She brought him back to Lady Fasterton.

"May, dear, here is Captain Fairbairn, who owns Nanette."

May caught a new ring in Winnie's tone and was just as gracious as she knew how to be.

"And Nanette, Captain Fairbairn, how is she?"

"Never better in her short life, Miss Winnie," smiled Fairbairn.

"And do you think she will beat Lullaby?" cooed May Fasterton, turning. "Here's Lullaby."

He had never seen Winnie's horse before and, because he understood horses, his smile vanished as he looked at the daughter of Volt and Moonlady. He did not speak for a minute. He seemed to be fascinated by Lullaby.

Slowly his keen gray eyes traveled over the classic form of the filly, and it seemed to Winnie, watching him, that a new shadow settled upon his face.

Gerald Peel was watching him. The steeplechase devotee's eyes were twinkling, though his face was impassive as ever.

"Well, old chap, what do you think of her?"

Fairbairn turned to them, and Winnie's heart cried out within her at the trouble in his eyes.

"Who rides her?" he asked.

"Cassidy," said Gerald, naming an American wizard whom Winnie most fortunately had secured, largely through Lady Fasterton's influence with the Duke of Clangarroch, who paid Cassidy a colossal retainer. It was not necessary for Cassidy to accept mounts that were not meant, and Fairbairn knew that.

"She won the Fitzwilliam Stakes at the Newmarket early in the year, didn't she?"

Gerald nodded.

"Hard-held, old chap." His eyes were twinkling no more, for he, too, had seen the sudden foreboding in Fairbairn's eyes. He leaned towards his friend. "Save on her, Cecil. A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un."

Only Winnie heard it, and it sent a big black cloud across the June sun for her.

"She is a very beautiful filly, Miss O'Wynn—the best-looking two-year-old I have ever seen," said Cecil Fairbairn, stepping up to the girl. "I wish you good luck. Let's shake hands on it. I—am afraid she will prove too much for my little Nanette."

Winnie's eyes grew misty.

"Oh," she went on impulsively, "and so much depends on it! I mean, you have worked so hard and patiently with Nanette, and backed her so heavily."

Gerald Peel and Lady Fasterton caught the look on the girl's face and exchanged glances.

A seedy race-course hawk hovering outside the paddock, peering at the runners, turned suddenly like a startled wolf. He had caught a shout from the ring that seemed to galvanize him. Why, no man knows, for he looked so utterly broke that a financial interest in the race was the last thing he could have had.

"'Ere!" he ejaculated loudly to himself. "Three to one Nanette!"

He turned and fled ringwards.

Cecil Fairbairn half wheeled, paling.

Threes Nanette! And a few minutes before they were grudging five to four!

Then Dan Harmon came up, smiling.

"They're mad down there, Miss Winnie," he said. "Lullaby's at sixes, and the race is a gift to her! I've seen this Nanette—she's too tiny. Lullaby will eat her alive!" Dan did not know Fairbairn.

"Oh, don't, please! You don't know what it means!" cried Winnie.

She had seen Fairbairn wince at Dan's merciless summing up, which his own judgment told him was the truth. Winnie glanced round, drawing in her breath.

"Lullaby won't eat Nanette alive in this race!" she cried. "Don't worry, please, Captain Fairbairn." Her hand fell on his almost protectingly. "You see, Lullaby's scratched!"

She looked round at them all with wide shining eyes and blushed like a rose.

"I scratched her!" she repeated a little faintly.

"But, Winnie dear, you can't do that. People have backed her. The stewards will inquire," began Lady Fasterton.

Gentle Mr. Jay looked heavenwards.

"Throwing it away! I knew it! Saw it at March Lodge," he told himself. "Love! Head over heels! Lock, stock and barrel!" A ray of hope illumined his face as Fairbairn stepped close to Winnie.

"That is the kindest thing to have offered to do, little friend—the very kindest." His voice was low and unsteady. "I don't think I know a soul who would do that. But of course you must not ——" He broke off as a bull bellow drove up to them from the direction of the ring.

"Five to one Nanette! Here, four to one Black Pearl!"

The clamor from the betting ring suddenly roared high.

"Fours Black Pearl! Here, three to one Black Pearl!"

The group about Lullaby stared in silence for a second. Had anything happened to Nanette? And what did this rush on Ripon's horse mean?

Fairbairn spun round, halted irresolutely, then hurried across the paddock to Nanette.

"Two to one Black Pearl!"

The bull voice boomed loud after him like a malediction.

"What's this? They're shoveling it on Black Pearl," said Dan Harmon.

"'Ere, ten to one Lullaby!" The bull voice was remorseless, inexorable.

"Ripon's commission for Black Pearl has got back to the course," snapped Harmon. "That's all!"

But Winnie was busy with Mr. Jay.

"You have brought the money I asked you to, Mr. Jay—the five hundred—in notes? The second half of the mortgage?" she was whispering furiously. "Take it to Cecil—to Captain Fairbairn—quickly, quickly! Pay it over to him, please, and beg him, implore him to put it all, all on Lullaby! Why, it's for his very home, you know!

"And he must have money to bet with! I think his account must be full with his regular men. He can't refuse! It's his own money, you see! Quick! Tell him all on Lullaby—from me."

"And from me too!" said a cold, even voice close by.

Winnie turned sharply as Mr. Jay hurried away.

It was Cassidy, the jockey, standing by Lullaby, brilliant in sapphire and silver, with turquoise cap—Winnie's colors.

"Oh, thank you so! You'll win, won't you, please?" asked Winnie, her bright eyes scanning the clean, lean, tanned face, the tight lips and the steel-colored eyes of the jockey.

His pupils dilated a little as he took in the flushed beauty of the girl.

"Sure," he said quite softly.

"Oh, thank you so!" Her hand slipped gratefully into his sinewy grip.

"Evens Black Pearl!" came the bull voice of the layer, with a touch of fury and anguish in it, as it seemed to Winnie. The money was pouring on Black Pearl and the fierce babel of voices in the ring rose and rose.

"Come along, Winnie," begged May Fasterton. "They're just going to parade."

Winnie went up to Lullaby, fondled her.

"I'll forgive you, Lullaby darling, for eating little Nanette alive if only you'll beat Black Pearl. Oh, beat him, Lullaby, beat him!" she whispered.

She saw Mr. Jay hurrying back, beaming.

"He has it, Mr. Jay?" she asked.

"I'm a quick man, Miss Winnie. Ha-ha!" said the gentle George H. perhaps a shade excitedly. "It'll be on Lullaby in about two minutes."

"Ah!" Winnie relaxed. "Now put five hundred on for me wherever you can, please."

"Sure, sure!"

George H. Jay hurried away, and within a space of seconds the Honorable Gerald was hot on his heels with a similar commission.

"Winnie! You little gambler!" chided Lady Fasterton. "A thousand in thirty seconds!"

"Daddy would have loved to be here to-day," sighed Winnie.

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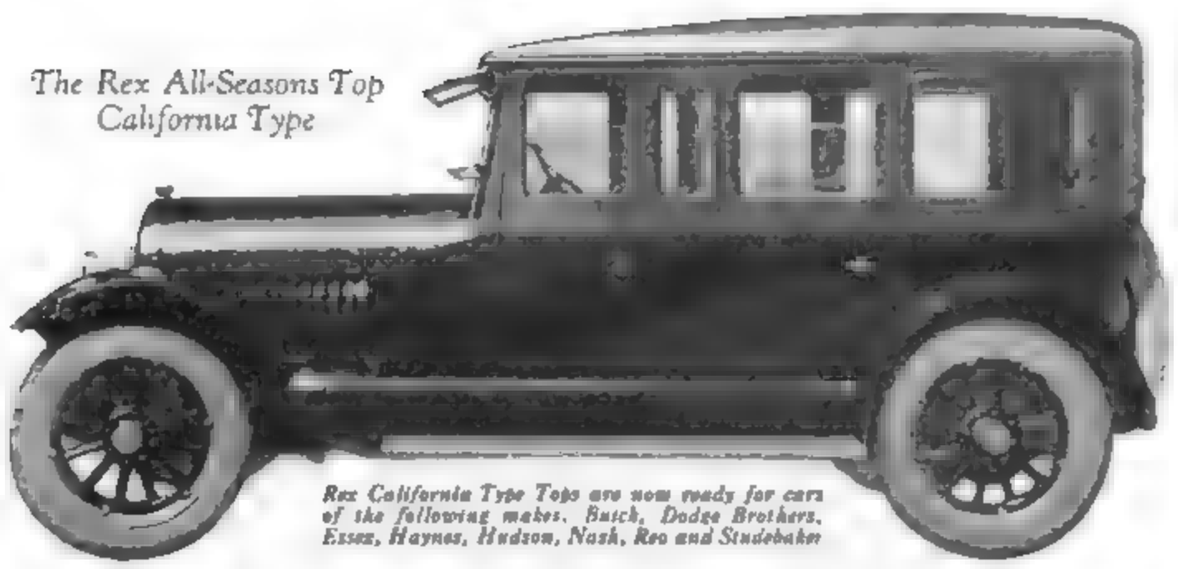

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"Evens Black Pearl!" bellowed the bull man afar off, as it were, sardonically

Winnie and May Fasterton hurried away to the stand. It was all Black Pearl there. But Lullaby jumped down to fives before the runners swept down to the starting gate.

"Ah, there they go!"

Nanette led them, the Fairbairn gold and white swimming past the stand like a wind-blown spring flower. At sight of her most of those who had backed her plucked up hope in spite of her sudden fall in the betting.

Black Pearl, a big, well-grown, dark-brown colt, almost black, with a smooth, powerful action and a rare look of breed, tore past, straining against his bit—a dangerous looking customer, ridden by a wise and cunning old jockey, barbaric and menacing in Ripon's tigerlike black and yellow hoops.

And last of all came stealing the daughter of Volt and Moonlady, jet black but glistening in the sunlight like a raven's wing, her beautiful head thrown up, the big white star on her forehead gleaming like a milky jewel. Winnie clasped her hands tightly as the filly went by with exactly the long, lithe, easy action that had so often worn the heart out of the rivals of the great Volt.

"Oh, Lullaby—for Cecil—for March Lodge—and for me!" she breathed.

No doubt it was only a little mist that dimmed her eyes, but it seemed to her that the gay turquoise cap nodded reassuringly in reply to her whispered appeal.

The colors diminished and faded and the pounding of hoofs died down as Winnie took out her glasses, listening to the flowing tide of sound from the rings.

"Three to one bar one! Evens Black Pearl! Threes Lullaby—threes Lullaby! Five to one Nanette! 'Ere, six to one Lace!"

Lady Fasterton laughed. Lace was her husband's candidate.

"Lace! What a characteristic name! I could guess that was my charming husband's horse—from its name! Thank goodness, it hasn't a chance of upsetting our arrangements!"

But Winnie was too intent on the distant swirl of color at the starting gate to observe her friend's comment. She did not even notice the return of Gerald Peel and George H. Jay.

Her soul was five furlongs away, down the glistening river of smooth turf which flowed between the packed crowds hiving in the inclosures.

It had been good fun, very pleasant, watching Lullaby win the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Newmarket; but, like Winnie's heart, this was all different. There was suspense, anxiety, even pain in such racing as this. She had never dreamed that it could possibly have seemed so very important to win a race, even though it was not so much for her own sake as for Cecil Fairbairn's. Her mind raced. That was a dangerous, a formidable-looking colt, Black Pearl. She felt a little uneasy about Black Pearl. She had had Henry Ripon in her power once, when she had required compensation for his son's breach of promise, and she had used her advantage to the full, as she was well entitled to do. But now was Ripon going to turn the tables on her, as well as having his way with March Lodge? They were still backing Black Pearl heavily.

"They're off!"

It ran through the crowd like a blast of hot wind.

A fleck of yellow flashed to the front, down the course—Nanette! She had shot away like a leaping cat. Nanette! But where was the sapphire-and-silver jacket?

"By gad, Lullaby's left!" ejaculated Mr. Jay in a voice like a snarl.

"Left! Oh, no, no!" cried Winnie, trembling.

"No!" said a cool, quiet voice at her side—the Honorable Gerald, whom nothing in racing could excite or flurry. "She's coming!"

Already the crowd was shouting for the yellow jacket.

"Nanette! Nanette!"

But the little horse was outclassed. The tiger-striped jacket on Ripon's big Black Pearl shot up and drew clear. The roar of the crowd redoubled.

"Black Pearl! The favorite wins it! Come on, Black Pearl!"

Black Pearl swung on alone. The drum of the flying hoofs was beating on Winnie's heart like a great hammer, seeming to choke, to suffocate it. Oh, where was Lullaby? And Cassidy—who had said "Sure!"

"Black Pearl for a million! Black Pearl!" shouted a man close by. But

"Black Pearl, hell!" bawled Mr. Jay suddenly in furious excitement. "Look! Lullaby!"

Winnie quivered from hat to heels. Lullaby! Lullaby it was! The sapphire, silver and turquoise was visible now, for Lullaby was coming through.

"Come on, Cassidy!" hooted Mr. Jay, and irresistibly, overwhelmingly, Cassidy came on to work his miracle.

Black Pearl had pounced on Nanette like a tiger on a fawn, but now it was Black Pearl's turn. Lullaby had him. It seemed to Winnie that her heart had been snatched out from under the thunder of those frantic hoofs to a safe place with Cassidy on Lullaby. With Cassidy, dear, dear Cassidy, on Lullaby, wonderful, wonderful Lullaby!

"Lullaby! Lullaby! Lullaby!"

The great cry rose and broke over the crowd that created it like a succession of huge waves.

And the daughter of Volt and Moonlady came up and on and raged past the flying Black Pearl like an act of God, as Mr. Jay, crazily excited, reverberantly put it.

"Lullaby wins, Winnie! It's all right!" came the Honorable Gerald's tranquil voice at her shoulder.

Winnie saw it. Somehow it was quite different from what she had expected. Every detail was graven on her mind—the flesh tint of Cassidy's face, the kingfisher flash of the turquoise cap, the flaglike flutter and billow of the silver-and-blue jacket, the blood-red nostrils of Lullaby, flying past the post, as it were, on a crashing wave of thunder.

"Lullaby!"

"And that's that—two lengths. She's a marvel," Winnie heard the Honorable Gerald saying. "She was almost left at the start, and in a five-furlong scurry it calls for something rather special to recover from a bad start. A very fast race—not much over the minute!"

"A minute, Gerry! But it was a lifetime!" Winnie's eyes were wide with wonder.

But Gerald only laughed, making way for May Fasterton and others who wished to congratulate her. They were dears, all of them, and she loved them so much. But she hoped that they would hurry, for she was so anxious to go and kiss Cassidy and thank Lullaby—no, no, to thank Cassidy and kiss Lullaby—and to see Cecil—Captain Fairbairn.

She would not be detained long if they were all quick people like Mr. Jay, who was already disappearing en route to interview certain gentlemen *re* certain money now due and recoverable.

But May Fasterton did not keep her, for she understood things very well.

"Take this little gambler to see Lullaby and Nanette, and Harmon and Cassidy and Cecil Fairbairn, Gerry," said May. "She doesn't look it, but she is so excited in her heart that I marvel she remains coherent."

So that, after all, not more than two or three of those minute-long lifetimes had elapsed before Winnie, looking most deceptively cool and composed, had thanked Cassidy, kissed Lullaby, petted little Nanette and found herself standing with Dan Harmon and Fairbairn.

Dan, already showered with gratitude, was about to move away when Winnie stopped him.

"Please, Mr. Harmon, about poor Harvester ——" She glanced at Fairbairn. "I know who shot him—and why."

Dan looked surprised.

"Listen!" said Winnie. "It won't take long, and I want it all to be explained and understood, so that we can begin again. Harvester was shot by accident. It was Lullaby that was aimed at!"

"Who did it then, Miss Winnie?" demanded Dan.

"Henry, Captain Fairbairn's man," said the girl.

The men stiffened.

"Naturally it was entirely without Captain Fairbairn's knowledge," explained Winnie. "He was confined to his bed by an accident. How Henry knew there was more than a possibility of Lullaby beating Nanette I don't know. He may have friends at Newmarket. He once worked there, didn't he, Captain Fairbairn?"

Fairbairn nodded.

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

"Then probably he knew about Lullaby. You know, Henry worships Captain Fairbairn"—the girl was addressing herself almost wholly to Dan Harmon—"who saved his life in France. He would do anything—any madness—if he thought it would benefit his master. He knew that if Nanette lost, Captain Fairbairn would be ruined, and he believed that Lullaby was Nanette's only danger. That terrible sword cut on his head has left him mentally—different from the normal, I think." She paused, looking at the captain.

"A little, perhaps," admitted Fairbairn reluctantly, "but he is a good boy."

"He conceived the idea of saving his master, of making Nanette's victory certain. And then suddenly Captain Fairbairn had an accident one afternoon which kept him to his bed for two days. That is true, isn't it, please?"

Fairbairn nodded, "Yes, quite true."

"Well, that evening Henry attended to Nanette and his duties as usual. Then he took your revolver, your motorcycle, your helmet and motorcycling things and rode to Newmarket. All night he rode, and he must have ridden dangerously fast on a partly unknown road to be on Newmarket Heath at dawn next day."

The men were listening attentively, and Winnie went on, speaking just loud enough for them to hear:

"He had to ride all night—in the dark—to be in time to kill Lullaby and be back on Salisbury Plain before Captain Fairbairn inquired for him next day. He arrived on the Heath in time. But he missed Lullaby. That was an easy thing to do after a night ride of over a hundred—oh, much more than a hundred miles! He hit Harvester and fled back the way he had come. He burst a tire and had it renewed at Cambridge. It was on the motorcycle the day he visited March Lodge."

Again Cecil Fairbairn nodded.

"I had told him to take off an old worn tire. He did it while I was ill. He told me he had fetched a new one from Salisbury," he explained; "and I remember now—he was late for his work the morning after my accident. The housekeeper told me. I had him up to my room and gave him a wigging. He said he was not well, and certainly he looked so fearfully ill that I didn't bother him any more."

"He had been traveling all night—hours and hours and hours," said Winnie.

"But how came you to think of this Henry, Miss Winnie?" asked Dan Harmon.

Winnie flushed a little for no apparent reason and looked at Fairbairn.

"It was the motorcyclist's helmet, you see," she said. "When I examined it—you remember I peered at the initials—I noticed that it smelled faintly of some strongly perfumed hair wash or brilliantine. When I leaned so close to you, Mr. Fairbairn, giving you your tea, I saw that you did not use any brilliantine or hair wash at all. So I knew that someone else had worn the helmet. When I saw Henry and noticed how hard he evidently tried to keep his hair plastered down to hide the sword cut I—guessed. And when he stooped to look at Nanette's hoof and I stooped close to him I smelled the odor of the same hair oil, and I knew."

They were nodding solemnly, their eyes full of admiration for this exquisite blue-eyed child woman who for all her beauty and ingenuous charm yet was not less ready-witted, indeed was far more so, than many men who prided themselves on their acumen. And she was generous, too, for suddenly she went close to Dan Harmon.

"Dear Mr. Harmon," she said, "you have been so wonderful with Lullaby that I don't know what we should have done without you. It is you whom we have to thank for everything—everything—and I shall never, never, so long as I live, forget the way Lullaby raced to-day. And so it seems to me to be such a shame—to be so unfortunate—that your horse was killed. Old Harvester, who never told you a lie! You see, I haven't forgotten what you said—why you loved him so. I was, and I am—and so are we all—sorry and shocked that Harvester was killed. But all the same I am going to ask you to forgive this poor man who killed him. He did that—a dreadful thing, I know—but he is good. He has suffered that sword cut! At least he received that while he was doing his duty, and it has blurred his brain a little, so he doesn't see things quite as we see them any more. Forgive him, please. I know that Mrs. Harmon will. It was for the master who saved him—brought him back out from under a troop of cavalry and machine guns—at the risk of his own life. Just his blurred way of being grateful. Listen" her voice fell—"I want you very much to forgive him, and so that you shall not regret it ever I will give you half of Lullaby! We will be partners in Lullaby, just to make it up to you for Harvester."

The trainer stared. He was a hardish customer in his way, was Dan Harmon, for he had been treated hard in his time. But he was not hard enough to accept such an offer as that. Lullaby had won him personally a packet that day which made his usual winnings look like shaving paper, and he had lost any animosity against the man who had killed old Harvester as soon as he knew the facts. He took Winnie's hand.

"My dear," he said, "I should not think much of myself if I charged you half your Lullaby for an ordinary decent thing like forgiving that poor lad. Why, of course I forgive him! And Lullaby's yours—all yours! Good Lord, what would Kathleen say if I accepted an offer like that?"

He beamed down into the violet-dark eyes, gripped and shook her hand almost violently and, muttering something about Lullaby's rugs, hurried away.

Winnie turned to Fairbairn.

"So it's all right, you see," she said joyously; but her heart was behaving very strangely indeed. "Mr. Harmon has forgiven Henry. He understands, you see. And now won't you tell me, please, Captain Fairbairn, are you quite so ruined as you would have been if it had not been for Lullaby—and perhaps a little bit for me too? That isn't meant to be impertinent, please—to pry into your affairs—only it has been a very happy day for me, and it would crown my day to know that dear March Lodge is still yours, and that you are happy too."

He caught at her hands, openly, quite openly, in that crowded paddock, glorious with sunshine and color, and there was relief and gratitude and a kind of hunger in his voice and in his eyes as he answered.

"Ruined? I am poor, but not so ruined, little friend, as I might have been. And happy? Happier than I deserve, but not so happy as I shall hope to be some day when I have earned it." He wrung her hands. "I used to think I was imperturbable, like Gerald Peel; but I am learning that I am not. If—in this place—I tried to tell you, to say to you half I feel, I should make myself—and you—conspicuous. And when I do say it I shall only be able to say it in just one way, and I haven't yet earned the right to say it—like that. But some day I shall—if you could care to listen to me."

"I—I think I should care greatly," whispered Winnie, her sweet lips quivering a little.

He let her hands fall as Lady Fasterton came up.

"I want her now, please. After all, she is my friend, too," said that lady gayly, and took her.

But Winnie's gaze lingered on Fairbairn as he went slowly across the paddock.

May laughed a little.

"He is only going to the members' inclosure, child—not to the ends of the earth," she said lightly. "But I thought for a moment he was going to take you in his arms in view of everybody."

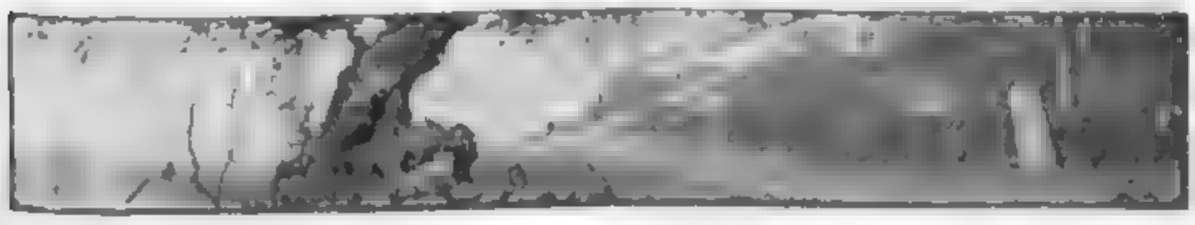
Winnie smiled a queer little wistful smile.

"I wonder if I should have minded if he had," she replied. "But he says he has not deserved it yet."

"Neither has he," said May promptly.

It was the first foolish thing, Winnie thought, she had ever heard her friend say.

But then she remembered the adoration in Cecil's eyes as he went away, and so found it easy to forgive her.



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Many now go to sleep with film on their teeth or between them. Or with starch deposits which may ferment and form acid. And all night long those factors may attack the teeth.

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Nothing Else is Like it

STINNES

(Continued from Page 4)

Stinnes now turned to a characteristic appraisal of the whole world's situation. In snappy sentences that were infinitely more American than German in conception and delivery he declared: "The whole world is sick and the politicians of Europe give it no opportunity to get well. A few business men sitting around a table discussing matters calmly and amicably could achieve more reconstruction than all the chatter of self-seeking politicians. The curse of Europe is politics, and until the politician is eliminated there can be no stabilization.

"France might have had materials and workmen for reconstruction two years ago. Apparently France does not so much want reconstruction as she wants the utter and complete humiliation of Germany. The majority of the people of France are sane and constructive, but they are the victims of their press and their politicians, who keep them inflamed and who demand fresh and increasing exactions against Germany.

"What Europe and the rest of the world must realize is that there can be no return to anything like standardization without a productive Germany. She is essential to the whole economic well-being, and the sooner this is realized the sooner will world conditions improve. All states are doomed if they do not help each other. It is only by bringing about complete cooperation that civilization can be saved. European countries and currencies are so intimately interrelated that you cannot deal with one without vitally affecting all the others."

"What of Germany's future?" I asked.

"You cannot wipe out sixty millions of people, especially when they are all workers," was the reply. "Their welfare is a world factor. Germany wants to work and do her important share in the general reconstruction. The irony is that she lacks the materials with which to work, whereas other nations have the materials and have no will to labor. German industry is being rapidly restored, but it would develop faster if the nation were not constantly subjected to new embarrassments.

"German industry will progress along lines of large organization. This is not done to crush competition, but to produce adequate fuel and power, and a larger output."

"What is your idea of a satisfactory working arrangement between nations?" was my next question.

Up to this time Stinnes had spoken German. He now answered in excellent English that almost had a British accent. Here is what he said: "The war, and especially what has happened since the war, has proved the folly of political alliances. The most important thing in the world is business, and the big task before the world to-day is the business of recovery."

An Economic League of Nations

"I believe that the only practical and permanent entente is an economic entente—an economic league of nations. I consider the most feasible arrangement of this kind would include the United States, England and Germany. It could guarantee economic peace, and with economic peace hereafter we could go far towards preventing war."

"I see that you include England in this group," I remarked.

"Yes," was the quick retort. "I include England because if she is left out of any international deal she is likely to stir up a large amount of trouble politically. France must be included in any such arrangement, and France would be a helpful factor because she is a worker."

Of his own volition Stinnes turned the conversation to the baffling and all-important subject of Russia. In this, I might add, he was no exception to the scores of influential German bankers and business men with whom I had discussed the world situation.

It is no secret that Germany has immense plans for the economic stabilization of Russia, once the veil is lifted and the frontiers are open. The German trade agreement with the Soviet Government is merely a detail in a carefully formulated program of penetration which I shall discuss fully in a later article. The vital matter at the moment is what Stinnes thinks about Russia's part in the present international dislocation. He said:

"Europe, and for that matter the whole world, cannot be stabilized without an orderly and participating Russia—without a Russia that buys and produces. The isolation of Russia from the economic scheme of things is one reason why recovery is so long delayed. You cannot eliminate the purchasing power of more than a hundred millions of people without disorganizing the general commercial scheme. Couple with this the facts that Austria is a wreck and that the buying power of Germany is greatly diminished on account of the low exchange. The result is that you have a huge hole in the business structure, and until that hole is filled up there must be uncertainty and worse.

"Russia is the greatest single factor in Europe to-day. Just as the discovery of America widened the horizon of trade and started the era of individual competition, so will the rediscovery of Russia open up a whole new epoch in world business. No one nation can reorganize Russia. She will need the combined efforts of America, England and Germany. You cannot keep the British out, because in a sense they are already in Russia, and besides, as I said before, if you try to keep them out they will stir up political trouble. The German is peculiarly equipped to deal with Russia. He lives near at hand, is familiar with the Russian speech and, what is more to the point, he knows the Russian psychology."

Before I could put another question Stinnes continued:

"Shall I tell you what the world needs perhaps more than anything else, excepting perhaps the elimination of the politician? I can do so in a single sentence: It needs the active participation of the United States in European affairs. A policy of disinterestedness on the part of America just now would be fatal for Europe. She was the decisive factor in winning the war. She has tremendous obligations in Europe. She is absolutely necessary to Europe's recuperation. She owes it to Europe to take a part, but not in the Woodrow Wilson fashion. Europe needs practical men."

The Unanswered Question

I had heard that Stinnes was anxious to make American connections and that he expected to visit New York this autumn.

When I asked him if he had such a trip in mind his answer was: "I cannot say definitely, but it is possible that I shall go to America before the end of the year. I have had representatives in the United States, but I should like to see things for myself. If I should go to America it will be only because I have a definite plan in my mind. I have admiration for America because Americans do things in a big and personal way."

The more Stinnes talked the more I realized his grasp of world affairs. Moreover, once he began to speak English he continued until he wanted to impress a point. Then he lapsed back into his native German. This was particularly true when he talked about Russia.

One other fact strongly impressed upon me was the man's accurate knowledge of what was going on everywhere. Only the day before, a piece of international information that vitally affected American foreign relations had been given to me in the usual absolute confidence. To my amazement, and with the injunction "This is confidential," Stinnes imparted it to me! It shows that his intelligence service is more than a name.

I knew that the time was growing short, because anxious-faced secretaries began to hover about. I felt therefore that it was up to me to put the final query. It had been at the back of my mind ever since I had first heard of Stinnes. I said: "Every day you acquire some new interest and make yourself more powerful. What is your real goal? Bismarck brought about the political union that created the German Empire. Is it your idea to establish an economic federation dominated by yourself?"

The pale, immobile, bearded face relaxed into something that resembled a smile and with that smile came the first refusal. He said, "I cannot answer that question." It was in itself a sufficient reply.

It was now past one o'clock. Stinnes rose and we walked back to the center of the lobby, where a group of men were waiting for the inevitable conference. With an "*Aufwiedersehen*" he plunged back into his multitudinous affairs and I went off to the station with the feeling that I had touched the livest wire in Germany.

(Continued on Page 85)

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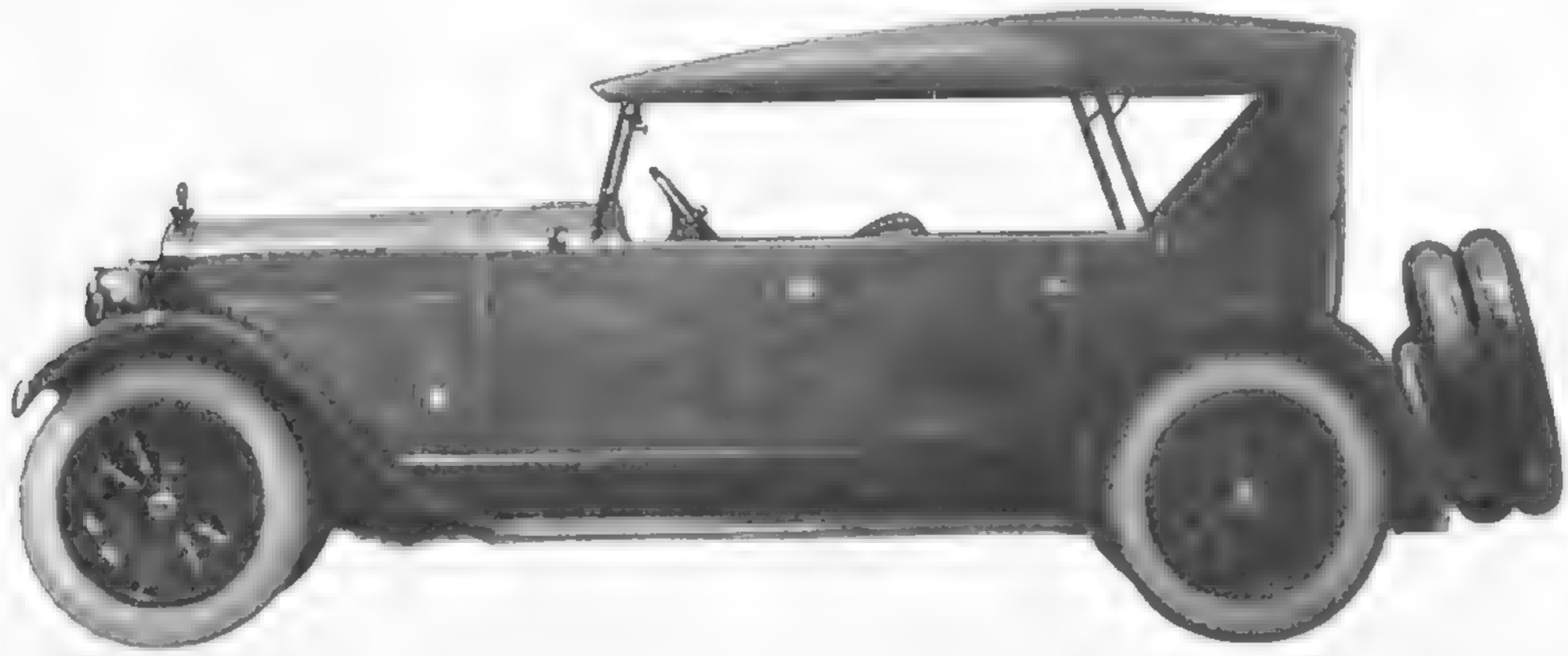

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Its trim and graceful body hides a taut, true chassis of finely wrought steel.

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The shining engine breathes at the starter's touch, the gears drop quietly into place and the roadway moves to meet you.

Quickly, deftly you maneuver through the crowded places and are off to the tune of singing tires.

Over car tracks, ruts and uneven roads this car carries you in steady comfort.

No one can keep ahead of you if you only choose to go around.

No one can pass you.

Motorists long schooled in the ownership of fine cars have been unable to resist the LaFayette.

After one ride in this car you also will be listed among its friends.

Open Cars—$4850 at Indianapolis (Four-passenger Torpedo illustrated above)

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

LAFAYETTE

(Continued from Page 82)

With this glimpse of his personality, and some understanding of his point of view, we can now go into the rise of Hugo Stinnes from obscure coal merchant in the Ruhr to an almost unchallenged industrial dictatorship of Teutonic Europe. Although he is a sort of superman who defies the conventional standards of life and labor, you will find in his beginnings something of the formula that produced the industrial hierarchy which gave the fallen German Empire its place in the sun.

One would expect that Stinnes, like so many of his American counterparts, began as clerk in a country store. This is not true. He violated all the traditions of the millionaire game by inheriting what was considered in its day a considerable stake. At the present time it would be regarded as a shoestring, but Stinnes has converted it into the largest fortune in Germany.

The Stinnes business began with Hugo's grandfather, Mathias Stinnes, who died in 1853 and who was one of the business patriarchs of the Ruhr. He owned coal mines, was the pioneer of organized shipping on the Rhine, and introduced the first steamboat on those historic waters. He established the precedents of incessant application and unswerving practicality that have contributed so largely to the contemporary Stinnes prestige.

When you analyze the careers of the captains of industry of the Rhineland and its environs you discover how and why Germany marched to her business leadership before the war. In this area, which has always been the stronghold of Teutonic production, were born the barons who made commercial history. Within a comparatively small distance from one another developed Krupp, Thyssen, the Kirdorfs, Stumm, Haniel, Kloeckner, and Stinnes, masterful figures all—who sprang, as it were, from a stratum of coal and iron.

By one of those curious coincidences of actual life which are stranger than the contrasts of fiction there rose in this same region the sworn foes of industrial feudalism who projected a considerable part of modern socialism. Karl Marx was born at Treves, at the junction of the Saar and the Moselle; Bebel came into being in Cologne; Engels hailed from Wuppertal; and Lassalle journeyed from the east to find sanctuary near by.

Those early Rhine magnates, Mathias Stinnes among them, knew only one gospel, and it was the gospel of work. They had the genius of creative activity and they were likewise strangers to luxury and the gentler things of the world. They never indulged themselves as their humblest workers did. To-day, for example, you can see August Thyssen at the age of eighty, head of the second greatest industrial dynasty in Germany, riding to his office every morning at eight o'clock in a street car and rubbing shoulders with a puddler in one of his many steel mills.

Worthy Chips of the Old Block

In these families you find no shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations. Each scion is usually sturdier than his sire. The case of Hugo Stinnes is an apt illustration. His grandfather, Old Mathias, as they called him on the Rhine, was considered a giant in his day, for he built up the largest of the Rhine freight fleets. Every barge, lighter or tug of the fleet bore his name, and the result is that nowadays the little flaxen-haired German children who walk along the banks of the river learn their letters from a family word that means magic in commerce and spells millions.

That huge Rhine fleet is owned to-day by Hugo Stinnes, who has enlarged it manifold. The significance of this lies in the fact that the Stinneses have always hung on to what they inherit or to what they acquire. Old Mathias had three sons—Mathias II, Gustav and Hermann Hugo—and they were all worthy chips of the old block, for they strengthened the family fortune. The Hugo Stinnes of to-day is the son of Hermann Hugo, and he developed the family acquisitiveness beyond the wildest dreams of the founder. He was born February 22—he perhaps did not realize that it was Washington's birthday—1870, at the old family home at Mülheim. He is therefore in his prime.

It has been said of Hugo Stinnes that in his youth he had no beer or fräuleins. He probably observed then the Spartan régime of all work and no play that he practices now. As a boy he studied in a gymnasium and was then sent to learn the rudiments of business in a commercial establishment at Coblenz.

Old Mathias was primarily a coal merchant with considerable interests in various Ruhr coal mines. He really founded his river fleet to carry his black merchandise. These coal interests have remained continuously under Stinnes ownership. The present Hugo was destined at one time or another to be, like his forbears, a dealer in coal. Hence his father insisted that he know the practical side of the business. He became a miner and worked in the mines for nearly a year. Nor was it any kid-glove labor. He went down into the tunnels every morning and dug with a pick. This accounts for his present slight stoop. In 1889 he entered the School of Mines, in Berlin, and a year later joined the original firm founded by his grandfather, in which his mother—who, by the way, was descended from refugee French Huguenots—had a fourth interest.

For two years he remained under what might be called the paternal business roof. But he irked at restraint, so at twenty-three he did a characteristic thing. With the twelve thousand five hundred dollars that he inherited from his father he cut loose for himself and established what in America would be called Hugo Stinnes, Incorporated. He wanted to do as he pleased. From the moment that he started on his own his career has been a marvel of consistent expansion.

A Master of Million Making

There is neither time nor space here to chronicle fully the whole Stinnes achievement. It would involve the narrative of a considerable part of German industrial and commercial evolution during the past two decades. Roughly speaking, it divides into three sections. The first is the era before the war, when the man impressed his organizing powers and when he built up a fortune of approximately five million dollars. The second includes his many-sided war activities with which he more than quadrupled his wealth, and established the connections that enabled him to make himself one of the masters of peace. The third epoch dates from the signing of the armistice and reveals him as king of trust manipulators.

No man can do what Stinnes has done without having a definite system. In the case of Andrew Carnegie it lay in the ability, as he often admitted, to pick the right subordinates and let them handle details. Stinnes apparently trusts no one. His is the personally conducted process of million making. A Stinnes must be present whenever things are to be consummated.

The dynastic idea is strong in him. This is shown by the somewhat remarkable fact that his oldest son Hugo—the vice regent, so to speak, and who inherits much of his father's acumen—is required to attend every important conference that his parent holds. When Hugo Junior is not available, then his second son, Eugene, who attends college in Berlin, is called in. Stinnes does this on the theory that if he should die suddenly some member of his family would intimately know what is going on and be qualified to step into the breach.

The Stinnes creed consists of bringing about consolidations of industries in such a way as to guarantee his personal control. Like E. H. Harriman, he uses his immense credit to establish new enterprises. He will put a hundred million marks into a consolidation and organize it so that he is dictator. Once he is strongly intrenched he withdraws nine-tenths of the money and employs it in the same way elsewhere. In this fashion he has built up an endless chain of authority.

Individualism is the Stinnes fetish, leadership his consuming desire. During a debate in the Reichstag on the nationalization of industry, he once said:

"When I am about to start a new enterprise I ask two preliminary questions: First, Where is the man to create it? Second, Where are the able workers? If both of these are not forthcoming I leave the matter alone. You must leave to the organizer what is the organizer's business—leadership."

I have said that coal was the rock on which the Stinnes prestige was reared. It followed that Hugo Stinnes' initial coup was with the mineral that shaped the family destiny. When he established himself at the age of twenty-three he saw that

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Haughton Elevators are designed throughout for the greatest durability and efficiency, without regard to first cost.

An installation of Haughton Elevators is true economy.

In the words of one of the largest users of elevators in the United States:—"*Even at a higher price, Haughton Elevators are the best investment we can make.*"

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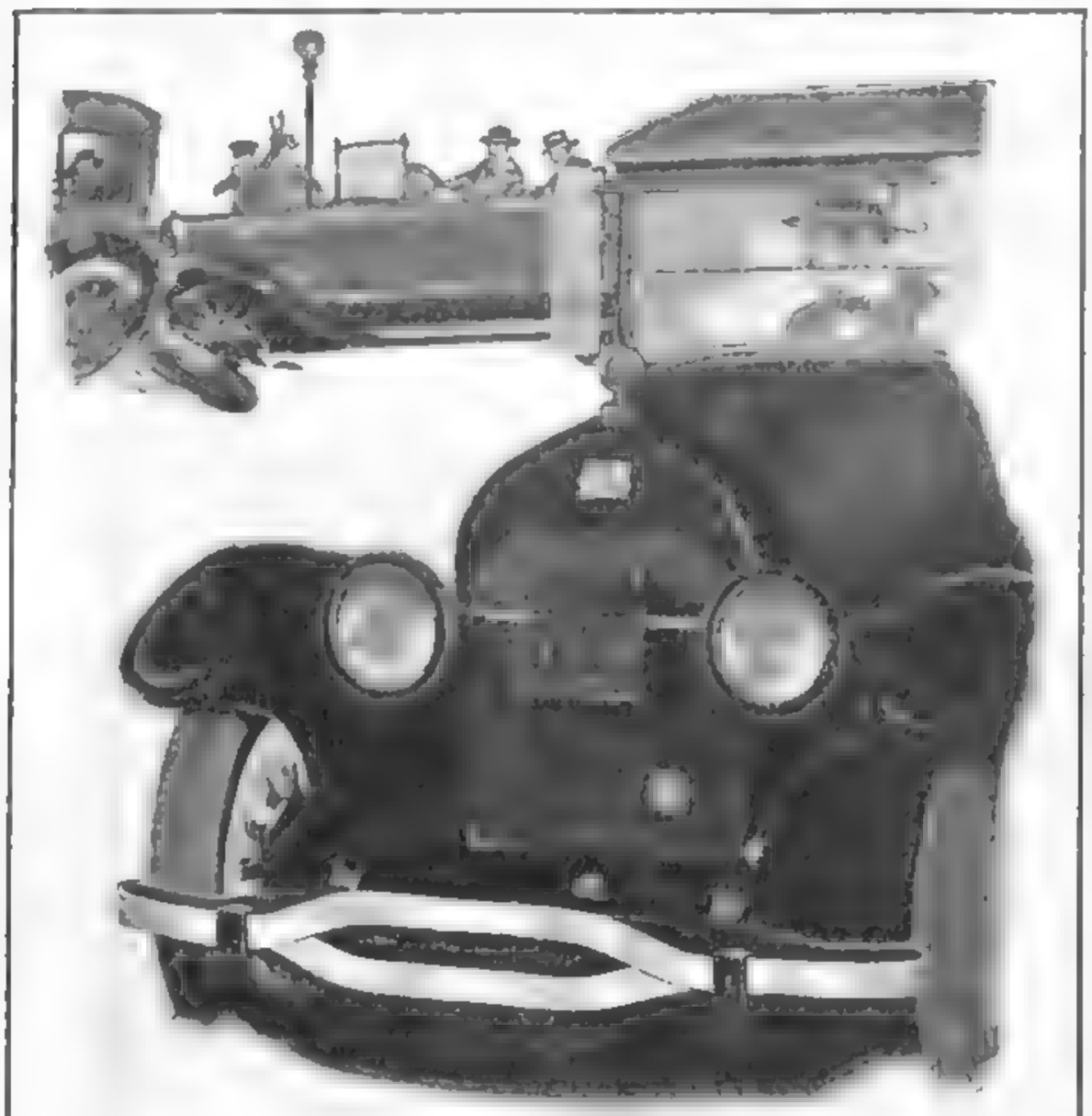

IT takes a crashing collision to convince some motorists that a bumper should be strong enough to *protect* even against severe impacts. Thoughtful car owners are convinced before that experience comes, by common sense reasoning.

Biflex has demonstrated to the motor world that a bumper can be made that will protect in all emergencies.

Scientifically *measured* strength is built into the Biflex—proportionate to the weight of each car and sufficient to ward off the smashing collisions as well as the slight bumps.

Its broad double bars (an original patented Biflex idea) halt all bumpers on other cars, whatever their height, from passing. And this wide buffing area cushions the blows no matter how terrific.

Sturdy brackets that hold rigidly make Biflex protection definite and certain. A Biflex, front and rear, protects you and shields others.

The Biflex is beautiful in design, too. A pleasing adornment to any car.

Look for the Biflex label—it is the true mark of super bumper worth

Biflex Products Co., Waukegan, Ill.

Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are Guaranteed Against Breakage for One Year.

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Spring Bumper
"Protection with Distinction"

the coal business, as his father and grandfather conducted it, was uneconomic. It simply consisted of selling coal to iron founders, who in turn made a large profit out of it. His first step was to acquire a group of coal mines outright, which would give him all the profit of production.

This only whetted his appetite. He observed that the iron and steel founders were waxing fat, so his next natural procedure was to buy them out. He now sold coal to himself and made an added profit. In time he got control of a dozen iron mines. Coal and iron are the key industries of the Ruhr and before many years had passed Stinnes was one of the compelling factors in that battle ground of German industry. To-day, like the French king who said "I am the State," he can say with truth, "I am the Ruhr."

But this is getting a little ahead of the story. One important result of those early coal and iron mergers was the organization of the German-Luxemburg Mining and Smelting Company, the first-born of what has become a constantly increasing family of Stinnes trusts. It began with a dozen coal and iron mines, a few smelters and furnaces, and a capital of a million marks. By 1910 its capital was seventy-five million marks and it owned a chain of mines, mills and plants throughout the Rhineland and Westphalia. Its principal establishments are at Bochum, Dortmund, Mülheim and Emden. Each one of the various subsidiaries that comprise this combine—it now employs sixty thousand men—is a sort of self-sufficient little industrial kingdom in that it supplies its needs in fuel and raw materials from its own premises. This is the Stinnes formula, because it means, among other things, a minimum of transport costs.

The second big Stinnes undertaking—it was formulated before he was thirty—was the Rhenish-Westphalian Electric Works. Its corner stone was reared in Essen and its aim from the outset was to give Stinnes a political power that could be capitalized in the richest industrial area of Germany. One of the functions of the company is to provide gas, water and electricity for cities like Essen and Mülheim in the Ruhr. All together it supplies twenty-five communities. Stinnes made it possible for representatives of these municipalities to become stockholders and to sit on the board of directors. He has therefore been enabled to exercise a potent influence in the construction of public utilities. It followed that most of the street-car lines and narrow-gauge railways of the Ruhr area were built by Stinnes concerns.

War Activities and Profits

During these years of large evolution there developed the combination of Stinnes coal interests which to-day owns or controls sixty mines, whose output was 10 per cent of German coal production before the war, and whose proportion of the German coal supply is even larger now in view of the loss of territory due to the stipulations of the peace treaty. Stinnes has the unique distinction of being the only German, I believe, who ever literally carried coals to Newcastle, for he was able to export the black diamond to England on several occasions.

All the while Stinnes was becoming a power in water transportation. He took over all the Stinnes family shipping on the Rhine, enlarged its capacity and made it the most powerful flotilla not only on the Rhine but on the Elbe and the Oder. You cannot travel for a day on any of these rivers without encountering a string of his tugs and lighters. It is part of a merchant marine which now carries the Stinnes house flag on the North Sea, the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

The Great War offered Stinnes a supreme opportunity to employ his genius for organization and acquisition. A situation that involved a crisis for all industry proved to be only an ill wind that blew him good. Some of the Stinnes war activities are still shrouded in the mystery which seems to envelop so much of his movements. Enough is known, however, to show that he endured no sacrifice.

It was during the vast struggle that he began to make his immense profits. Stinnes had coal, iron and steel, and, like the silver bullets, they were the sinews of the business of war. So cocksure were the Germans of victory—and Stinnes shared in this delusion until almost the end—that they said: "The Allies will pay for every thing. Why haggle about costs?" In Germany steel increased in price more than 500 per cent, and Stinnes sold all he had.

Coal was the weapon that Germany held menacingly over the heads of the unhappy neutrals to extort needed supplies. Stinnes had an abundance of it and his fortune swelled from the sales in Holland, Switzerland, Sweden and Denmark.

Stinnes was one of the dominating figures in the famous Raw Material Bureau at Berlin. When he was not selling his own output he was engaged in mobilizing the product of his colleagues and his competitors. All was grist to the war mill. In Stinnes, General Ludendorff, himself a prince of organizers, found a congenial mate. It was Ludendorff who made Stinnes a sort of civil liaison officer between big business and the big sword. The silent, bearded industrial dictator of the Ruhr became a familiar figure at German General Headquarters, and out of this connection developed a series of new and characteristic performances.

It was Stinnes who helped to conscript and nationalize German industry for war service. That was only a small evidence of his influence. He directed the exploitation of the French and Belgian mines and was the principal adviser in the liquidation of the Belgian industries. Belgium under the heel of the German invader meant for Stinnes an object of fusion or partition. He was largely responsible for the removal of the machinery from so many of the factories in the conquered regions. When disease and war had decimated the German legions, and the hungry maw of battle demanded more and more German flesh and blood, he instigated the deportation of thousands of laborers from Belgium and France to man the lathes and benches of the Teutonic factories.

When War Hopes Ran High

Stinnes never disguised his desire for the permanent annexation of the Belgian coal bases and the French ore regions. The firm belief in the ultimate German triumph was demonstrated by the organization, largely under his inspiration, of three companies—The Industrial Company, Ltd., The Commercial Company, Ltd., and The Mining Company, Ltd.—whose sole purpose was to take over and operate the principal industries of Belgium. Here you touch a little-known phase of wartime Germany. It rested on the conviction that the German cause was invincible. All these companies, I might add, were conceived in 1916, when German military success was at high tide and when conquest seemed assured.

Needless to say, the three companies never got beyond the stage of a vast paper program, which, like so many other German intentions, went into the scrap heap in that fateful November of 1918.

During the war Stinnes bulwarked and widened his own business machine. He poured his profits into the development of transport and trade connections. The Kaiser had said that Germany's future was on the water, and Stinnes hastened to aid in its realization. In 1916 he bought the Woermann and the German East Africa Steamship Lines. Subsequently he acquired large interests in the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd Lines. In 1917 he purchased, bag and baggage, the firm of H. W. Heidmann, which had been prominent in Hamburg shipping since 1848. With this deal he took over ships, wharves and warehouses.

Already the lust of world commercial conquest was strong within him, for in 1917 he founded the Hugo Stinnes Ocean Navigation and Trading Company. With a nominal capital of five million marks, it was endowed with a charter that rivaled in scope and variety of authorized undertaking the historic instrument that gave the British South Africa Company its official license to live. It is his business Magna Charta. Under it Hugo Stinnes can build and operate ships, street-car lines, factories, warehouses, and engage in any kind of industrial or commercial pursuit. The sky is the limit. This company is now operated by his eldest son, Hugo, who has his headquarters at Hamburg.

Early in 1918, when German hopes still ran high, Stinnes leagued himself with the German American Petroleum Company, of Hamburg, and also acquired a number of Hamburg hotels. Turning elsewhere he

(Continued on Page 89)

Your Electric Light & Power Co.

The Heart of Industry

Your electric light and power company serves the industries of your community, and you at home or abroad, every minute of every night and day. From it flows the energy that builds great and healthy commercial and community growth; industrial development and better living follow it everywhere.

The dollars which have made electric light and power projects possible have been supplied by more than a million of your fellow citizens. Your bank, as well as your insurance company, is almost certain to be listed among the thousands of conservative institutions which have provided the hundreds of millions of dollars that are now invested in this essential and substantial industry.

Many electric light and power companies are still serving the public at rates which do not provide sufficient earnings to enable them to obtain the capital needed for new equipment and extensions from your fellow-citizen-investors. Ask yourself if it would be possible for your own business to keep itself afloat under such a handicap.

The growth and prosperity of your city and community are largely dependent upon the healthy expansion of your electric light and power company.

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We have always guaranteed the quality of Tuxedo—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

After tobacco is properly aged, blended, cut and packed for smoking, the sooner you smoke it the better it is.

For this reason the American Tobacco Company has changed its entire plan of distribution on TUXEDO. Nothing is overlooked that will clip minutes from the schedule on which TUXEDO is delivered from our factories to your pipe.

This means that every pipeful of TUXEDO is good, and every pipeful alike. You need never smoke stale tobacco again.

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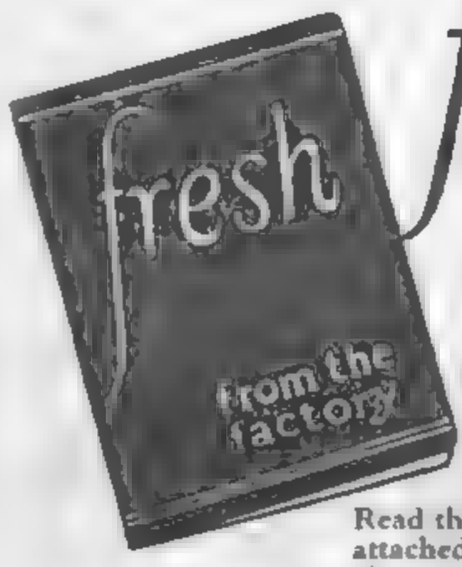

fresh
from the factory

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—the story of FRESH TUXEDO.

(Continued from Page 86)

bought out commercial firms in Konigsberg and Bremerhaven, and, on a dull day when he had nothing else to do, took over the Baltic Navigation Company. Incidentally he placed orders for twelve ocean-going steamers, because he believed that in order to hold his own in the postwar trade competition it would be advantageous to transport the material for his mills in his own ships.

Another precaution taken during the war was his purchase of a vast and richly wooded area in Eastern Germany. In this way a supply of timber for his mines and other undertakings was assured. Just before the close of hostilities he obtained a monopoly of the Rhenish lignite industry. In this transaction he displayed his usual uncanny foresight. Germany was doomed to defeat, and he realized that the national coal supply would be curtailed by the peace terms. He also knew that lignite was a practical substitute for hard coal. His judgment has been amply vindicated, for under his skillful manipulation it has become indispensable in German industry.

The end of the war, which brought disaster and humiliation to so many of his colleagues, only gave Stinnes a fresh grip on fortune and power. Where a man like Ballin, director-general of the Hamburg-American Line, preferred death to an attempt to rebuild amid the ruins of a life work, Stinnes snatched victory out of defeat. This industrial monarchist not only adapted himself to democracy but at once established friendly relations with the trade-unions by proclaiming a profit-sharing program throughout his immense realm.

He had completely coördinated his huge economic system when the revolution broke out and the Hohenzollerns departed into the twilight of the gods. The collapse of monarchy and the coincident removal of the old military masters left the way clear for the advent of a strong authority. Noske assumed it so far as the national security was concerned. His tenure depended upon political favor. Stinnes leaped into leadership in the one thing that was both permanent and profitable. That thing was business.

When you analyze German industry since the war you find that it has been largely shaped by two procedures: One is the increasing tendency to combination within the country; the other is cooperation with foreign groups. These tendencies constitute a process that unites self-defense and self-preservation. The reasons were obvious. The dislocation of business and the loss of valuable ore-bearing territory that followed the armistice, drove those engaged in the same type of manufacture together for mutual support. Coalition meant the pooling of fuel and raw material. Moreover, it facilitated export and was a first aid to credit abroad.

The Stinnes Vertical Trusts

With peace there dawned an era of trusts, and with this era the Stinnes genius for consolidation came into its own. All the merging that had gone before was merely the prelude to the superconsummation that now made him literally the autocrat of German industrial life.

Of course the trust idea is not new in Germany. Long before the war there had been built up the so-called horizontal combination, which assembled under one management various firms engaged in the production or manufacture of the same article. You had, for example, the electric-machinery trust, the potash trust or the trust of dye and chemical makers. They were not self-contained, because, for one thing, they were obliged to obtain their fuel from outside sources. In a general way they represented the American combinations of the type of the Standard Oil Company or the Harvester Trust.

Stinnes introduced the vertical trust, as it exists to-day, into Germany. It is a complete and self-sufficient consolidation that represents all the successive stages of manufacture from the production of raw material to the transport and distribution of the finished article. It established control from soil to consumer.

The vertical trust, as devised and projected by Stinnes, differs materially from the old-line American monopoly. The octopus, as we first knew it, was, to employ a much-abused phrase, in restraint of trade. It controlled price and crushed competition. Its victims were the small dealer and the consumer.

Back of the Stinnes intensive consolidation is the idea of an industry on the basis of power—that is, actual power that drives the wheels. This grows out of the acute fuel situation. Once power is assured, the rest is comparatively easy, because German production has reduced output and specialization to the finest possible point. Stinnes and his colleagues have no fear of competition; in fact, they welcome it. Their fortunes depend upon a Germany that comes back economically, and the surest guaranty of it is a widespread industrial activity.

The simplest and most elemental illustration of the Stinnes vertical-trust idea is with his newspapers. His first venture was a trade paper, because he wanted to control certain sources of technical information. Then he bought the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung—the semigovernment gazette. He subsequently acquired journals in Munich and elsewhere. He found out that some of these papers were not making money, and on inquiry discovered that the price of paper was too high. He therefore bought some paper and pulp mills. This in turn disclosed a shortage of wood pulp, so he acquired new forests. The next step was the purchase of the Telegraph Union, a news agency which assured him news. He capped it all by acquiring the two finest publishing and printing establishments in Germany. Thus he controlled all the machinery of publishing, from the virgin tree to the actual newspaper or book.

The significance of such a procedure was that Stinnes had done with the printed word precisely what he had done in his coal and metal enterprises. In every case his action is purely practical, because it establishes economic sequence from raw material through semimanufactured products to the manufactured goods, all combined under a single control.

An Industrial Mastodon

During the past twelve months Stinnes has achieved what might well be termed a trust of trusts. It is the Siemens-Rheinelbe-Schuckert-Union, which expresses vertical organization to the nth degree. It would take a whole article to outline fully all its ramifications and possibilities, for it involves a big cross section of German industry.

Two huge and closely related industrial groups form this monster combine. The first is the Rheinelbe-Union, which represents the merger made by Stinnes in July, 1920, when he joined his German Luxemburg Mining and Smelting Company with the Gelsenkirchen Mining Company. The latter company had been organized and developed by Emil and Adolph Kirdorf, two of the strongest figures in the German industrial west, and men of the stamp of Thyssen and Krupp. From one thousand employes their force had grown to sixty thousand. Their participation in the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate alone aggregated ten million tons each year. They had reached out in every direction until they owned coal and ore mines, blast furnaces, steel works and wire factories. With the downfall of Germany they lost ore fields in Lorraine. Stinnes also lost similar possessions. He needed the Kirdorfs in his business, so he gathered them in. By this action he made himself head of the most powerful mining and metallurgical group in Germany.

But he was not content. His restless ambition spurred him to fresh conquests. Stinnes has always believed that a considerable part of the future of industry lies in electrification. He sees it as the solution of the world fuel problem. He wanted to build up his electrical reserves. The Rhenish-Westphalia works were not enough. He now reached out for the biggest game that he had yet landed.

If you know the industry of Germany you know that one of its gigantic electrical-machinery enterprises is marshaled under the name of Siemens and Schuckert. It is the only rival of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft, and a perfect example of the horizontal trust. Like the Edison structure in America, romance was bound up in its beginnings. In the back room of a Berlin dwelling in the late forties Werner Siemens, in conjunction with a schoolmate named Halske, set up a small workshop and experimented in telegraph construction and deep-sea cables. Subsequently these men built the whole Russian telegraph system.

Here's a great idea in shoemaking

SCIENCE has recently proved that instead of only one type of normal feet there are *three* types — inflare, straight and outflare. The Tru-pe-dic shoes are made in these three types, and by trying on all three you can get just the shoe your foot ought to have.

The Tru-pe-dic is not a freak shoe but a stylish looking, anatomical, natural arch-supporting shoe which has been endorsed by the American Posture League. It will give you the utmost in foot comfort and in fit.

You will be well repaid if you write for the Tru-pe-dic booklet and the name of the nearest dealer.

CHURCHILL & ALDEN CO.
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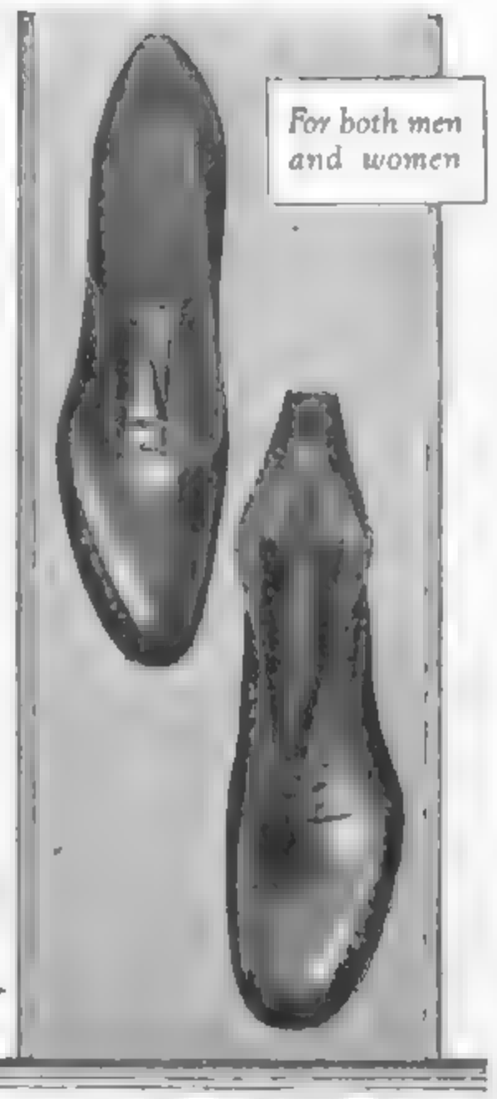
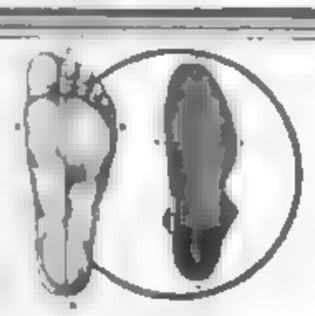
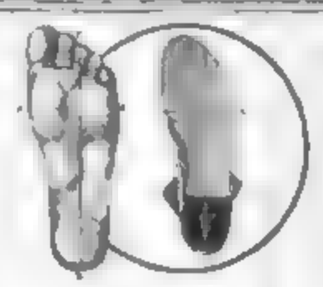
Tru-pe-dic SHOE Ralston MADE





OUTFLARE
Where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is outside the line instead of inside the line (C-D)

STRAIGHT
Where the surface across the ball (A-B) is equal on either side of the line (C-D)



INFLARE
Where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is inside instead of outside the line (C-D)

REZNOR

Ask any Mother about *the* Reznor

WITH youngsters in the home you need to be doubly careful about your heating equipment, because children live on the floor. The copper reflector of the Reznor Reflector Gas Heater directs the heat to the floor first. As it rises a healthful circulation of air is naturally created. The whole room is thus heated evenly, not just a spot in front of the heater.

The Reznor Reflector Gas Heater burns a pure sun-colored flame; has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the blue flame, and having no mixer, cannot light back. Always maintains a complete combustion of the gas regardless of how high or low the gas pressure may be.

See the Reznor line at your dealer's. Write us for valuable free book on gas heaters.

Reznor Manufacturing Co.
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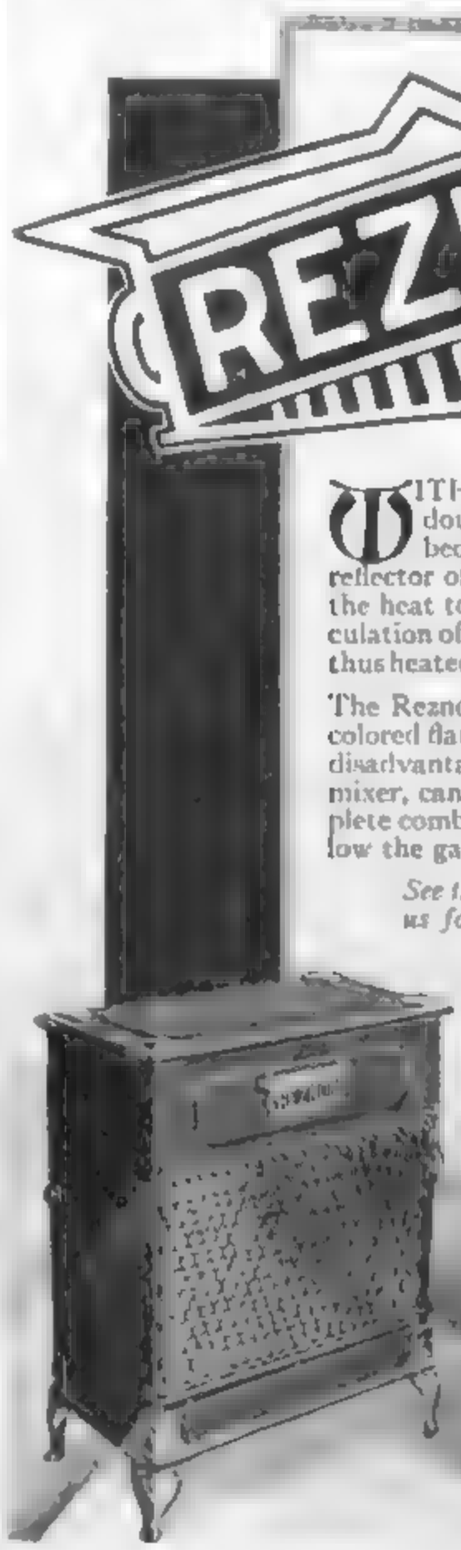

GEORGE ELIOT wrote: "As our thought follows close in the slow wake of the dawn, we are impressed with the unusual sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history—labor and hunger, seed time and harvest, love and death."

It is entirely fitting that a profession should have developed to care for every detail that perplexes and disturbs the family when the end comes to one of its members.

There is a funeral director in your community who merits your confidence and who has dedicated his life to a sympathetic and efficient service to his fellow beings. He realizes fully the desire of people in time of sorrow to be relieved of all necessary details, and their further desire for a character and quality of service that will leave the family with the assurance that everything humanly possible was done for the departed.

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For Work or Play

The all purpose flannel shirt. Coat style with one pocket and buttoned-on flap, and our popular button-cuff. Supplied in a variety of colors in all-wool light-weight cloths. Generous sleeve and breast measurement allows ample room for shrinkage—a feature which is lacking in so many flannel shirts. Double stitched throughout. Also ask to see Bostwick Two-Pocket Flannel Shirts.

The Final Word in Flannel Shirts

BOSTWICK Flannel Shirts command attention everywhere. Bostwick Warmwear Tailoring has made the flannel shirt a *fit* garment for every-day wear without sacrificing comfort and warmth for outdoor activity.

Choicest fabrics, coat-cut style, collar set to give trim appearance, tailored shoulders, matched buttons and careful sewing reflect the thoroughness of Bostwick Warmwear Tailoring.

For complete satisfaction, specify Bostwick Warmwear. See your Bostwick dealer today. Write us at once for illustrated catalog of Bostwick Coats, Vests and Shirts for men, young men and boys.

"Make Friends With Winter"

JOHNSON, BOSTWICK & CO. 101 Bostwick Building Minneapolis

BOSTWICK WARMWEAR MINNEAPOLIS

From this humble shop developed the Siemens-Schuckert Company—I merely give the general name because it includes a score of subsidiary organizations—which produces every kind of electrical tool and machine, from the tiny incandescent bulb to a complete subway system.

Being a horizontal trust it was shy on fuel and raw materials. Stinnes always finds the vulnerable point to launch his attack. He had the coal and the iron, and with this bargaining point he set to work. He believed that the Rheinelbe-Union and the Siemens-Schuckert concern were necessary to each other. Together they would help to build a greater industrial Germany. So he welded them and they became the Siemens-Rheinelbe-Schuckert-Union, a more complete example of the huge trust than the United States Steel Corporation or the old Standard Oil Company in that it is absolutely self-sufficient.

The Siemens-Rheinelbe-Schuckert-Union represents a sort of holding company which regulates finance and represents a common control of affairs. Each one of the two big enterprises, however, retains independence in internal and technical management.

This deal was a triumph for Stinnes. All his powers of economic logic and potent persuasion were brought to bear. It is typical of the man that he succeeded, not with financial operation, but solely through negotiation. To round out the structure he acquired copper, brass and aluminum works. He leaves nothing to chance.

This electro-mining trust is the mastodon of German industry. It represents a capitalization of over six hundred million marks and employs two hundred twenty-five thousand workers. It consumes nearly 20 per cent of the total coal production, and 15 per cent of the coke output of the Rhineland and Westphalia. Animating it is the spirit of capitalistic imperialism of which Hugo Stinnes is the militant interpreter. Ask him to state the justification for it and he would say something like this: "We must make certain that all the materials we take from our soil are brought into the world's markets in the highest state of transformation or manufacture, to the end that the largest quantity of work be done in Germany."

Life for Stinnes is one trust after another. I have touched only the peaks of his achievement. Merely to catalogue his other connections would occupy almost a solid page of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He owns street-car lines; automobile factories; shipyards; munitions, dye, gas and chemical works. He is deep in oil, fisheries, shipping and a score of other activities.

When the Red Flag Falls

His kingdom at home is soon to be matched by his domain abroad. He has acquired the richest ore area in Austria, the center of which is the famous iron mountain of Styria. This will make him a commanding figure in the industry of the Balkans and Southeastern Europe. He is intrenched in Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Spain and Brazil. His latest colony is the Dutch Indies, where the Rheinelbe-Union has established a branch. If the truth were known he has not been idle in the United States and England. There is a persistent rumor—and Stinnes will not deny it—that he has worked out a definite scheme for practical coöperation with the French coal-and-iron industry. It is said that at the time of the London Conference he welcomed the French invasion of the Ruhr, because he believed that eventually he could deal with the French on his own terms for the profitable management of that great industrial area.

How does one man direct these ramified activities? For the average captain of industry as we know him it would be an impossible task. But Stinnes, you must remember, is a sort of superman who maintains an iron-handed control. He is enabled to keep in touch with all his enterprises by having a bureau for each branch. He has, for example, a finance section.

This section deals exclusively with all his operations that involve investments, loans, mortgages or the employment of funds in any other way. It must render a balance sheet whenever called upon. Its books are kept up to the minute. Thus he knows always where he stands financially. In the same way he has sections for shipping, coal, navigation on inland waters, industry, newspapers, and his general commercial undertakings.

Two of his sections have peculiar interest. One is devoted to an intensive study of Russia. Its agents have already scoured that land of mystery and made many commercial alliances. You will recall that in my interview with him he spoke of the necessity for German economic intervention in Russia. Stinnes is determined to be ready when the red flag falls. The other bureau of special significance deals with intelligence. Wherever business is done, there you will find a Stinnes emissary who penetrates chancelleries and board meetings alike. A constant stream of information flows into the lap of the big chief at home for assimilation and action. With Stinnes knowledge is power.

Each bureau has a chief, whom Stinnes holds responsible for its conduct. When he comes to Berlin there is a session with these men. In the course of a day Stinnes is able to find out the exact situation with regard to the hundreds of enterprises in which he has a stake.

The geographical center of the Stinnes interests is at Mülheim-on-the-Ruhr, which is the original seat of the family. He also has extensive offices in Berlin and Hamburg. He seldom enters the Berlin establishment, however, but occupies an apartment at the Adlon. Here he mobilizes his forces in almost continuous conference. The real Stinnes office, however, is under that famous black derby. He knows every detail of his vast interests. That is why he moves about so much. He wants to see things for himself and he is in Hamburg one day, Mülheim the next, Munich the third, while the fourth may find him in The Hague or Vienna. Thus he keeps a check on what his people and his concerns are doing. It is impossible to parallel this incessant and personal stewardship of large affairs. Such is the material aspect of the German Midas with the unerring golden touch. Has he a human side?

At the Spa Conference

From what I have already written you may gather that he is not of drawing-room caliber. Blunt of speech, plain both in looks and in manner, he respects neither person nor authority. His conduct at the Spa conference, where he was the coal expert of the German delegation, and where he came into the general spotlight for the first time, revealed him as he is. In his report on the coal situation, which he read from manuscript, he spoke of the Allies, and more especially of the French, as suffering from an incurable lust for conquest. The president of the conference at once called him down sharply, whereupon Stinnes looked up from his paper and replied: "I am not here for the purposes of politeness." He is not a polite person.

In his make-up is the proverbial blood and iron that entered into the constitution of Bismarck, although in the case of Stinnes I should say that the preponderance is iron. His is the simple life. He eats sparingly and his lunch often consists of a poached egg on toast and a cup of tea. Herein lies part of his wisdom. Stinnes will never dig his grave with his teeth. He can go for long stretches with a few hours of sleep snatched just before dawn or in the compartment of a train. It shows in his tired eyes and pallid face.

At heart Stinnes is probably still a monarchist, because the autocratic idea is rooted in him. He named three of his new ocean steamers Hindenburg, Tirpitz and Ludendorff. Each of these gentry attended the launching of the boat that bore his name, and it was quite a sword-clanking occasion. The episodes gave rise to the belief that Stinnes was backing a restoration of the Hohenzollerns. He is too shrewd a business man, however, to deal with dead ones like the Kaiser or his offspring. His political leanings are influenced by purely economic reasons.

It is not surprising to learn that in politics he has registered his only failure. Here is where most magnates fail. He attached himself to the People's Party, which, despite its name, is only once removed from the reactionary group of the Right, and had himself elected to the Reichstag. You can get the picture if you can imagine John D. Rockefeller or J. P. Morgan sitting in Congress at Washington, and he did just about as much as Rockefeller or Morgan would do in the same circumstances. All that he netted out of the performance was to make himself a favorite object of curiosity for sightseers, and to become the butt

(Continued on Page 93)

And now—a Night Shift for the New Improved Gillette

Patented January 13th 1920

THOUSANDS of men bought the New Gillette within twenty-four hours after it had been released for sale.

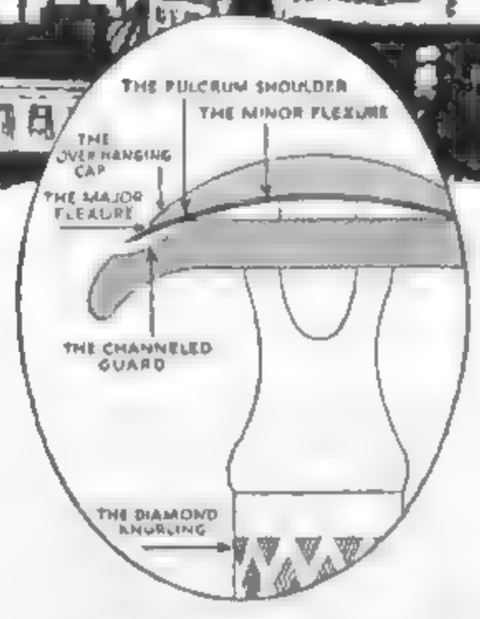
But with all their faith in Gillette, probably not one would have predicted the call for *night-shift production.*

A jump from nothing to the 500,000 mark in less than six months. A demand that knows no limitation of class or type of man—no boundaries of nation or race.

In all the previous history of invention, nothing like this public interest, public discussion and public desire to *buy and use.* Nothing like the public acknowledgement of definite improvement.

A *night shift* is now working to *capacity* in the Gillette Factories.

Doubled production. Whatever the temporary shortage, no man *anywhere in the world* need wait long to benefit by the New Gillette.



The New Improved
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

Uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years—but now your Blades can give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world. A shaving edge guarded from the face, but *free to the beard.* Identify the New Improved Gillette by its

Fulcrum Shoulder
Overhanging Cap
Channeled Guard
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Automatic Adjustment
Diamond Knurled Handle
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Finer Shave—Longer Service
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In SILVER *and* GOLD

Shaving Sets and Traveler Outfits

$5 to $75

Important about the New Gillette

A Word about the Blades

The simplicity of the New Improved Gillette has already been noted by users.

Most men prefer to screw the handle up *tight* to get the most satisfactory shave.

Gillette deems it proper to ask the public to use Gillette Blades *only* in *genuine* Gillette Razors.

The Gillette Blade and Holder are developed to *work together.* No Gillette Blade can deliver its full shaving quality unless used in a *genuine* Gillette Holder—built by Gillette, in the Gillette way and up to Gillette standards.

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BOSTON, U.S.A.

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MADE IN U. S. A. KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
TRADE Gillette MARK
SAFETY RAZOR

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

Let Murphy's Victory Teach *You* How to Choose Spark Plugs

When Jimmy Murphy of Indianapolis triumphed over Europe's finest racing cars, drivers and equipment in the French Grand Prix on July 25, AC Spark Plugs fired the cylinders of his Duesenberg motor. Guided by years of experience as expert mechanic and racing pilot, and by knowledge that is common among speed kings on land, sea and in the air, Murphy selected AC Spark Plugs for his successful attempt to prove the superiority of American engineering.

Of course, the speed kings and their advisers know spark plugs.

But how about *you?* How do *you* buy spark plugs for your engine?

Do you, like Murphy, insist upon AC's?

You can obtain the same guarantee of reliable, efficient spark plug service that Murphy had, if you get AC Plugs.

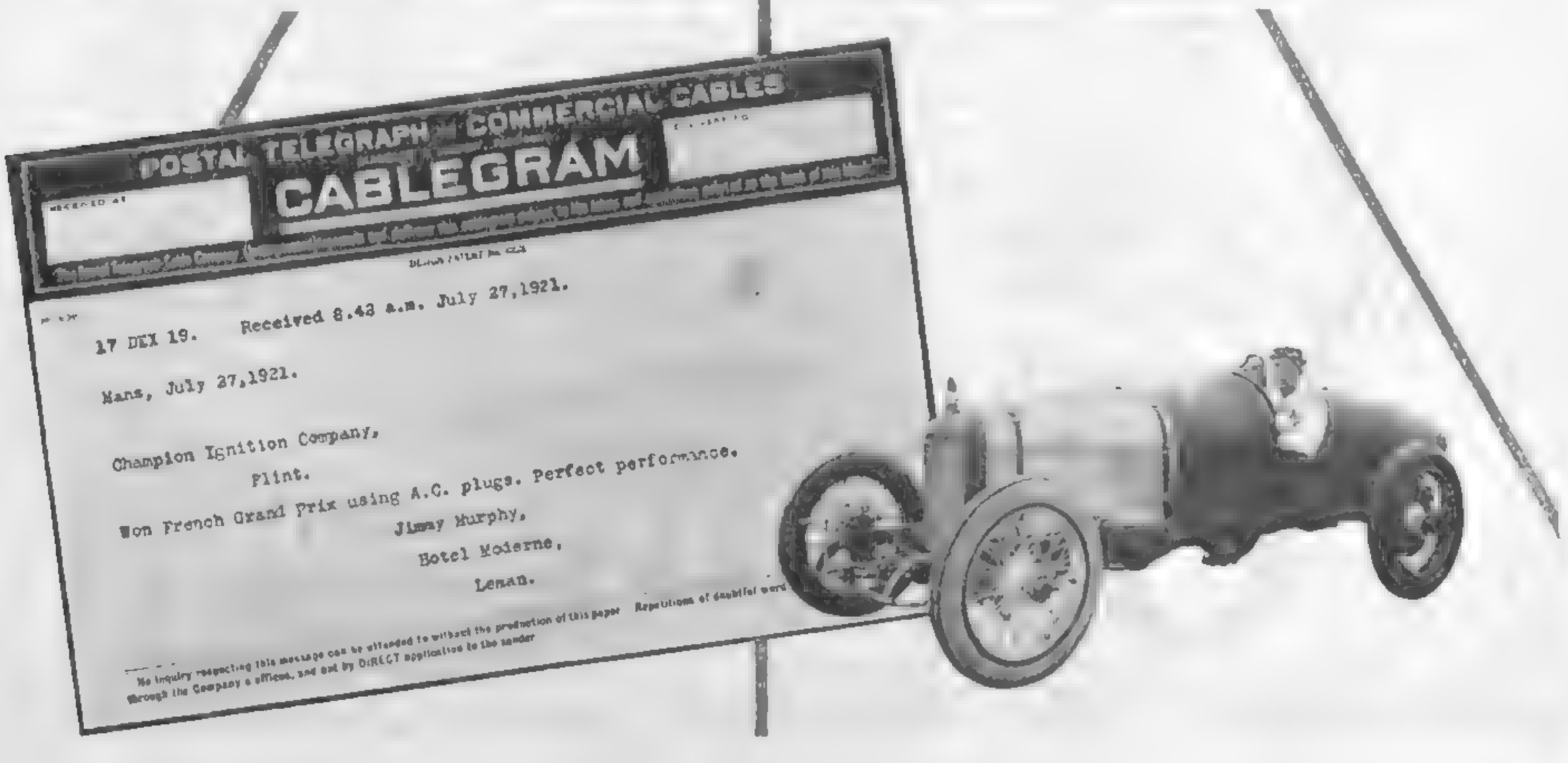
AC's won the world's speed boat championship, were used in setting the world's automobile record and fired the cylinders of America's record airplane.

Manufacturers of most fine passenger cars, trucks and tractors factory-equip their engines with AC's. And there are specially designed AC Plugs for all other engines, too.

Demand AC's. Ask for them by name at your garage or dealer's shop. Make certain you get AC's—the plugs the speed kings and automotive engineers have proved best.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,155,737, April 13, 1915. U.S. Pat. No. 1,214,116, February 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending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17 DEX 19. Received 8.43 a.m. July 27,1921.

Mans, July 27,1921.

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Flint.

Won French Grand Prix using A.C. plugs. Perfect performance.
Jimmy Murphy,
Hotel Moderne,
Lenan.

No inquiry respecting this message can be attended to without the production of this paper. Repetitions of doubtful words through the Company's offices, and not by DIRECT application to the sender

(Continued from Page 90)

of the radical demagogues. His appearances as legislator are few and far between.

He has a genuine sense of modesty and his aversion to personal publicity is sincere. When I remarked that I intended to write about him he made a deprecatory gesture. Stinnes refused all honors and decorations at a time when he could have had the highest. Characteristic of his state of mind in this matter is his contribution to the Handbook of the Reichstag, which contains the biographies of the members. Most of them are elaborate. Stinnes merely wrote:

Stinnes, Hugo: Born February 22, 1870: Mülheim (Ruhr): Merchant in Mülheim and Weisskolm: District, Hoyerswerda: People's Party: Evangelical.

Practicality is the mainspring of his being. When it was announced that he had acquired a magnificent castle at Weisskolm the uninitiated at once said, "At last Stinnes will relax and become a social force." Nothing of the sort. Before many months elapsed it developed that there were valuable mineral deposits on the estate.

Stinnes is so inseparably associated with the acquisition of money that the invariable comment when he is seen coming down the grand stairway at the Adlon with an abstracted look on his face is, "There goes Stinnes making another million."

No one knows how rich Stinnes is. He is by common consent the wealthiest man in Germany. Nothing is so exaggerated during a man's lifetime or shrinks so with death as his fortune. It has been variously estimated that Stinnes is worth anywhere from two to ten billion marks. Of course these are paper marks, and their value on the day I write this article is about seventy to the dollar. But a mark is still a mark in Germany, and with the inevitable restoration of her productive power and the consequent rise in exchange, you can see that Stinnes will have a bank roll easily the first in Europe, which will rank second perhaps after that of John D. Rockefeller.

Like every strong personality Stinnes has his moments of relaxation. They come on the rare occasions when he remakes the acquaintance of his family. His wife was a Montevidean, whose father was a well-known German trader. He has six children, and four are boys. I have shown how Hugo, the eldest, is deeply immersed in his father's affairs. He has shown genuine capacity. The others are still in school.

Such a thing as a real holiday seldom enters into the Stinnes calculation. Just after I left Germany he started on a short motor trip in Southern Germany with his wife. To avoid running down a cyclist the chauffeur swerved so sharply that the car was overturned and the occupants were thrown out. Stinnes suffered some serious bruises and had to spend a week in a hospital at Wiesbaden. After this experience he probably said "Never again." Work will continue to be his sole recreation.

What does the future hold for Hugo Stinnes?

There is a wide diversity of opinion. Ask his enemies and they will tell you that he is overextended. On the other hand, many conservative German financiers maintain that not only is his ramified structure impregnable but that he is a passionate patriot, bent solely on the advancement of his country. He has proved that he can meet national triumph and disaster and, to quote Mr. Kipling, "treat these two impostors just the same."

Stinnes has never disclosed his ultimate purpose. When the head of a large trade-union who accompanied him home after a long conference asked him why he still toiled so hard at million making his reply was, "I am working for my children."

Perhaps the dynastic idea, as I have already intimated, is the dominant one, or maybe it is the lust for power that binds men to the wheel of fortune long after they have accumulated more than they can ever employ.

The German Empire owed much of its glory and solidity to the vision and economicstatesmanship of a business oligarchy that included Ballin, the elder Rathenau, Thyssen, Von Gwinner and Krupp. It fell because militaristic leaders, who were idolaters of might, superseded these constructive forces. The new Germany, now in the making, will rise only through an intensive industrial production divorced from political intrigue.

Stinnes seems to be the hope of this regeneration. Certainly he is the strong man of this troubled Teutonic hour.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will appear in an early issue.

ABOUT ACTING

(Continued from Page 11)

to-day who are not properly qualified by Nature for that vocation. But, even so, I venture to assert that the average of acting visible in America at the present time would be far higher if the generality of our actors had received even one year of competent instruction in the rudiments of that art which most of them have come to regard merely as a money-making business and vehicle for self-exploitation. A superfluous and merely mechanical actor, if well trained, is surely preferable to one who is not trained at all!

According to tradition these words in Latin were affixed as a motto to the Globe Theater, London, in Shakspere's time: "Everybody follows the trade of acting." In the present day it apparently is true that pretty much everybody feels competent to do so—and that without seeking even the slightest training for the trade. Yet acting is the most exact and exacting of the arts. In it nothing can ever be left to chance—to an inspiration of the moment—after the performance has begun.

To wait, in acting, for inspiration to flash upon you is about as sensible as to wait until your house is in flames before looking for a fire escape. Night after night, often for many months, the same words must be spoken, the same actions be performed in the same way, in order to produce the same effects upon audiences which continually vary.

This is the reason why long and careful preparatory rehearsals are essential to all fine acting. And, oddly enough, a spirit of rebellious opposition to adequate rehearsals is daily growing stronger among actors themselves—who are incompetent to render their services without them! Nothing, I think, more impedes the restoration and maintenance of general prosperity in this country than the general greed to get more in return for less labor. Nowhere, I am sure, is that spirit stronger than it is in the theater.

It is, I believe, safe to say that no actor ever produced a truly great effect in acting except as a result of long study, close thought, deliberate purpose and careful preparation. That is the testimony of all the masters—and to it I humbly add mine.

Salvini gave a year to the construction of his performance of Othello before he ventured to exhibit it in public—and he has testified that he never ceased to work on that part, yet could count upon the fingers of one hand the times when he had satisfied himself in it. Henry Irving studied and fashioned his personation of Becket—the character which, with Hamlet, he loved the best and in which he was perfection—during twenty years before he played it. So it has ever been with all great actors.

In the annals of the theater the representative type of the impulsive actor, the consummate master of passionate expression, is that fiery genius Edmund Kean. Yet the impulsiveness of Kean—the torrid blaze and torrential flow of feeling in his acting—was all in seeming. So careful an artist was he, while at his best, that when he was rehearsing on a new stage he accurately counted the number of steps required to take him from one station to another, or the number he should take before beginning a certain speech.

Hence—so wrote of him one of his most sensible and discriminating admirers—Kean was always the same; not always in the same health, not always in the same vigor, but always master of the part and expressing it through the same symbols. The voice on some nights would be more irresistibly touching, or more musically forlorn, or more terrible, but always the accent and rhythm were unchanged—as a Temberlik might deliver the C from the chest with more sonority one night than another, but always would deliver it from the chest and never from the head.

Of course there have been flashes of inspiration or fortunate accidents in acting,

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—people come blocks for it
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but they have been rare, and as far as I know they have affected only details. Thus Edwin Booth once early in his career, when acting Hamlet, in his first scene with the Ghost, accidentally let fall his drawn sword and, snatching it up in haste, held out toward the apparition, not the point of the blade as all actors thitherto had done, but its hilt—the protective symbol of the Holy Cross. And I have Booth's word for it that the expedient was clumsy and ineffective as thus first done naturally by accident, but impressively effective as done thereafter carefully and by design.

To all beginners on the stage, then—aye, and to-day to most of its veterans likewise—very earnestly do I say this: Remember in speaking that every sentence, sometimes almost every word, expresses a new thought or elaboration of thought. The thought, of course, precedes the word, and therefore by facial expression and bodily movement you must first make your audience, as it were, see you think, and then hear you think, by precise use of the most minute shadings of intonation required to express and convey the flow of thoughts.

In a discourse on acting by my old friend William Winter, delivered in New York nearly forty years ago, he said: "To convey your author's meaning correctly you must, of course, first correctly grasp it; and then in speaking you must cause it to well up in your mind, as though for the first time." So, too, in the beautiful drama of Deburau, which it was last season my privilege to produce in this country, the famous Pierrot, instructing his son and successor as to method in acting, says "First think it right."

The Art to Conceal Art

One great aid in acquiring this faculty of thinking it right is scrupulous attention in listening to the speeches of all other characters than your own, receiving and weighing what they say always as though it were heard for the first time—and letting your speeches in reply well up in your consciousness as caused by what has been said to you.

The last time that ever I heard Booth speak Hamlet's immortal soliloquy on life and death was the last time that ever he spoke it in public, at the old Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, April 4, 1891. In the preceding fifteen years I had heard him speak that speech probably forty times; he was then old, worn and frail, yet the familiar words seemed to come from his lips for the first time, to utter thoughts then first formulated.

It was the perfection of art, most difficult of execution and rare as it was perfect. Not even the greatest of actors can always achieve this effect. It is, for example, related of Macready that he once complained to the celebrated Mrs. Warner, with whom he had been acting, that his delivery of Werner's self-apology in the tragedy of the same name for the "paltry plunder" of Stralenheim's gold, seemed to have lost its effect and that he feared the public had become too familiar with it. "Nay, sir," the shrewd old actress frankly replied; "it is you that have become too familiar with it. When first you played Werner you spoke that speech with an air of surprise, as though only then did you first realize what you had done. You looked shocked and bewildered, and in a forlorn way seemed to cast about for words that would excuse the crime. Now, from familiarity with the lines, you speak not like an honest man for the first time accused of theft, but like a man who has committed many thefts, whose glib excuses are pat and frequent, who is neither shocked, surprised nor abashed at the accusation."

Macready, thus admonished, set to work and cured himself of his false delivery; but that is a task which, once fallen into the error, few actors could have performed.

In acting take Nature as your model—but never fall into the error of attempting to present Nature in the stead of art. The speech of the stage should seem to be the speech of Nature. I say "should seem to be" because it is one of the paradoxes of acting that it cannot seem to be and never has seemed to be the speech of Nature when actually it is so.

That great thinker, the poet Goethe—a theatrical manager, by the way, and a successful one!—cogently remarked that "Art is art precisely because it is not Nature." True of all arts, it is most conspicuously true of the art of the theater. There the incidents, events and emotions of days, months, years, often of a whole long lifetime, are to be epitomized and portrayed in moments. Everything about a stage representation is radically artificial. There with unrealities we work to create the effects of reality. It is easy to picture the consequences of turning loose upon the stage real sunlight, real fire, real rain, real wind, real dust, and so following.

We create the stage effects of real phenomena by mechanical imitations which seem real. So, likewise, is it and ever must it be in acting. That which seems real on the stage always is the illusory product of finished art; it is when the actor lacks art to conceal art that the audience sees him to be artificial.

Upon the stage it never is sufficient merely to indicate a meaning; there meaning must be conveyed. The art of acting is preeminently the art of expression. The casual easy utterance which serves for conversation in an ordinary room will not serve in a stage room, which always is of unnatural size, shape and condition—having canvas walls and being open upon one side—for there the sounds of a conversation must fill not merely a few hundreds but, instead, many thousands of cubic feet of space.

On the stage, accordingly, the play of facial expression must be quickened and intensified; the voice must be strengthened; the sigh which an audience is to hear as such must leave the actor's lips as almost a sob; the step in walking must be lengthened; the gesture broadened; the carriage elevated.

The Great Master has told us that the purpose of playing is "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature." No way to failure in acting is so sure and so short as that of attempting to hold up Nature itself instead of the picture or reflection of Nature. The perfection of acting may be summarized in two words—namely, "illusion" and "effect." It is when the would-be realistic actor forgets this primary fact—which customarily he does forget—that he defeats his own purpose and, striving to be what he supposes is natural, seems to be only artificial and commonplace.

Does the Actor Feel His Part?

A subject about which the student of acting always will hear much is that of feeling in acting. No subject is more important to actors; and no subject, broadly speaking, is more imperfectly comprehended among them. The proponents of one belief assert that the great actor never feels; this is the doctrine of the French school, best typified in modern times by Constant Coquelin. Those of the other belief—generally more numerous in the English-speaking theater—assert, if possible, with an even stronger emphasis that no actor can ever be great who in acting does not really feel all that he is representing.

Both assertions are radically erroneous.

It is as impossible for an actor who is incapable of feeling to be great in the representation of anything as it is for a painter to paint without colors. On the other hand, to assert that any actor must or even can really feel, when acting, all that he represents—assuming, of course, that he is representing any vital or even vivid emotional experience—is merely to maintain what is manifestly nonsensical. In acting there never can be, in the very nature of things, any real feeling.

Those dicta, taken together, sound paradoxical: An actor must feel in order to act; but in order to act he must not feel! The contradiction, however, is only apparent.

Let us look into the logic of the matter, and let me point my meaning with an extreme illustration or two.

An actor is called upon to represent a regicide and a bloody, brutal murderer—Macbeth, let us say. He cannot do so; he cannot portray the emotions of that character unless he really feels them—and he cannot of course really feel them unless he first murders a trusting old king—no very easy person to find these days—and a score or so of other innocent creatures.

Or an actor has to represent a scoundrel and a coward, such, for example, as Parlow, in my drama of The Girl I Left Behind Me. He cannot do so because, being a fine, gallant fellow—as Nelson Wheatcroft was who actually played the part—he does not

(Continued on Page 97)

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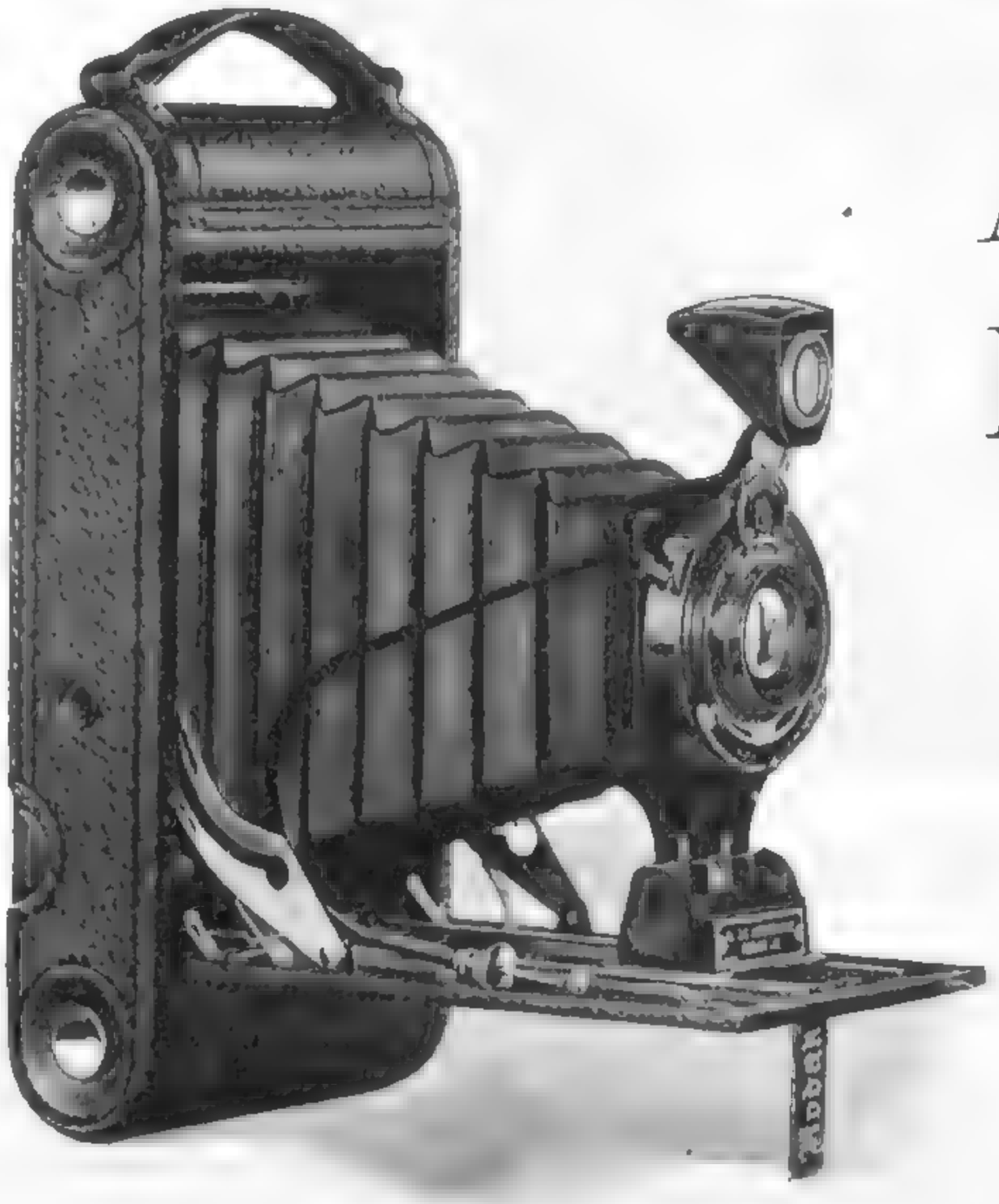

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(Continued from Page 94)

know how a scoundrel and a coward really feels.

Or he is to represent the anguish of an adoring son who is by death bereft of his father. He cannot do so unless actually he is an adoring son, and unless his father actually dies, because otherwise he cannot really feel the anguish of such a son in such a situation.

The preposterous absurdity of such doctrine is patent, and it is none the less preposterous when applied to lesser experiences and feelings than those just indicated. What, for example, would be the condition of a player who, every night for even one week, should really feel all the emotions of Hamlet or Othello or Lear; of Queen Margaret or Lady Macbeth or Juliet?

On the other hand, it is equally preposterous to expect actors to portray and express what they are incapable of feeling. And, parenthetically, it is because they cannot do so, and because as a class they are not notable for profound feeling, that we have so few great actors. As the Oriental proverb says:

Though it poorer be, or richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.

How, then, is the actor to traverse his dilemma if he must be capable of the most intense feeling, yet in acting must not feel at all? Why, by the medium of imagination.

I have previously said that the fundamental requirement for the making of an actor is possession of extreme sensibility combined with quick and powerful intelligence. Those qualities are fundamental, but to them must be added imagination—and, all operant together, affecting each the others, they make acting possible.

The imagination conceives and evokes all the emotional sensations and reactions of a special character which is to be represented, in the circumstances and situations prescribed; the sensibility—by which I mean the capability of being vividly impressed and the capacity for being profoundly moved—experiences those sensations and reactions to the fullest extreme; the quick and powerful intelligence minutely observes their every effect and manifestation—registering in memory every inflection of voice, every play of feature, every movement of the body, every gesture—applies itself to creation of a perfect mental picture or record of them, and then to the reproduction and delicate exaggeration of them by means of all the artistic mechanism it has mastered and formulated.

How to Hold an Audience

This threefold process is repeated over and over again: at first in the lonely hours of study; then at rehearsals; finally during performance after performance in public, till at last the result is a reflection, a portrayal, a picture so vivid and exact in its apparent spontaneity and fidelity to truth that the fortunate spectators are enthralled and pronounce it perfect Nature. It is in fact perfect art.

What actors really mean—those of them who really are actors and not mere mountebanks—when they talk of real feeling is imagined feeling. But, it may be objected—as, indeed, it often has been—if the actor must be capable of experiencing the profundity of emotions through the operations of his imagination upon his sensibility, why is he not thus to experience them when actually enacting them?

The answer is decisive: Because if he does so he will inevitably derange his artistic mechanism and, rendering himself incapable of expressing anything, defeat his purpose.

An actor in order to act must at all times be complete master of his resources and implements. Otherwise, though he may perhaps greatly affect himself, he will not at all affect his audience—unless it be to make it uneasy or excite its ridicule. Nowhere are complete self-control, dominion, poise, authority more absolutely essential to success than they are in acting, and they cannot exist where sensibility is permitted to hold sway.

In real life the operations of elemental passion or profound feeling are never smooth; they never pause and wait their due effects upon dissociated observers. But the actor depicting them must, unperceived and unsuspected, continually do so. "I never saw an actor lose himself," declared Henry Irving, "who did not instantly lose his audience."

Instances to illustrate the truth of my foregoing exposition of the system of acting—the methodized application of knowledge to performance—can be drawn from the records of all the greatest actors. And beginners, all students, will do well heedfully to ponder the significance of such authentic and informing anecdotes.

It is, for example, related of the famous Mrs. Siddons that when playing Constance, in King John, she used to weep so copiously over young Arthur that his collar was wet with her tears, yet having rushed from the stage in, very literally, the flood tide of maternal anguish, she would walk placidly to the greenroom, taking snuff with the utmost relish. On one occasion, when commending the earnestness of a young associate who had performed with her in The Deserter, the actress closed her remarks by saying: "But, Kelly, you feel too much. If you feel so strongly you will never make an actor."

Now Mrs. Siddons was not only a woman of extreme sensibility but also one of the most perfect of artists. Lord Byron—no gentle critic—once said: "Cooke was the most natural actor; Kemble the most supernatural; Kean the medium between the two; but Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together." Mrs. Siddons was neither less earnest nor less sincere than her untaught young associate; she was only more skilful.

In his youth the comedian Joseph Jefferson once played Sampson, in The Iron Chest, when Sir Edward Mortimer was enacted by Kean's great compeer and rival, the terror-inspiring Junius Brutus Booth. During the performance Jefferson chanced to be standing near a door through which Booth was presently to make his entrance for one of the most powerful and affecting scenes of the drama—that in which the blood-guilty Mortimer finds his secretary Wilford at the iron chest which contains the story of his crime.

A Game of Psychology

The elder actor approached to take his place and, seeing Jefferson, spoke pleasantly to him, mentioning the fact that his father—the second Joseph Jefferson—had played the same part years before. "But," he said, "I notice that you do not give the original song, which your father did."

"No, sir," answered Jefferson; "I do not know it."

"That is a pity," said Booth; "it is very amusing. It goes like this"—and assuming a droll expression he began to sing, in a low undertone, a comic song.

As he finished the first stanza his cue came and he flashed upon the stage with all the terrific vehemence and wild abandon of tragic passion for which he was famous. The scene ended, Booth came whirling from the stage and, finding Jefferson where he had left him, without an instant's pause, while the house rang with startled applause for his thrilling display of tragic power, he resumed the droll expression, saying: "The second stanza is thus"—and proceeded to sing it in the same manner as the first.

Helena Faucit has recorded that when she was acting Hermione, in The Winter's Tale, to the Leontes of Macready, "the intensity of his passion, his passionate joy at finding Hermione really alive, seemed so beyond control," so real and afflicting in its wildness, that she was herself completely overwhelmed by it and in her agitation cried out hysterically; whereupon the apparently frantic tragedian reassuringly whispered to her—all the while continuing his superb display of "uncontrollable rapture"—"Don't be frightened, my child; don't be frightened! Control yourself!"

The great French actor Talma has related a similar instance in his own experience. During a performance he felt himself becoming more and more profoundly affected by the beauty, tenderness and passion of an actress playing opposite to him, who suddenly recalled him to himself by whispering: "Take care, Talma, take care! You are moved."

One night, when playing Othello in America, Salvini, as he spoke the final words, "no way but this, killing myself to die upon a kiss," and collapsed in his appalling simulation of death, murmured to Miss Viola Allen, the player of Desdemona: "For the one hundred and third and last time this season!"

The all-bewitching Ellen Terry used gleefully to recount how, when playing Juliet, in the heartbroken, almost maddened scene wherein she appeals for help to

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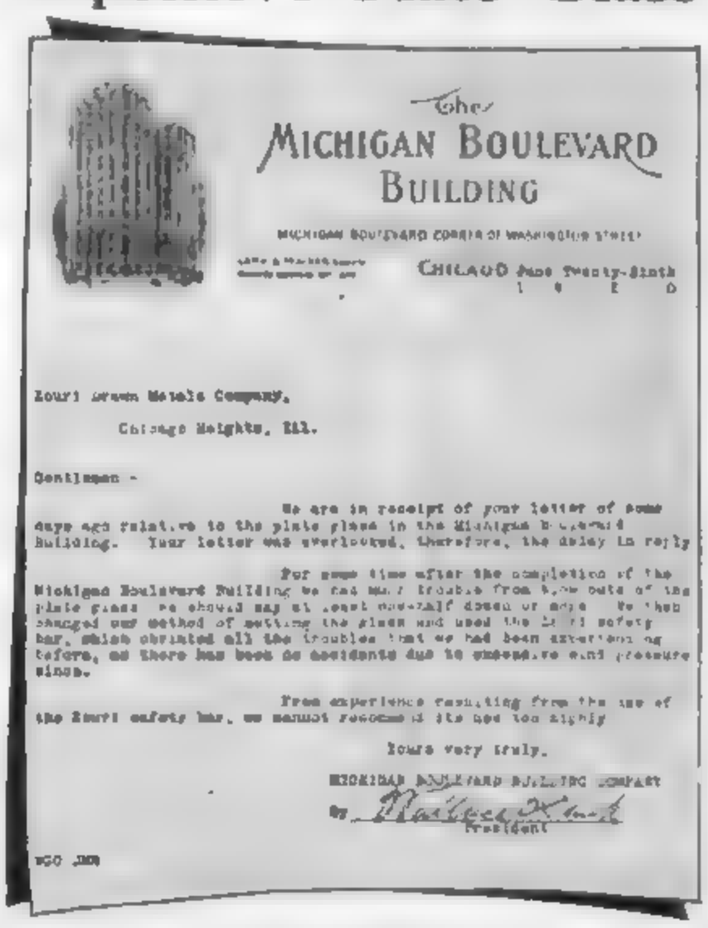
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Friar Laurence, she used to paralyze Mr. Fernandez, who played that part, by putting safety pins into the drapery which she wore over her head, to keep it in position as she sank to her knees before him and said:

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

All these, and countless other kindred anecdotes, enforce the same truths—which all beginners, all students should grasp—namely, that feeling in acting must always be imagined, and that great actors ever retain perfect self-control.

The old poem from which I have quoted as an epigraph to this article contains, also, these words:

The Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these powers:—Deportment,
Voice, and Eye.

The student of acting should address himself to acquiring and perfecting easy, graceful, appropriate and authoritative bearing upon the stage. A great American comedian used to say, "Acting is a game of psychology." It is true. All that the actor does is but to reveal to the minds and souls of observers the workings and experiences of the mind and soul of an assumed personality. And if you are going to affect and impress an audience you must dominate it—the audience must never dominate you.

For this reason I say to all beginners: Conquer and extirpate, from the very first, every vestige of stage fright. Somebody once said that stage fright was a good thing—that no actor would ever be great who did not always suffer from it. That silly nonsense has been repeated, parrot-like, till it has come to be with many, perhaps the majority of, players a cardinal article of belief.

Nothing could be more pernicious in its effects upon acting than stage fright. It is a combination of excessive self-consciousness with morbid self-depreciation; it chokes the voice, cramps the limbs, saps the vitality, numbs the mind and is instantly destructive of the faculty of impersonation. Acting requires a clear head and a cold one, and a warm heart.

I do not mean, of course, that an actor is to yield to, much less cultivate, overconfidence or be self-satisfied or aggressive. But he must be confident, self-respectful, authoritative and sympathetic. The tragedian Salvini has related that when he was first preparing to act Othello with a company of English-speaking players he found himself becoming day by day more terrified, until, realizing that he was in a fair way to lose his powers, he exclaimed to himself: "At the worst, they cannot kill me!"—and so dismissed his fears.

Actors, in my view, should do more than that; they should never entertain any fears at all. An actor should go before the audience not in the spirit and manner of a captive about to run the gantlet, but in those of a simple, modest, conscientious artist, appearing before his kind and sympathetic friends, eager and competent to please and satisfy them.

Developing a Personality

Every player must study his voice until every accent of it is perfectly known to him and under his exact control. By constant application and practice he must make of it a various, rich-toned, delicately flexible instrument from which at will he may draw whatever note or sound he desires.

That window of the soul, the eye, cannot be formed; but, happily, it will reveal every increase and development of the mind and personality that looks through it, and there is no fact more fortunate for actors, as for all of us, than that the personality can be tremendously elevated and developed by toilsome labor directed by unflinching will. And the peculiarities of expression in the eye are woefully neglected by most players. Students of acting must never forget that though a passion may be, often is, suddenly inflamed, its subsidence is always comparatively slow; and it is in painting such an effect as this that the eye is preëminently the speaking feature.

One of the worst defects in acting and one of the most frequent is the vice of anticipation. Whether it be in speech or action, anticipation renders any effect of reality impossible. First and above all, then, learn to wait for cues—and never forget the lesson.

Another prevalent defect is lack of repose. Learn to keep still. Save in exceptional cases, which serve only to prove the rule, an actor should not move while another is speaking. The eye is an absolute tyrant in the theater, and a movement—even a slight gesture—by diverting the gaze and thus the attention of spectators, will generally serve to mar or ruin a fine effect. But when you have a gesture to make, make it with decision and definiteness—and in making it, remember that a gesture expressive of thought almost invariably comes between the thought and the words which express it. The actor who aims at being, and not seeming to be, real always also aims at being natural; the two things go together in his mind. The result of being natural is that an actor becomes merely commonplace and that most fatal of all things—uninteresting.

Why? Well, let us consider. What is natural—in any given situation? Many different persons would behave in many different ways in the same situation—even assuming that each felt the situation in the same way and to the same degree. Moreover, in many situations it is the disposition of most persons to repress their strong emotions—and as a rule the stronger those emotions are, the stronger will be the effort to control and conceal them.

In acting, however, the object must be expression, not repression. The actor must not attempt to do merely what would be natural for him to do; he must first ascertain what would be the natural reaction to and conduct in a given situation, of the special character he is to represent; and he must then display them by means of symbols common to and recognizable by humanity—for acting, like all arts, is symbolical.

The Individual Behind the Artist

Even when he has to portray a person of resolute, self-contained, reticent character and great self-control, who represses his emotions, the actor must by what one writer has named the device of transparency reveal to the audience that the person enacted feels but will not exhibit the appropriate emotions.

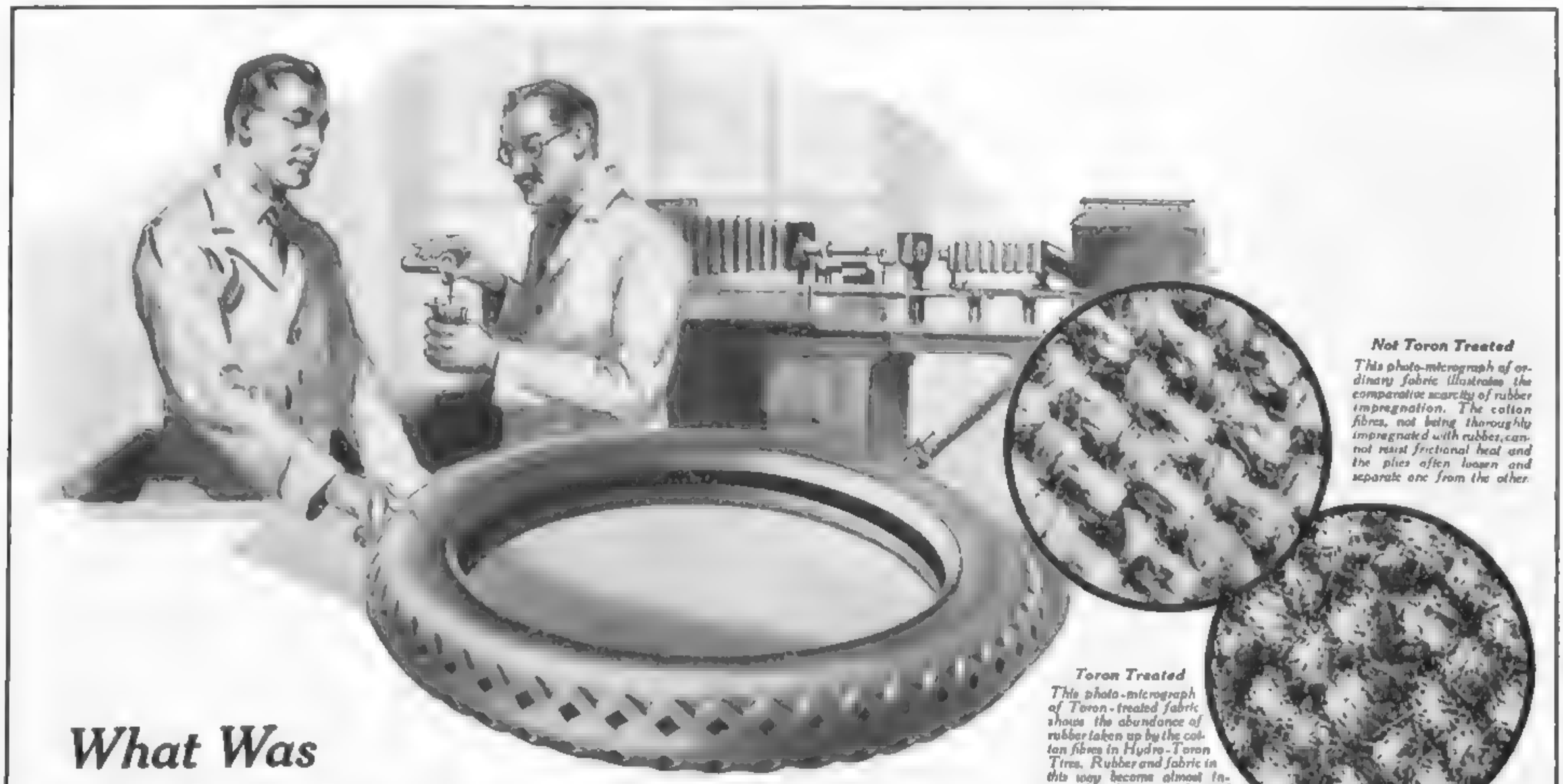
The student of stage art will always encounter much decrying of the element of personality in acting—that is, he will hear much belittling of actors who possess vivid, pervasive, dominant personalities. It is detraction both stupid and idle. Personality is the greatest, the decisive element in art; above all, in the art of acting, where not only the art but the artist is on exhibition.

If you do not master the technic of acting, personality will never make you a true actor—though it may make you, as it often has made others, a popular success. But if you have not a personality of vivid, notable quality the most perfect mastery of stage technic will never make you a great actor or even a popular success. If you have not a message to transmit—what signifies it that your method of transmission may be perfect?

One of the wisest of dramatic critics—perhaps the only one who was not only a master of the art of criticism but who also had mastered the mechanism of acting—wrote: "Behind the artist always stands the individual." It is a simple but significant truth. What the artist does—and, ultimately, the manner and effect of its doing—always will be determined by what, essentially, the individual is.

Every character that an actor assumes must, of course, have a separate and distinctive physical investiture. It must be the face, the form, the voice, the gestures, the thought, feeling and experience of the assumed character, which are presented to the public. But as the face, the form, the voice, the mind of the actor are both the basis and the medium of the embodied personality, so, inevitably, the personality of the actor will appear, and should appear, in all the characters he represents.

When it was falsely rumored that Joseph Jefferson's place, as Rip Van Winkle, was being taken by one of his sons, purchasers of tickets requested the return of their money; they wished to see the great actor as Rip—not a substitute. It will always be the same. When you go to the theater to see David Warfield play Peter Grimm, or Lenore Ulric as Kiki, you wish to see Mr. Warfield or Miss Ulric, and not understudies. It is the same in all arts. Who wants a portrait by Sargent which cannot be recognized as a Sargent?



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THE CATER-CORNERED SEX

(Continued from Page 10)

to live—that money will belong to my child should anything happen to me. I must think of what lies ahead of me, not of what has gone before. My mother owns the home where she lives; she will have her half of this sum of money; she is, I believe, in good health; she is amply able to go on, as she has in the past, adding to her income with her needle. So much for my mother. As a mother myself it will be my duty, as I see it, to safeguard the future of my own child, and I mean to do it, regardless of everything else. That is all I have to say about it—that is, if I have made myself sufficiently plain to you, Judge Priest."

"Madam," said he, and for once at least he dropped his lifelong affectation of ungrammatical speech and reverted to that more stately and proper English which he reserved for his judgments from the bench, "you have indeed made your position so clear by what you have just said that I feel there is nothing whatsoever to be added by either one of us. Madam, I have the pleasure to bid you good night."

He clamped his floppy straw hat firmly down upon his head—a thing the old judge in all his life never before had done in the presence of a woman of his race—and he turned the broad of his back upon her; and if a man whose natural gait was a waddle could be said to stride, then be it stated that Judge Priest strode out of that room and out of that house. Had he looked back before he reached the door he would have seen that she sat in her chair, huddled in her silken garments, on her face a half smile of tolerant contempt for his choler and in her eye a light playing like winter sunlight on frozen water; would have seen that about her there was no suggestion whatsoever that she was ruffled or upset or in the least regretful of the course she had elected to follow. But Judge Priest did not look back. He was too busy striding.

Perhaps it was the heat or perhaps it was inability long to maintain a gait so forced, but the volunteer emissary ceased to stride long before he had traversed the three-quarters of a mile—and yet, when one came to think it over, a span as wide as a continent—which lay between the restricted, not to say exclusive, head of Chickasaw Drive and the shabby, not to say miscellaneous, foot of Yazoo Street. It was a very wilted, very lag-footed, very droopy old gentleman who, come another half hour or less, let himself drop with an audible thump into a golden-oak rocker alongside the Widow Millsap's sewing machine.

"Ma'am," he had confessed, without preamble, as he entered her house, she holding the door open for his passage, "I come back to you licked. Your daughter absolutely declines even to consider the proposition I put before her. As a plenipotentiary extraordinary I admit I'm a teetotal failure. I return to you empty-handed—and licked."

To this she had said nothing. She had waited until he was seated; then as she seated herself in her former place, with the lamp between them, she asked quietly, almost listlessly, "My daughter saw you then?"

"She did, ma'am, she did. And she refused point-blank!"

"I am sorry, Judge Priest—sorry that you should have been put to so much trouble needlessly," she said, still holding her voice at that emotionless level. "I am sorry, sir, for your sake; but it is no more than I expected. I let you go to her against my better judgment. I should have known that your errand would be useless. Knowing Ellie, I should have known better than to send you."

He snorted.

"Ma'am, when a little while ago, settin' right here, I told you I thought I knowed a little something about human nature I boasted too soon. Sech a thing ez this thing which has happened to-night is brand-new in my experience. You will excuse my sayin' so, but I kin not fathom the workin's of a mind that would—that would ——" He floundered for words in his indignation. "It is not natural, this here thing I have just seen and heard. How your own flesh and blood could ——"

"Judge Priest," she said steadily, "it is not my own flesh and blood that you accuse. That is my consolation now. For I know the stock that is in me. I know the stock that was in my husband. My own flesh and blood could never treat me so."

He stared at her, his forehead twisted in a perplexed frown.

"I mean to say just this," she went on: "Ellie is not my own child. She has not a drop of my blood or my husband's blood in her. Judge Priest, I am about to tell you something which not another soul in this town excepting me—now that my husband is gone—has ever known. We never had any children, Felix and I. Always we wanted children, but none came to us. Nearly twenty-three years ago it is now, we had for a neighbor a young woman whose husband had deserted her—had run away with another woman, leaving her without a cent, in failing health and with a six-month-old girl baby. That was less than two years before we came to this town. We lived then in a little town called Calais, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

"Three months after the husband ran away the wife died. I guess it was shame and a broken heart more than anything else that killed her. She had not a soul in the world to whom she could turn for help when she was dying. We two did what we could for her. We didn't have much—we never have had much all through our lives—but what we had we divided with her. We were literally the only friends she had in this world. At the last we took turns nursing her, my husband and I did. When she was dying she put her baby in my arms and asked me to take her and to care for her. That was what I had been praying all along that she would do, and I was glad and I gave her my promise and she lay back on the pillow and died.

"Well, she was buried and we took the child and cared for her. We came to love her as though she had been our own; we always loved her as though she had been our own. Less than a year after the mother died—that was when Ellie was about eighteen months old—we brought her with us out here to this town. Her baptismal name was Eleanor, which had been her mother's name—Eleanor Major. The father who ran away was named Richard Major. We went on calling her Eleanor, but as our child she became Eleanor Millsap. She has never suspected—she has never for one moment dreamed that she was not our own. After she grew up and showed indifference to us, and especially after she had married and began to behave toward us in a way which has caused her, I expect, to be criticized by some people, we still nursed that secret and it gave us comfort. For we knew, both of us, that it was the alien blood in her that made her turn her back upon us. We knew the reason, if no one else did, for she was not our own flesh and blood. Our own could never have served us so. And to-night I know better than ever before, and it lessens my sense of disappointment and distress.

"Judge Priest, perhaps you will not understand me, but the mother instinct is a curious thing. Through these last few years of my life I have felt as though there were two women inside of me. One of these women grieved because her child had denied her. The other of these women was reconciled because she could see reflected in the actions of that child the traits of a breed of strangers. And yet both these women can still find it in them to forgive her for all that she has done and all that she may ever do. That's motherhood, I suppose."

"Yes, ma'am," he said slowly, "I reckin you're right—that's motherhood." He tugged at his tab of white chin whisker, and his puckered old eyes behind their glasses were shadowed with a deep compassion. Then with a jerk he sat erect.

"I take it that you adopted the child legally?" he said, seeking to make his tone casual.

"We took her just as I told you," she answered. "We always treated her as though she had been ours. She never knew any difference."

"Yes, ma'am, quite so. You've made that clear enough. But by law, before you left Maryland, you gave her your name, I suppose. You went through the legal form of law of adoptin' her, didn't you?"

"No, sir, we didn't do that. It didn't seem necessary—it never occurred to us to do it. Her mother was dead and her father was gone nobody knew where. He had abandoned her, had shown he didn't

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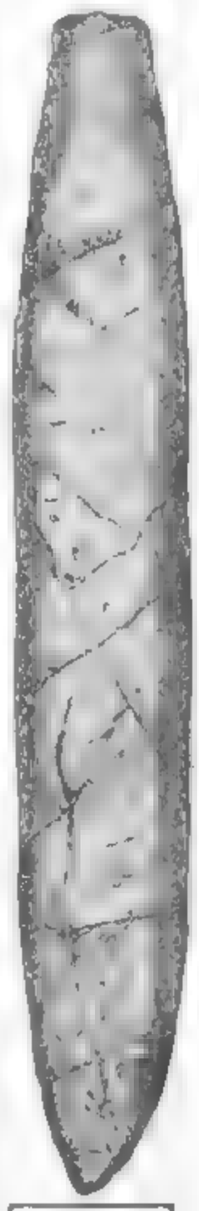

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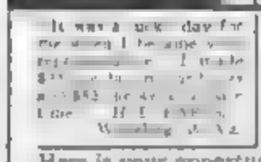

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care what might become of her. And her mother on her deathbed had given her to me. Wasn't that sufficient?"

Apparently he had not heard her question. Instead of answering it he put one of his own:

"Do you reckin now, ma'am, by any chance that there are any people still livin' back there in that town of Calais—old neighbors of yours, or kinfolks maybe—who'd remember the circumstances in regard to your havin' took this baby in the manner which you have described?"

"Yes, sir; two at least that I know of are still living. One is my half sister. I haven't seen her in twenty-odd years, but I hear from her regularly. And another is a man who boarded with us at the time. He was young then and very poor, but he has become well-to-do since. He lives in Baltimore now; is prominent there in politics. Occasionally I see his name in the paper. He has been to Congress and he ran for senator once. And there may be still others if I could think of them."

"Never mind the others; the two you've named will be sufficient. Whut did you say their names were, ma'am?"

She told him. He repeated them after her as though striving to fix them in his memory.

"Ah-hah," he said. "Ma'am, have you got some writin' material handy? Any blank paper will do—and a pen and ink?"

From a little stand in a corner she brought him what he required, and wonderingly but in silence watched him as he put down perhaps a dozen close-written lines. She bided until he had concluded his task and read through the script, making a change here and there. Then all at once some confused sense of realization of his new purpose came to her. She stood up and took a step forward and laid one apprehensive hand upon the paper as though to stay him.

"Judge Priest," she said, "what have you written down here? And what do you mean to do with what you have written?"

"Whut I have written here is a short statement—a memorandum, really, of whut you have been tellin' me, ma'am," he explained. "I'll have it written out more fully in the form of an affidavit, and then to-morrow I want you to sign it either here or at my office in the presence of witnesses."

"But is it necessary?" she demurred. "I'm ignorant of the law, and you spoke just now of my failure to adopt Ellie by law. But if at this late date I must do it, can't it be done privately, in secret, so that neither Ellie nor anyone else will ever know?"

"Ellie will have to know, I reckin," he stated grimly, "and other folks will know too. But this here paper has nothin' to do with any sech proceedin' ez you imagine. It's too late now fur you legally to adopt Mrs. Dallam Wybrant, even though any person should suggest sech a thing, and I, fur my part, don't see how any right-thinkin' person could or would do so. She's a free agent, of full age, and she's a married woman. No, ma'am, she has no legal claim on you, and to my way of thinkin' she has no moral claim on you neither. She's not your child, a fact which I'm shore kin mighty easy be proved ef anyone should feel inclined to doubt your word. She ain't your legal heir. She ain't got a leg—excuse me, ma'am—she ain't got a prop to stand on. I thought Ellie had us licked. Instid it would seem that we've got Ellie licked."

He broke off, checked in his exultant flight by the look upon her face. Her fingers turned inward, the blunted nails scratching at the sheet of paper as though she would tear it from him.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "I won't do that! I can't do that! You mustn't ask me to do that, judge!"

"But, ma'am, don't you git my meanin' yit? Don't you realize that not a penny of this eight thousand dollars belongs to Mrs. Dallam Wybrant? That she has no claim upon any part of it? That it's all yours and that you're goin' to have it all for yourself—every last red cent of it—jest ez soon ez the proof kin be filed and the order made by me in court?"

"I'm not thinking of that," she declared. "It's Ellie I think of. Her happiness means more to me than a million dollars would. What I have told you was in confidence, and, judge, you must treat it so. I beg you, I demand it of you. You must promise me not to go any further in this. You must promise me not to tell a living soul what I have told you to-night. I won't sign any affidavit. I won't sign anything. I won't do anything to humiliate her. Don't you see, Judge Priest—oh, don't you see? She feels shame already because she thinks she was humbly born. She would be more deeply ashamed than ever if she knew how humbly really she was born—knew that her father was a scoundrel and her mother died a pauper and was buried in a potter's field; that the name she has borne is not her own name; that she has eaten the bread of charity through the most of her life. No, Judge Priest, I tell you no, a thousand times no. She doesn't know. Through me she shall never know. I would die to spare her suffering—die to spare her humiliation or disgrace. Before God's eyes I am her mother, and it is her mother who tells you no, not that, not that!"

He got upon his feet too. He crumpled the paper into a ball and thrust it out of sight as though it had been a thing abominable and unclean. He took no note that in wadding the sheet he had overturned the inkwell and a stream from it was trickling down his trouser legs, marking them with long black zebra streaks. He looked at her, she standing there, a stooped and meager shape in her scant, ill-fitting gown of sleazy black, yet seeming to him an embodiment of all the beatitudes and all the beauties of this mortal world.

"Ma'am," he said, "your wishes shall be respected. It shall be ez you say. My lawyer's sense tells me that you are wrong—foolishly, blindly wrong. But my memory of my own mother tells me that you are right, and that no mother's son has got the right to question you or try to persuade you to do anything different. Ma'am, I'd count it an honor to be able to call myself your friend."

Already, within the hour, Judge Priest had broken two constant rules of his daily conduct. Now, involuntarily, without forethought on his part, he was about to break another. This would seem to have been a night for the smashing of habits by our circuit judge. For she put out to him her hand—a most unlovely hand, all wrinkled at the back where dimples might once have been and corded with big blue veins and stained and shriveled and needle scarred. And he took her hand in his fat, pudgy, awkward one, and then he did this thing which never before in all his days he had done, this thing which never before he had dreamed of doing. Really, there is no accounting for it at all unless we figure that somewhere far back in Judge Priest's ancestry there were Celtic gallants, versed in the small sweet tricks of gallantry. He bent his head and he kissed her hand with a grace for which a Tom Moore or a Raleigh might have envied him.

Let us now for a briefened space cast up in a preliminary way the tally on behalf of the whimsical devils of circumstance and the part they are to play in the culminating and concluding periods of this narrative. On the noon train of the day following the night when that occurred which has been set forth in the foregoing pages, Judge Priest, in the company of Doctor Lake and Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, late of King's Hell Hounds, C.S.A., departs for Reelfoot Lake upon his annual fishing trip. In the afternoon Jeff Poindexter, the judge's body servant, going through his master's wardrobe seeking articles suitable for his own adornment in the master's absence, is pained to discern stripings of spilled ink down the legs of a pair of otherwise unmarred white trousers and, having no intention that garments which will one day come into his permanent possession shall be thus disfigured and sullied, promptly bundles them up and bears them to the cleansing, pressing and repairing establishment of one Hyman Pedaloski. The coat which matches the trousers goes along too. Upon the underside of one of its sleeves there is a big ink blob. Include in the equation this *emigré*, Hyman Pedaloski, newly landed from Courland and knowing as yet but little of English, whether written or spoken, yet destined to advance by progressive stages until a day comes when we proudly shall hail him as our most fashionable merchant prince—Hy Clay Pedaloski, the Square Deal Clothier, Also Hats, Caps & Leather Goods. Include as a factor Hyman by all means, for lacking him our chain of chancy coincidence would lack a most vital link.

At Reelfoot Lake many black bass, bronze-backed and big-mouthed, meet the happy fate which all true anglers wish for them; and the white perch do bite with a whole-souled enthusiasm only equaled by

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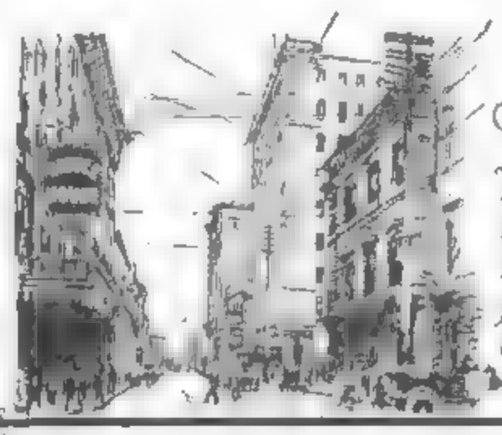

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the whole-souled enthusiasm with which also the mosquitoes bite. This brings us to the end of the week and to the fifth day of the expedition, with Judge Priest at rest at the close of a satisfactory day's sports, exhaling scents of the oil of pennyroyal. Sitting there under a tent fly, all sun blistered and skeeter stung, all tired out but most content, he picks up a two-day-old copy of the Daily Evening News which the darky boatman has just brought over to camp from the post office at Walnut Log, and he opens it at the department headed Local Laconics, and halfway down the first column his eye falls upon a paragraph at sight of which he gives so deep a snort that Doctor Lake swings about from where he is shaving before a hand mirror hung on a tree limb and wants to know whether the judge has happened upon disagreeable tidings. What the judge has read is a small item in this wise, namely:

Born last evening to Mr. and Mrs. Dallam Wybrant, at their palatial mansion on Chickasaw Drive, in the new Beechmont Park Realty Development tract, an infant daughter, their first-born. Mother and child both doing well; the proud papa reported this morning as being practically out of danger and is expected to be entirely recovered shortly, as Dock Boyd, the attending medico, says he has brought three hundred babies into the world and never lost a father yet. Ye editor extends heartiest congrats. Dal, it looks like the cigars were on you!

The next chapter in the sequence of chapters leading to our climax is short but essential. Returning home Sunday evening, Judge Priest is informed that twice that day a strange young white lady has stopped at the house urgently requesting that immediately upon his arrival he be so good as to call on Mrs. Dallam Wybrant on a matter of pressing moment. Bidden to describe the messenger, Jeff Poindexter can only say that she 'uz a powerful masterful-lookin' Yankee-talkin' lady, all dressed up lak she mout belong to some kind of a new secret s'ciety lodge, which is Jeff's way of summing up his impressions of the first professional trained nurse ever imported, capped, caped and white shod, to our town.

It was this same professional, a cool and starchy vision in her white-and-blue uniform, who led the way up the wide stairs of the Chickasaw Drive house, the old judge, much mystified, following close behind her. She ushered him into a bedroom, bigger and more gorgeous than any bedroom he had ever seen, and leaving him standing, hat in hand, at the bedside of her chief charge, she went out and closed the door behind her.

From the pillows there looked up at him a face that was paler than when he had last seen it, a face still drawn from pangs of agony recently endured, but a face transfigured and radiant. The Madonna look was in it now. Outside, the dusk of an August evening was thickening; and inside, the curtains were half drawn and the electrics not yet turned on, but even so, in that half light, the judge could mark the change here revealed to him. He could sense, too, that the change was more spiritual than physical, and he could feel his animosity for this woman softening into something distantly akin to sympathy. At her left side, harbored in the crook of her elbow, lay a cuddling bundle; a tiny head, all red and bare, as though offering to Judge Priest's own bald, pinkish pate the sincere flattery of imitation, was exposed; and the tip of a very small ear, curled and crinkled like a sea shell. You take the combination of a young mother cradling her first-born within the hollow of her arm and you have the combination which has tautened the heartstrings of man since the first man child came from the womb. The old man made a silent obeisance of reverence; then waited for her to speak and expose the purpose behind this totally unexpected summons.

"Judge Priest," she said, "I have been lying here all day hoping you would come before night. I have been wishing for you to come ever since I came out from under the ether. Thank you for coming."

"Ma'am, I started fur here ez soon ez I got your word," he said. "In whut way kin I be of service to you? I'm at your command."

She slid her free hand beneath the pillow on which her head rested and brought forth a crinkled sheet of paper and held it out to him.

"Didn't you write this?" she asked.

He took it and looked at it, and a great astonishment and a great chagrin screwed his eyes and slackened his lower jaw.

"Yes, ma'am," he admitted, "I wrote it. But it wuzn't meant fur you to see. It wuzn't meant fur anybody a-tall to see—ever. And I'm wonderin', ma'am, and waitin' fur you to tell me how come it to reach you."

"I'll tell you," she answered. "But first, before we get to that, would you mind telling me how you came to write it, and when, and all? I think I can guess. I think I have already pieced the thing together for myself. Women can't reason much, you know; but they have intuition." She smiled a little at this conceit. "And I want to know if my deductions and my conclusions are correct."

"Well, ma'am," he said, "ez I wuz sayin', no human eye wuz to have read this here. But since you have read it, I feel it's my bounden duty, in common justice to another, to tell you the straight of it, even though in doin' so I'm breakin' a solemn pledge."

So he told her—the how and the why and the where and the when of it; details of which the reader is aware.

"I thought I wasn't very far wrong, and I wasn't," she said when he had finished his confession. She was quiet for a minute, her eyes fixed on the farther wall. Then: "Judge Priest, unwittingly, it seems, you have been the god of the machine. I wonder if you'd be willing to continue to serve?"

"Ef it lies within my powers to do so—yessum, and gladly."

"It does lie within your power. I want you to have the necessary papers drawn up which will signalize my giving over to my mother my share of that money which the railway paid two weeks ago, and then if you will send them to me I will sign them. I want this done at once, please—as soon as possible."

"Ma'am," he said, "it shall be as you desire; but ef it's all the same to you I'd like to write out that there paper with my own hand. I kin think of no act of mine, official or private, in my whole lifetime which would give me more honest pleasure. I'll do so before I leave this house." He did not tell her that by the letter of the law she would be giving away what by law was not hers to give. He would do nothing to spoil for her the sweet savor of her surrender. Instead he put a question: "It would appear that you have changed your mind about this here matter since I seen you last?"

"It was changed for me," she said. "This paper helped to change it for me; and you, too, helped without your knowledge; and one other, and most of all my baby here, helped to change it for me. Judge Priest, since my baby came to me my whole view of life seems somehow to have been altered. I've been lying here to-day with her beside me, thinking things out. Suppose I should be taken from her, and suppose her father should be taken, too, and she should be left, as I was, to the mercy of the world and the charity of strangers. Suppose she should grow up, as I did—although until I read that paper I didn't know it—beholden to the goodness and the devotion and the love of one who was not her real mother. Wouldn't she owe to that other woman more than she could have owed to me, her own mother, had I been spared to rear her? I think so—no, I know it is so. Every instinct of motherhood in me tells me it is so."

"Lady," he answered, "to a mere man woman always will be an everlastin' puzzle and a riddle; but even a man can appreciate, in a poor, faint way, the depths of mother love. It's ez though he looked through a break in the clouds and ketched a vision of the glories of heaven. But you ain't told me yit how you come to be in possession of this here sheet of note paper."

"Oh, that's right! I had forgotten," she answered. "Try to think now, judge—when my mother refused to let you go farther with your plan that night at her house, what did you do with the paper?"

"I shoved it out of sight quick ez ever I could. I recall that much anyway."

"Did you by any chance put it in your pocket?"

"Well, by Nathan Bedford Forrest!" he exclaimed. "I believe that's purzackly the very identical thing I did do. And bein' a careless old fool, I left it there instid of tearin' it up or burnin' it, and then I went on home and plum' furgot it wuz still there—not that I now regret havin' done so, seein' whut to-night's outcome is."

"And did your servant, after you were gone, send the suit you had worn that

(Continued on Page 104)

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(Continued from Page 102)

night downtown to be cleaned or repaired? Or do you know about that?"

"I suspicion that he done that very thing," he said, a light beginning to break in upon him. "Jeff is purty particular about keepin' my clothes in fust-rate order. He aims fur them to be in good condition when he decides it's time to confiscate 'em away frum me and start in wearin' 'em himself. Yessum, my Jeff's mighty funny that way. And now, come to think of it, I do seem to reckerlect that I spilt a lot of ink on 'em that same night."

"Well, then the mystery is no mystery at all," she said. "On that very same day—the day your darky sent your clothes to the cleaner's—I had two of Dallam's suits sent down to be pressed. That little man at the tailor shop—Pedaloski—found this paper crumpled up in your pocket and took it out and then later forgot where he had found it. So, as I understand, he tried to read it, seeking for a clue to its ownership. He can't read much English, you know, so probably he has had no idea then or thereafter of the meaning of it; but he did know enough English to make out the name of Wybrant. Look at it and you'll see my name occurs twice in it, but your name does not occur at all. So don't you see what happened—what he did? Thinking the paper must have come from one of my husband's pockets, he smoothed it out as well as he could and folded it up and pinned it to the sleeve of Dallam's blue serge and sent it here. My maid found it when she was undoing the bundle before hanging up the clothes in Dallam's closet, and she brought it to me, thinking, I suppose, it was a bill from the cleaner's shop, and I read it. Simple enough explanation, isn't it, when you know the facts?"

"Simple," he agreed, "and yit at the same time sort of wonderful too. And whut did you do when you read it?"

"I was stunned at first. I tried at first not to believe it. But I couldn't deceive myself. Something inside of me told me that it was true—every word of it. I suppose it was the woman in me that told me. And somehow I knew that you had written it, although really that part was not so very hard a thing to figure out, considering everything. And somehow—I can't tell you why though—I was morally sure that after you had written it some other person had forbidden your making use of it in any way, and instinctively—anyhow, I suppose you might say it was by instinct—I knew that it had reached me, of all persons, by accident and not by design.

"I tried to reach you—you were gone away. But I did reach that funny little man Pedaloski by telephone, and found out from him why he had pinned the paper on Dallam's coat. I did not tell my husband about it. He doesn't know yet. I don't think I shall ever tell him. For two days, judge, I wrestled with the problem of whether I should send for my mother and tell her that now I knew the thing which all her life she had guarded from me. Finally I decided to wait and see you first, and try to find out from you the exact circumstances under which the paper was written, and the reason why, after writing it, you crumpled it up and hid it away.

"And then—and then my baby came, and since she came my scheme of life seems all made over. And oh, Judge Priest"—she reached forth a white, weak hand and caught at his—"I have you and my baby and—yes, that little Jew to thank that my eyes have been opened and that my heart has melted in me and that my soul has been purged from a terrible selfish deed of cruelty and ingratitude. And one thing more I want you to know: I'm not really sorry that I was born as I was. I'm glad, because—well, I'm just glad, that's all. And I suppose that, too, is the woman in me."

One given to sonorous and orotund phrases would doubtless have coined a most splendid speech here. But all the old judge, gently patting her hand, said was:

"Well, now, ma'am, that's powerful fine—the way it's all turned out. And I'm glad I had a blunderin' hand in it to help bring it about. I shorely am, ma'am. I'd like to keep on havin' a hand in it. I wonder now ef you wouldn't like fur me to be the one to go right now and fetch your mother here to you?"

She shook her head, smiling.

"Thank you, judge, that's not necessary. She's here now. She was here when the baby came. I sent for her. She's in her room right down the hall; it'll be her room always from now on. I expect she's sewing on things for the baby; we can't make her stop it. She's terribly jealous of Miss McAlpin—that's the trained nurse Dallam brought back with him from St. Louis—but Miss McAlpin will be going soon, and then she'll be in sole charge. She doesn't know, Judge Priest, that what she told to you I now know. She never shall know if I can prevent it, and I know you'll help me guard our secret from her."

"I reckin you may safely count on me there, ma'am," he promised. "I've frequently been told by disinterested parties that I snore purty loud sometimes, but I don't believe anybody yit caught me talkin' in my sleep. And now I expect you're sort of tired out. So ef you'll excuse me I'll jest slip downstairs, and before I go do that there little piece of writin' we spoke about a while ago."

"Wouldn't you like to see my baby before you go?" she asked. Her left hand felt for the white folds which half swaddled the tiny sleeper. "Judge Priest, let me introduce you to little Miss Martha Millsap Wybrant, named for her grandmammy."

"Pleased to meet you, young lady," said he, bowing low and elaborately. "At your early age, honey, it's easier fur a man to understand you than ever it will be agin after you start growin' up. Pleased indeed to meet you."

If memory serves him aright, this chronicler of sundry small happenings in the life and times of the Honorable William Pitman Priest has more than once heretofore commented upon the fact that among our circuit judge's idiosyncrasies was his trick, when deeply moved, of talking to himself. This night as he went slowly homeward through the soft and velvety cool of the summer darkness he freely indulged himself in this habit. Oddly enough, he punctuated his periods, as it were, with lamp-posts. When he reached a street light he would speak musingly to himself, then fall silent until he had trudged along to the next light. Something after this fashion:

Corner of Chickasaw Drive and Exall Boulevard:

"Well, sir, the older I git the more convinced I am that jest about the time a man decides he knows a little something about human nature it's a shore sign he don't know nothin' a-tall about it, 'specially human nature ez it applies to the female of the species. Now, f'instance, you take this here present instance: A woman turns aginst the woman she thinks is her own mother. Then she finds out the other woman ain't her own mother a-tall, and she swings right back round agin and—well, it's got me stumped. Now ef in her place it had 'a' been a man. But a woman—oh, shuckin's, whut's the use?"

Corner of Chickasaw Drive and Sycamore Avenue:

"Still, of course we've got to figger the baby as a prime factor enterin' into the case and helpin' to straighten things out. Spry little trick fur three days old, goin' on four, wuzn't she? Ought to be purty, too, when she gits herself some hair and a few teeth and plumps out so's she taken up the slack of them million wrinkles, more or less, that she's got now. Babies, now—great institutions anyway you take 'em."

Corner of Sycamore Avenue, turning into Clay Street:

"And still, dog-gone it, you'll find folks in this world so blind that they'll tell you destiny or fate, or whutever you want to call it, jest goes along doin' things by haphazard without no workin' plans and no fixed designs. But me, I'm different—me, I reguard the scheme of creation ez a hell of a success. Look at this affair fur a minute. I go meddlin' along like an officious, absent-minded idiot, which I am, and jest when it looks like nothin' is goin' to result frum my interference but fresh heartaches fur one of the noblest souls that ever lived on this here footstool, why the firm of Providence, Pedalosky and Poindexter steps in, and bang, there you are! It wouldn't happen agin probably in a thousand years, but it shore happened this oncet, I'll tell the world. Let's see, now, how does that there line in the hymn book run?—'moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' Ain't it the truth?"

Last street lamp on Clay Street before you come to Judge Priest's house:

"And they call 'em the opposite sex! I claim the feller that fust coined that there line wuz a powerful conservative pusson. Opposite? Huh! Listen here to me: They're so dad-gum opposite they're plum' cater-cornered!"

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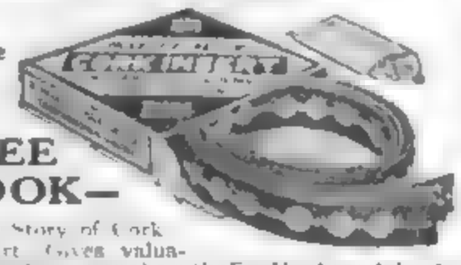

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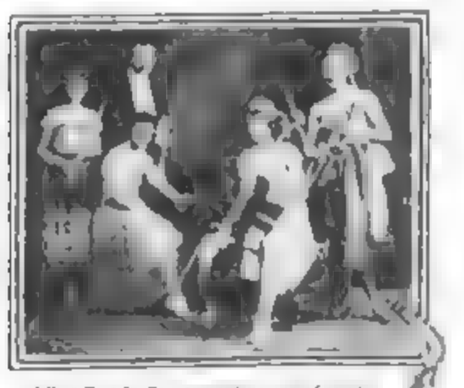

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THE SIN OF MONSIEUR PETTIPON

(Continued from Page 13)

"Now I am sure he is angry with me," said Monsieur Pettipon to himself. "These sly, smiling, fat fellows! I must convince him of my innocence."

Monsieur Pettipon laid an imploring hand on the chief steward's sleeve.

"I can only say," said Monsieur Pettipon in the accents of a man on the gallows, "that I did all within the power of one poor human to prevent this dreadful occurrence. I hope monsieur the chief steward will believe that. I cannot deny that the thing exists"—as he spoke he sadly contemplated the palm of his hand—"and that the evidence is against me. But in my heart I know I am innocent. I can only hope that monsieur will take into account my long and blameless service, my one hundred and twenty-seven trips, my twenty-two years, three months and ——"

"My dear Pettipon," said the chief steward with a ponderous jocosity, "try to bear your cross. The only way the Voltaire can atone for this monstrous sin of yours is to be sunk, here, now and at once. But I'm afraid the captain and Monsieur Ronssoy might object. Get along now, while I think up a suitable penance for you."

As he went with slow, despairing steps to his quarters Monsieur Pettipon said to himself, "It is clear he thinks me guilty. *Hélas!* Poor Alphonse." For long minutes he sat, his huge head in his hands, pondering.

"I must, I shall appeal to him again," he said half aloud. "There are certain points he should know. What Georges Prunier said, for instance."

So back he went to the chief steward.

"Holy Blue!" cried that official. "You? Again? Found another one?"

"No, no, monsieur the chief steward," replied Monsieur Pettipon in agonies; "there is only one. In twenty-two years there has been only one. He brought it with him. Ask Georges Prunier if I did not say ——"

"Am I to hear all that again?" burst out the chief steward. "Did I not say to forget the matter?"

"Forget, monsieur? Could Napoleon forget Waterloo? I beg that you permit me to explain."

"Oh, bother you and your explanations!" cried the chief steward with the sudden impatience common to fat men. "Take them to some less busy man. The captain, for example."

Monsieur Pettipon bowed himself from the office, covered with confusion and despair. Had not the chief steward refused to hear him? Did not the chief steward's words imply that the crime was too heinous for anyone less than the captain himself to pass judgment on it? To the captain Monsieur Pettipon would have to go, although he dreaded to do it, for the captain was notoriously the busiest and least approachable man on the ship. Desperation gave him courage. Breathless at his own temerity, pink as a peony with shame, Monsieur Pettipon found himself bowing before a blur of gold and multi-hued decorations that instinct rather than his reason told him would be none other than the captain of the Voltaire.

The captain was worried about the fog, and about the presence aboard of M. Victor Ronssoy, the president of the line, and his manner was brisk and chilly.

"Did I ring for you?" he asked.

"No," jerked out Monsieur Pettipon, "but if the captain will pardon the great liberty, I have a matter of the utmost importance on which I would like to address him."

"Speak, man, speak!" shot out the captain, alarmed by Monsieur Pettipon's serious aspect. "Leak? Fire? Somebody overboard? What?"

"No, no!" cried Monsieur Pettipon, trickles of moist emotion sliding down the creases of his round face. "Nobody overboard; no leak; no fire. But—monsieur the captain—behold this!"

He extended his hand and the captain bent his head over it with quick interest.

For a second the captain stared at the thing in Monsieur Pettipon's hand; then he stared at Monsieur Pettipon.

"Ten thousand million little blue devils, what does this mean?" roared the captain. "Have you been drinking?"

Monsieur Pettipon quaked to the end of his toes.

"No, no!" he stammered. "I am only too sober, monsieur the captain, and I do not blame you for being enraged. The Voltaire is your ship, and you love her, as I do. I feel this disgrace even more than you can, monsieur the captain, believe me. But I beg of you, do not be hasty; my honor is involved. I admit that this thing was found in one of my cabins. Consider my horror when he was found. It was no less than yours, monsieur the captain. But I give you my word, the word of a Pettipon, that ——"

The captain stopped the rush of words with "Compose yourself. Come to the point."

"Point, monsieur the captain?" gasped Pettipon. "Is it not enough point that this thing was found in one of my cabins? Such a thing—in the cabin of Monsieur Alphonse Marie Louis Camille Pettipon! Is that nothing? For twenty-two years have I been steward in the second class, and not one of these, not so much as a baby one, has ever been found. I am beside myself with chagrin. My only defense is that a passenger—a fellow of dirtiness, monsieur the captain—brought it with him. He denies it. I denounce him as liar the most barefaced. For did I not say to Georges Prunier—a fellow steward and a man of integrity—'Georges, old oyster, that hairy fellow in C 346 has a look of itchiness which I do not fancy. I must be on my guard.' And Georges said ——"

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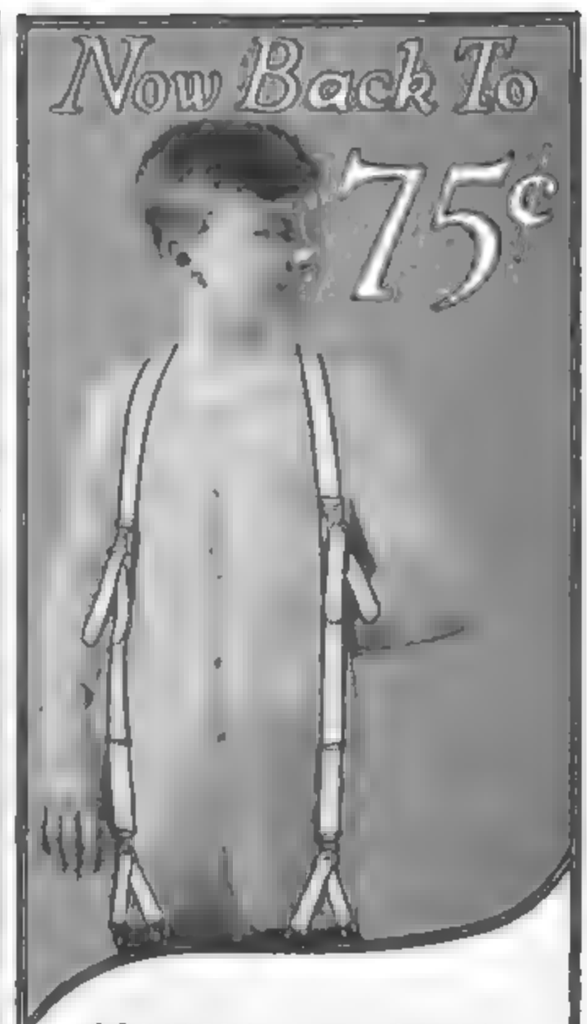

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The captain, with something like a smile playing about among his whiskers, interrupted with "So this is the first one in twenty-two years, eh? We'll certainly have to look into this, Monsieur Pettipon. Good day."

"Look into this," groaned Pettipon as he stumbled down a gangway. "I know what that means. Ah, poor Thérèse! Poor Napoleon!"

He looked down at the great, green, hungry waves with a calculating eye; he wondered if they would be cold. He placed a tentative hand on the rail. Then an inspiration came to him. M. Victor Ronssoy was aboard; he was the court of last appeal. Monsieur Pettipon would dare, for the sake of his honor, to go to the president of the line himself. For tortured minutes Alphonse Pettipon paced up and down, and something closely resembling sobs shook his huge frame as he looked about his little kingdom and thought of his impending banishment. At last by a supreme effort of will he nerved himself to go to the suite of Monsieur Ronssoy. It was a splendid suite of five rooms, and Monsieur Pettipon had more than once peeked into it when it was empty and had noted with fascinated eyes the perfection of its appointments. But now he twice turned from the door, his courage oozing from him. On the third attempt, with the recklessness of a condemned man, he rapped on the door.

The president of the line was a white-haired giant with a chin like an anvil and bright humorous eyes, like a kingfisher.

"Monsieur Ronssoy," began the flustered, damp-browed Pettipon in a faltering voice, "I have only apologies to make for this intrusion. Only a matter of the utmost consequence could cause me to take the liberty."

The president's brow knitted anxiously.

"Out with it," he ordered. "Are we sinking? Have we hit an iceberg?"

"No, no, monsieur the president! But surely you have heard what I, Alphonse Pettipon, steward in the second class, found in one of my cabins?"

"Oh, so you're Pettipon!" exclaimed the president, and his frown vanished. "Ah, yes; ah, yes."

"He knows of my disgrace," thought Monsieur Pettipon, mopping his streaming brow. "Now all is lost indeed." Hanging his head he addressed the president. "Alas, yes, I am none other than that unhappy Pettipon," he said mournfully. "But yesterday, monsieur, I was a proud man. This was my one hundred and twenty-eighth trip on the Voltaire. I had not a mark against me. But the world has been black for me, monsieur the president, since I found this."

He held out his hand so that the president could view the remains lying in it.

"Ah," exclaimed the president, adjusting his pince-nez, "a perfect specimen!"

"But note, monsieur the president," begged Monsieur Pettipon, "that he is a mere infant. But a few days old, I am sure. He could not have been aboard long. One can see that. I am convinced that it was the passenger who brought him with him. I have my reasons for making this serious charge, Monsieur Ronssoy. Good reasons too. Did I not say to Georges Prunier a steward of the strictest honesty, monsieur—'Georges, old oyster, that hairy fellow in C 346 has a look of itchiness which I do not fancy.' And Georges said, 'Alphonse, my friend ——'"

"Most interesting," murmured the president. "Pray proceed."

With a wealth of detail and with no little passion Monsieur Pettipon told his story. The eyes of the president encouraged him, and he told of little Napoleon and the violin, and of his twenty-two years on the Voltaire, and how proud he was of his work as a steward, and how severe a blow the affair had been to him.

When he had finished, Monsieur Ronssoy said, "And you thought it necessary to report your discovery to the head steward of the second class?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And to the chief steward?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And to the captain?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And finally to me, the president of the line?"

"Even so, monsieur," said the perspiring Pettipon.

M. Victor Ronssoy regarded him thoughtfully.

"Monsieur Pettipon," he said, "the sort of man I like is the man who takes his job seriously. You would not have raised such a devil of a fuss about so small a thing as this if you were not that sort of man. I am going to have you made steward of my suite immediately, Monsieur Pettipon. Now you may toss that thing out of the porthole."

"Oh, no, monsieur!" cried Alphonse Pettipon, great, grateful tears rushing to his eyes. "Never in this life! Him I shall keep always in my watch charm."

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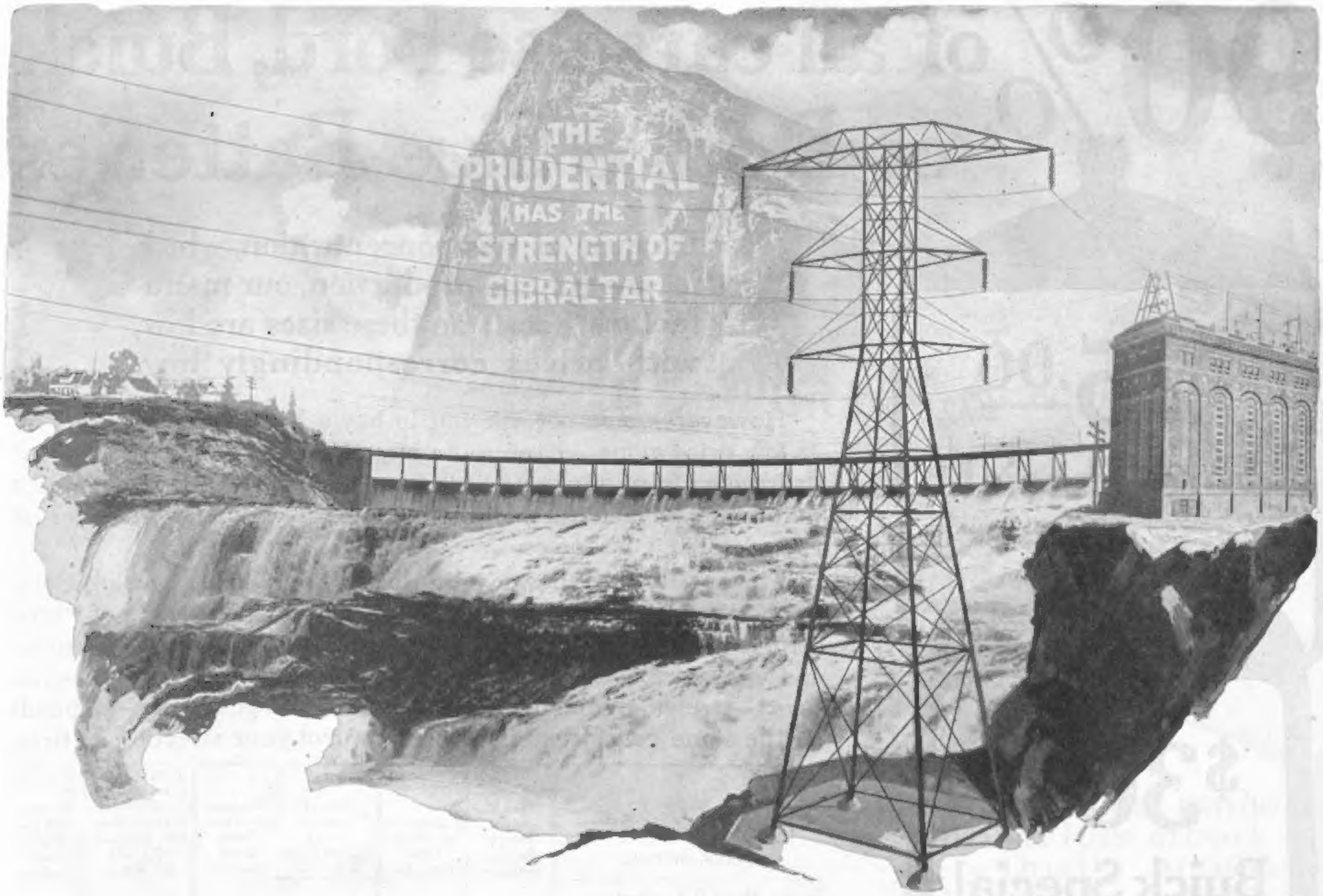

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